July 4, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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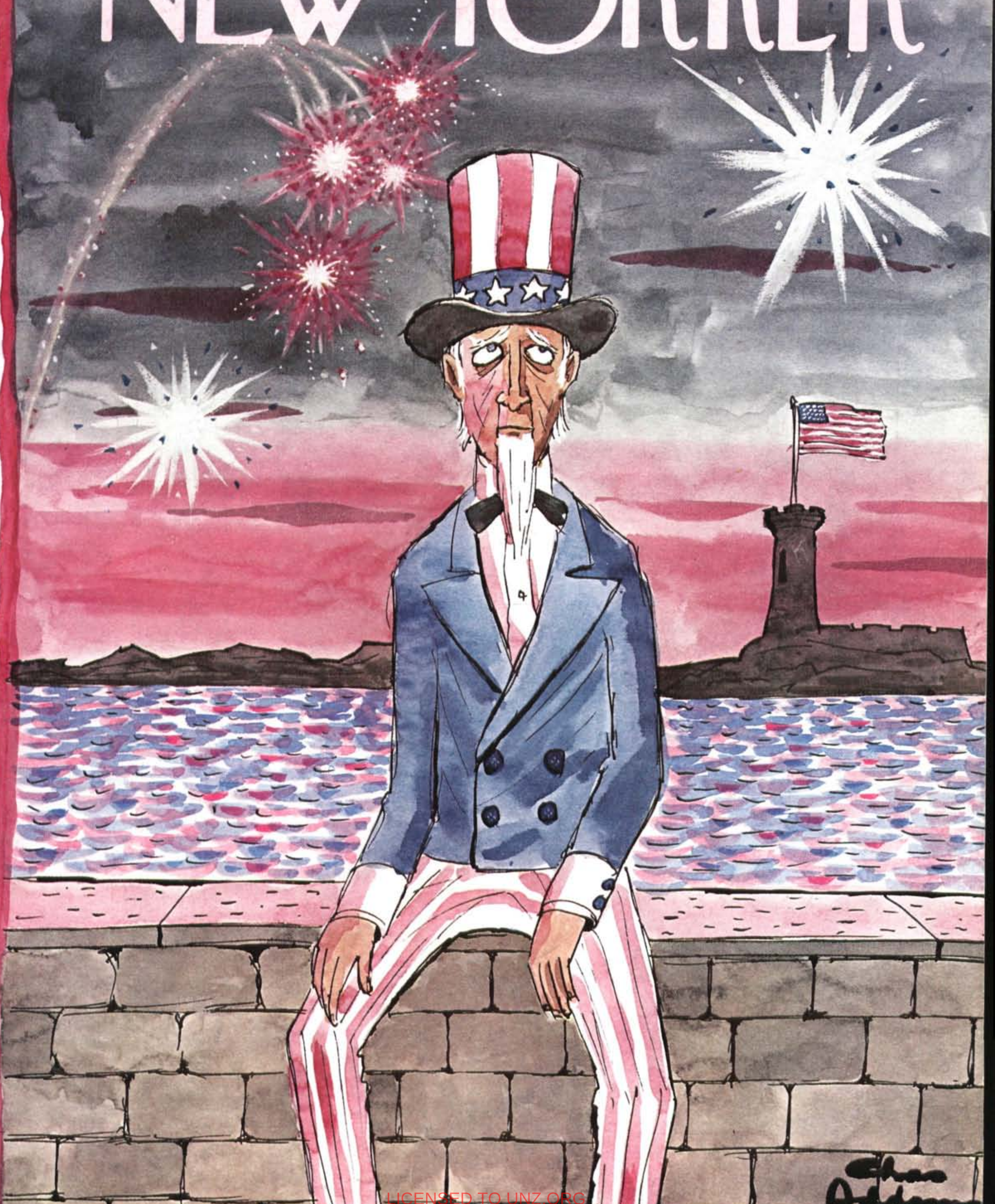
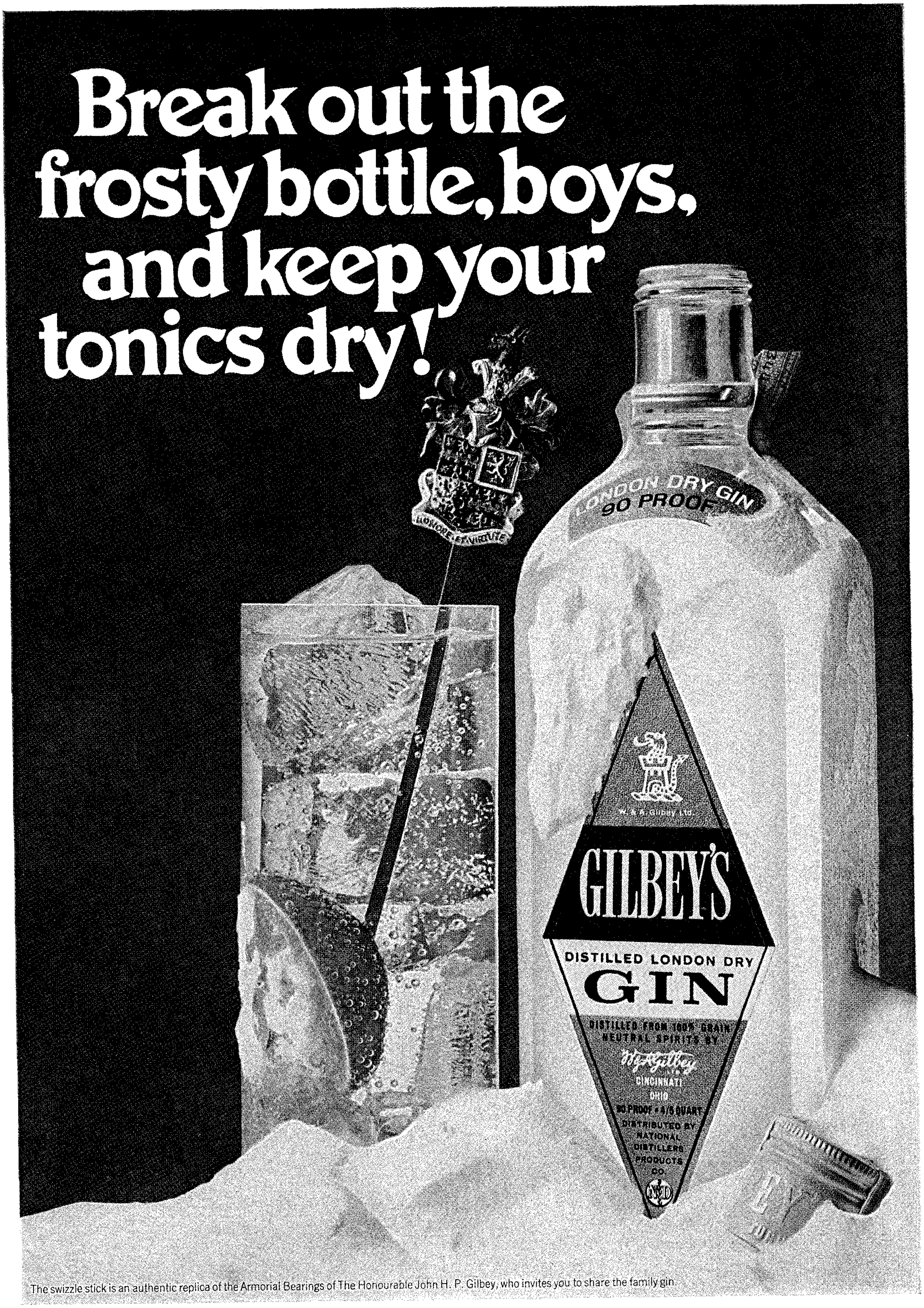

Chas Addams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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak but vivid play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Borstal Boy—An eloquent, touching adaptation, by Frank McMahon, of Brendan Behan's account of his life in an English reform school. Wonderfully acted by Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes, of the Abbey Theatre. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Butterflies Are Free—Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner are excellent in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Charley's Aunt—A revival of Brandon Thomas's comedy, with Louis Nye, Maureen O'Sullivan, Martyn Green, Melville Cooper, and Eric Berry. Directed by Harold Stone. Previews through Saturday matinée, July 4. Opens officially on Saturday, July 4, at 8:30. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Child's Play—A just sufficiently scary thriller, about dark deeds at a boys' school. Written by Robert Marasco, directed by Joseph Hardy, and ably acted by Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, Michael McGuire, and David Rounds. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is ably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's latest hit comedy. It is splendidly acted by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. Starting Monday, July 6, Larry Haines will replace Mr. Coco for two weeks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Room Service—A furious farce, full of fun and fustian. Ron Leibman and an ideal supporting cast in a fine revival of the 1937 hit. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Steambath—A play by Bruce Jay Friedman, starring and directed by Anthony Perkins. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FORTY CARATS:** June Allyson and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. Starting Monday, July 6, Zsa Zsa Gabor will replace Miss Allyson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NO PLACE TO BE SOME-**

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32 in. Hook & Ladder
CIRCA
1895

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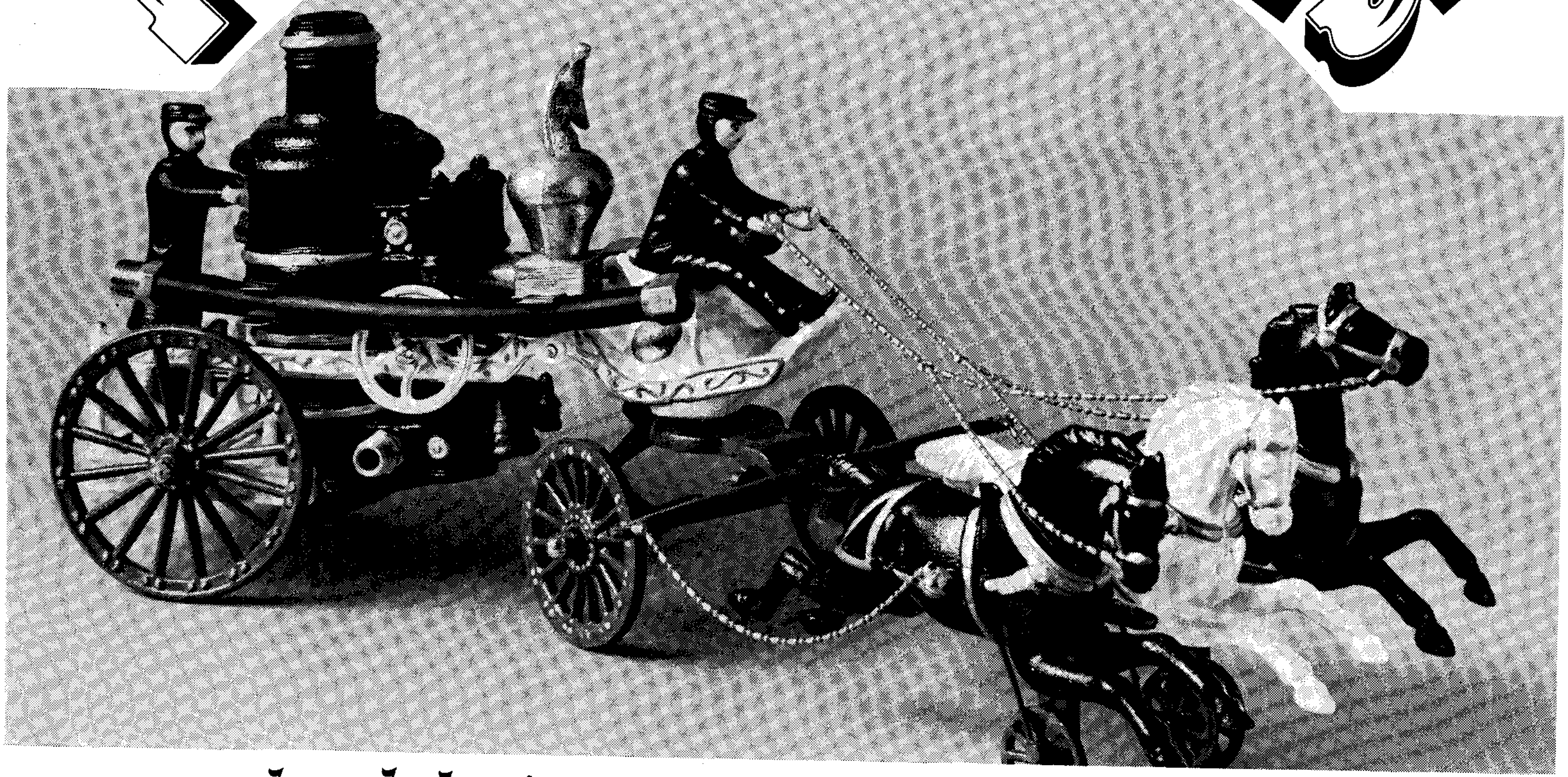

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JULY
4

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

BODY: Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

APPLAUSE—A loud and joyous descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." Lauren Bacall is wonderful, and so are many of her associates, among them Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE BOY FRIEND—Sandy Wilson's breezy musical of nearly twenty years ago, which pretends to have been written forty years ago. With Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COCO—Katharine Hepburn single-handedly saves the day in this old-fashioned trumpery musical, with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday, July 9, at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COMPANY—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JOY—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to agreeable samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ME NOBODY KNOWS—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PURLIE—An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020.

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Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Ghostly light on the tortured face. Her hoarse loud breath rattling in horror, while all prayed on their knees. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Her eyes on me to strike me down. *Liliata rutilantium te confessorum turma circumdet: iubilantium te virginum chorus excipiat.* Ghoul! Chewer of corpses! No mother. Let me be and let me live. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** —Kinch ahoy! Buck Mulligan's voice sang from within the tower. It came nearer up the staircase, calling again. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hellbent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Charles West plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. West at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, July 4, no performances until Monday, July 13.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, July 1, at 8:15: "The Traitor," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," "Cole Porter Ballet" (première), and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Thursday, July 2, at 8:15: "Dark Elegies," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Pillar of Fire," and "Gala Performance."... ¶ Friday, July 3, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Gaîeté Parisienne," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "The River."... ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Swan Lake." ... ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 1:15: "Cole Porter Ballet" and "Giselle."... ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 7:15: "The Moor's Pavane" and "Giselle." ... ¶ Tuesday, July 7, at 8:15: "At Midnight" and "Giselle."... ¶ Wednesday, July 8, at 8:15: "Concerto," "The River," and "Gaîeté Parisienne."... ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8:15: "Les Noces," "Cole Porter Ballet," "The Traitor," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:15: "Gartenfest," "The Traitor," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Etudes." ... ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 2:15: "Gartenfest" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:15: "Cole Porter Ballet" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 1:15 and 7:15: "Petrouchka," "The River," and "Etudes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A three-week engagement by a hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. Opens Tuesday, July 7, and will run through Saturday, July 25. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **WARS OF THE ROSES, PART II:** Wednesday, July 1; Saturday, July 4; and Friday, July 10.... **RICHARD III:** Thursday, July 2; Sunday, July 5; and Saturday, July 11.... **WARS OF THE ROSES, PART I:** Friday, July 3, and Tuesday, July 7. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, Beatrice Krebs, and Christopher Hewett, is this summer's production. Opens Wednesday, July 1. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

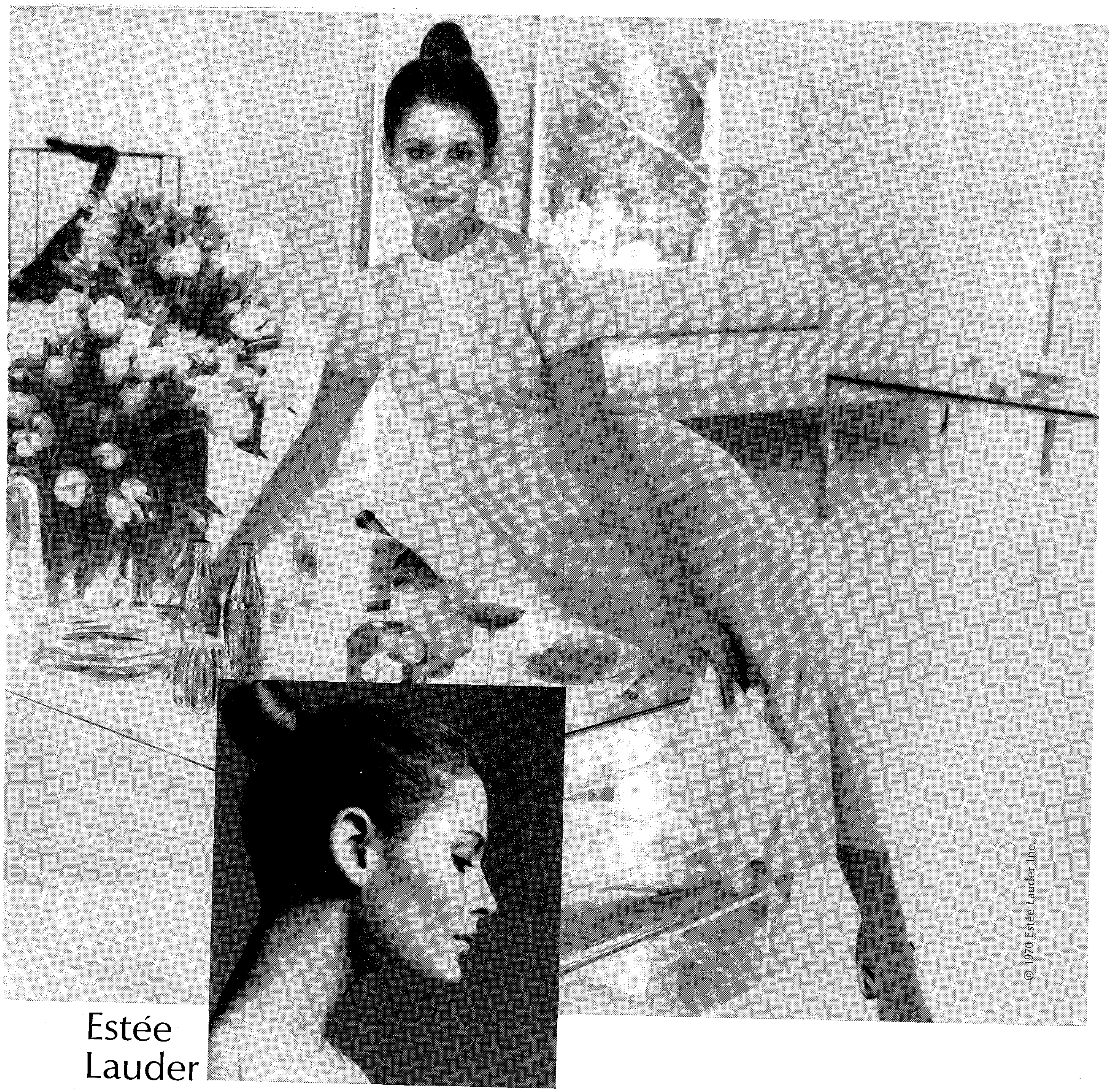
BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The story of how a drab little club with rudimentary seating arrangements managed to make good by bringing in talented young entertainers. David Steinberg, a very funny fellow, will be around until Monday, July 6. Ace Trucking Company opens Wednesday, July 8. Performances at nine-fifteen and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are *hors concours*, with visitors taking the regulars' places.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—People who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. From eleven to three, well-wrought jazz comes from Joe Beck's agile electric guitar, backed up by another musician's agile bass. Dinner is served until one.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The eponymous instrument is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. (Individualists will be delighted—groupies will be disappointed.) The Ron Carter duo does some satisfying, persuasive things. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Sub-Mason-Dixon dining.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The above-par Zoot Sims quartet plays six nights a week, with Al Cohn sitting in Fridays through Sundays. In addition, Fridays through Sundays, Anita O'Day—who uses her voice like a jazzman's instrument—sings along. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays and Wednesday and Thursday, July 1-2.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played



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by a group that usually includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A hot time in the old banjo parlor. If the music doesn't zap you (and it may), you can contemplate an old fire engine, some stuffed specimens of *Ursus maritimus*, movies on the wall, and peanut shells on the floor. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Twang! went the banjo, six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody looked so jolly, wearing fake straw hats and frilly garters, that it seemed that all the happy, friendly folks would never leave, but they did. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable part of town. (Taxis may be hard to find when you leave. Beware of cumulonimbus clouds.) Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Gary Bartz NTU Troop. On Tuesday, July 7, the Freddie Hubbard quintet will arrive. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the Bill Evans trio plays for drinking and dining. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Starting Tuesday, July 7, an assortment of rock bands will perform every night but Monday, and dancers are welcome. Tuesday through Thursday, July 7-9, Sea Train will be up, and Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, Supa will take over. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Percussive phenomena dominate the room as the Roy Haynes quintet plays, through Saturday, July 4. Don Byas will be added on Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, and on Tuesday, July 7, singer Leon Thomas, a soulful type, will come in. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sunday, July 5.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—*C'est quoi?* Well, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The *discaire* switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The fascination with France continues, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, adequate dancing (from ten to three or four), and a well-developed cuisine. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—The epitome of the adolescent-oriented disco, flashing and pulsating and filled with minors digging the sights and sounds of June and July. Dancing, to live and recorded sounds, starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—An intelligently run restaurant that opens one of its glittery, soft-carpeted rooms to dancing two nights a week. The recorded music continues from eleven until three on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—The *doyenne* of New York discothèques, having been around practically as long as rock itself. The restrained recorded music—more Warwick than Hendrix—runs from nine to three or four. On weekends, reservations are recommended. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—From the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, patrons look out on Midtown glitter—dancing, as it were, in a neon ionosphere. Live groups alternate with records. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Again the heights, this time with a fine view of the Park, and with an interior graced with colored lights and wicker animals. Many well-chosen recordings. Sundays through Wednesdays, a rock band called Chartreuse plays. Late dinners are served. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Carnarvon and Carter would have gasped, had they stumbled upon the pseudo-Egyptian luxuriousness of this restaurant, but this is 1970 and few gasps are heard—maybe partly because of the loudness of the records, which three times a night are interrupted by a musical group called the Gentlemen. On Monday, July 6, singer Clint Holmes will succeed the G. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—In the heart of Yorkville, a basement has been turned into a facsimile of a street, with real shops, some bars, some café tables, and pavement on which people are encouraged to dance to 45s—which they do from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. C.S.C. makes big sounds through Thursday, July 2, after which the club will close for ten days.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Descend a flight and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing, good drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren, whose band is in the restaurant, has never believed in getting far away from Park Avenue, and the denizens here feel the same way. All quiet Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The pioneer virtues that made this country great—the foxtrot, the two-step—are extolled to the exclusion of all free-form ballet. The bill of fare is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is two-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Come into the garden, Maude, to sit, and sup, and dance under the spreading chestnut trees. Music from seven-thirty or so, and everyone indoors (including the music) if it rains.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," a pocket-size revue, has good ideas about several matters of national concern, and quite a few of the solutions it offers are entertaining. The cast, though, operates on the premise that experience is not necessary. Nine-thirty and midnight, but not on Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Mediterranean (and subterranean) clearing house, predominantly Israeli because of Avram Grobard, stentor, tenor, and amusing housemaster. Plenty of other music, and plenty of life. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplattler* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. None of this, though, on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Wild strawberries dipped in wine of the country (Portugal); i.e., the *fado* songs of Amalia Rodrigues, that rare blending of elegance and emotion. Flamencan doings, too, by a tribe of Catalan cave-dwellers. Two deals every night is the house rule. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by the guitar of Juan Jimenez and the voice of José Sordiall. Their lyric commentary on the male-vs.-female syndrome makes it appear to be not at all an unnecessary evil. They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Jazz piano without a single neurosis is the accomplishment of Marian McPartland, whose triad is in action whenever Urbie Green's sixsome is not dispensing glee. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—An institution of higher learning, the Modern Jazz Quartet (John Lewis, Percy Heath, Milt Jackson, and Connie Kay, as if everyone didn't know), has begun summer school. Sessions during both dinner and supper, every night but Sunday. Dance music commences at eight.

Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—Sy Oliver's band, which keeps those old Sy Oliver terse orchestrations in a state of perfect preservation, bows out on Sunday, July 5. More to come, of lesser import, a day later.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CHUCKS' COMPOSITE, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. Closed Friday through Sunday, July 3-5. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Mirko, the perpetual Eastern European guitar man, has just moved in alongside her. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often stand-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Voice and piano are the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound is from Scott Reed, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two. A short holiday ensues after Friday, July 3. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by an Athenian dance quartet intent indeed upon its happy work, not to mention liberal helpings of song. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The summer music in the Palm Court is now only the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu from four-thirty to six-thirty every night. . . . **ST. REGIS-SHERATON**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): Julius Monk, who represents most of what is left of a well-educated way of night life, is greeting survivors of it across his keyboard in the main-floor cocktail lounge, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five to ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax operates the piano in the bar, to which he adds several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the newest handiwork of Armando Mei, restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that are nothing if not Roman. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Old King Henri must have been a merry old soul, for he left behind him an entertaining play castle, as well as a couple of his fiddlers three. One of them, George Cardini, does the bowing (*no* scraping) right now in the absence of the other, Norbert Faconi. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Mr. Faconi will return on Tuesday, July 7. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Friday through Sunday, July 3-5. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The good life, the oak-panelled life, the well-fed life. On piano, and quietly, is George Feyer, reliving the days of the Hapsburgs and making them seem not bad at all. He is on point duty from eight-thirty until one-thirty. Mr. F. secedes on Saturday, July 4, to be followed, on Tuesday, July 7, by Tony Gorody, his standard alter ego. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): Eureka, Europa! The old Viennese salon is now as before, with a dance trio setting to at half past eight during the week, at seven-thirty Sunday and Monday. Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who are staying on, are given to food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina, but the only instrument they play Sunday and Monday is hooky. They begin at five-thirty. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a far-away one, but still of the original Village villagey. Circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two. . . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beach-front property, right on the boardwalk. Open all year round, full meal service, moderate rates, no mosquitoes. The magisterial Buddy Barnes provides diners with piano that remembers with affection the best of this year and all other years. Closed Saturday through Monday, July 4-6. . . . **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): Care and thought have gone into preparing the open-air court for diners (there are even umbrellas to ward off City Fallout) and listeners (music, and live, from noon to two-thirty, from eight to one, except Sundays).

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Dan Rice—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Friday, July 3. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Osamu Shimoda—Fifteen geometric sculptures; through July 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Friday, July 3.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Works in all mediums by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, drawings, collages, and sculptures by, among others, Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, and William McCartin; through July 30. (Closed Mondays and Friday, July 3.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Bearden, Duchamp, Jensen, Lam, Lindner, Man Ray, Noguchi, Ossorio, and others; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 4. . . . **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Works in a variety of modes by young artists; through Aug. 28. (Closed Friday, July 3.). . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: One work each by Westermann, Beal, Pearlstein, Wiley, Saul, Maryan, and Leaf; through July 31. (Closed mornings.). . . **GIBSON**, 27 E. 67th St.: Data on happenings and earthworks by Christo, Hutchinson, Insley, Kaprow, and Oppenheim; through Aug. 28. (Closed mornings.). . . **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Romantic" paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through July 31. (Closed Friday, July 3.). . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Works on Western wildlife themes by, among others, Remington, Charles Russell, Albert Bierstadt, and Paul Kane; through July 31. (Closed Friday, July 3.). . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings of beach scenes by such twentieth-century Americans as Sloan, Heliker, and Glackens; through July 31. (Closed Friday, July 3.). . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists; through July 17. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works done by the students of the Parsons School of Design in connection with the student protest movement against the war in Vietnam and repressions on the campus; through Saturday, July 11. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8. Closed Friday through Sunday, July 3-5.). . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Larry Bell, Craig Kauffman, and Robert Irwin; through July 31. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Davies, Joseph Stella, Gorky, Hartley, and other American artists; through July 31. (Closed Friday, July 3.). . . **TIROCHE**, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and School of Paris artists; through July 24. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibit of a privately assembled collection that includes Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Gris, and Léger, as well as prominent American artists, such as Prendergast, Marin, Demuth, and Hartley; through Friday, July 3. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists employing this gallery's specialties—prisms, reflections, motions, and changing colors; through July 31. (Closes Friday, July 3, at 2.). . . **ZABRISKIE**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by thirty or so twentieth-century American "primitives;" through July 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, some exhibited in period rooms; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. . . . ¶ A hundred masterpieces (Duccio to Picasso) from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; through July 26. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States representing new directions, such as earthworks and conceptual art; starting Thursday, July 2. . . . ¶ New materials and techniques in graphics, including three-dimensional and shaped posters and spectator-participation works; through Aug. 9. . . . ¶ Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through Sunday, July 5. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions, which include a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 10, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth annual show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, from 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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St.—A hundred and fifty-eight recently acquired paintings and sculptures by a hundred and twenty-two artists, sixty-two of them newcomers to the Whitney's permanent collection; through Sunday, July 5.... ¶ Trompe-l'oeil paintings by such American artists as Harnett, Peto, Haberle, and Raphaelle Peale; through Sunday, July 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through Aug. 4.... ¶ Works executed directly on the Museum walls by Artschwager, Bollinger, Lewitt, Morris, and others; through Aug. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31.... ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except July 3, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and seventy-five objects from Africa, the Americas, and the South Pacific representing birds, beasts, and fantastic creatures; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred color linocuts by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sept. 20.... ¶ Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one conceptual artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and garments by a group of Chicago artists; through Aug. 30. (Mondays, except July 6, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

CHORUSES

Choir of St. John's College—George Guest directing this choir from Cambridge, England. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Thursday, July 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Elvin Jones Group—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 2, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Three Dog Night and Ten Wheel Drive—With Genya Ravan. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, July 3, at 7:30 and 11.)

Preservation Hall Jazz Bands—Wednesday, July 8, at 8:30: The Billie and DeDe Pierce Band and the Kid Thomas Band.... ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:30: The Kid Thomas Band.... ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: The Billie and DeDe Pierce Band. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424.)

T-Bone Walker and His Blues Band—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, July 9, at 7:30.

Grateful Dead and New Riders of the Purple Sage—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday through Sunday, July 9-12, at midnight.

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 734-1002 for news.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Wednesday, July 1, at 8:30 (rain date, July 2), "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, and Robert Goodloe.... **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, BRONX:** Friday, July 3, at 8:30 (rain date, July 5), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, and John Macurdy. ... **CROCHERON PARK,** Bayside: Saturday, July 4, at 8:30 (rain date, July 5), "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Abe Polakoff, and Robert Goodloe.... ¶ Tuesday, July 7, at 8:30 (rain date, July 9), "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Colette Boky, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Russell Christopher, Paul Plishka, and Gene Boucher.... **CLOVE LAKES PARK,** Staten Island: Wednesday, July 8, at 8:30 (rain date, July 9), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:30 (rain date, July 12), "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Colette Boky, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Russell Christopher, Paul Plishka, and Gene Boucher.... **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW:** Saturday, July 11, at 8:30 (rain date, July 12), "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Raymond Gibbs.

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursday, July 2, at 7, for picnickers; thereafter on Thursdays and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 16.) ... ¶ Frank Brieff conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Stanley Plummer, violin. (Saturday, July 4, at 8:30.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 1, at 7 and 9:30: Eddie Harris, Les McCann, and Roberta Flack.... ¶ Friday, July 3, at 7:30 and 10: The Four Seasons and Dick Davy. ... ¶ Monday, July 6, at 7 and 9:30: Miles Davis and Buddy Miles Big Band.... ¶ Wednesday, July 8, at 7 and 9:30: Mongo Santamaria, Cal Tjader, and Ray Barretto. ... ¶ Friday, July 10, at 7:30 and 10: Tom Rush and Melanie. (Through Saturday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; through Friday, Aug. 14.)

COME AND GET IT
VAL

Carl Schurz Park—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra. (Thursday, July 9, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, July 3, at 8:30: The American première of "The Growing Castle," a chamber opera by Malcolm Williamson, with Clarice Carson and Nancy Williams, sopranos, and William Metcalf and Brent Ellis, baritones.... ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 9:30: Julius Rudel conducting a chamber orchestra, with Leonid Hambro, piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 5:30: A piano recital by Rudolf Firkusny.... ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:30: A repeat performance of the July 3 "The Growing Castle."... ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the chamber orchestra in a program of Viennese music, with Maureen Forrester, contralto. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 23—Friday, July 3, at 7: Richard and Rose Taylor in a program of Mahler songs. ... ¶ Friday, July 3, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony, with Robert Puleo, boy soprano; the Harvard Glee Club; the Radcliffe Choral Society; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin.... ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 2:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony, with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano; the Harvard Glee Club; the Radcliffe Choral Society; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... ¶ Tuesday, July 7, at 6: A concert by The Who, Jethro Tull, and It's a Beautiful Day.... ¶ Friday, July 10, at 7: A concert by the Choir of St. John's College.... ¶ Friday, July 10, at 9: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting the Boston Symphony.... ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a performance of Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte" in concert form, with Phyllis Curtin and Teresa Stratas, sopranos; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone; and Ezio Flagello, bass.... ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano, and the Corky Siegel Blues Band. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Saturday, July 4, at 2:30: Arlo Guthrie.... ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 7:30: Paul Butterfield Blues Band.... ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 2:30: Delaney, Bonnie & Friends.... ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 7:30: Ike and Tina Turner. (Lenox, Mass.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Friday, July 10, at 8: "Schlitz New Orleans Salute to Louis," with Louis Armstrong, Mahalia Jackson, the Preservation Hall Band with Billie and DeDe Pierce, Percy Humphrey, Punch Miller, Cap'n John Handy, the Eureka Brass Band, the New Orleans Classic Ragtime Band (with Bill Russell), Wild Bill Davison, Dizzy Gillespie, Bobby Hackett, Ray Nance, Joe Newman, and Jimmy Owens. ... ¶ Saturday, July 11, at noon: "Trumpet Workshop," with Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Newman, and Jimmy Owens. "Drum Workshop," with Art Blakey, Chico Hamilton, Elvin Jones, and Tony Williams. "Violin Workshop," with Stephane Grapelly, Ray Nance, Jean-Luc Ponty, and Joe Venuti.... ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 3: Gary Burton's quartet (with Keith Jarrett), Chico Hamilton's quintet, Elvin Jones' quartet, Sadao Watanabe's quartet, and Tony Williams Lifetime.... ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8: Nina Simone, Kenny Burrell, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet and Don Byas, Dexter Gordon, Stephane Grapelly, Herbie Mann's quintet, Ray Nance, Jean-Luc Ponty, Ike and Tina Turner, and Joe Venuti.... ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 1:30: Bill Cosby with Badfoot Brown and the Bunions Bradford Marching

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And you can quote us on that.

Actually, the reason we say 'more or less' is that we're still testing the Vega 2300, and can't be sure of the final mileage figures.

But we can tell you that it's going pretty darn good so far.

It'll sip, not guzzle.

Some of our men in white coats have been getting up to 32 miles per gallon in tests.

Then again, some have gotten 22.

It depends a lot on the test conditions. And, of course, on how you drive. No matter how you look at it, though, Vega's gas mileage will be in the same neighborhood as the best of the current crop of economy cars— and that's a very nice neighborhood.

It's particularly nice when you consider that unlike some little cars, ours will step right out when you step on the gas. Which is reassuring when you want to climb a steep hill or merge onto a freeway.

This happy combination of economy and performance is due mainly to a breakthrough in engine design.

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In all modesty, we can truthfully say that more research, more engineering know-how, and more technology went into this engine than into any other production engine in our history.

Basically, it's a 140-cubic-inch 90-horsepower overhead-cam four-cylinder engine. The block is die-cast aluminum—a high-silicon aluminum that allows the pistons to run up and down without the iron sleeves that were needed up until now.

The little engine that could.

But that's all technical. What it means, simply, is a nice lightweight engine that is amazingly powerful and responsive in addition to being highly economical.

Also, it revs slowly at cruising speeds, which means that it's quiet. Besides, with the parts moving slower, they don't wear out as fast. The engine has open-design combustion chambers, to help the fuel burn more completely. And that in turn reduces pollutants in the exhaust. The overhead cam means one third fewer moving parts in the valve train. Fewer parts, less trouble.

The engine isn't the only thing that makes Vega great. But that's another story.

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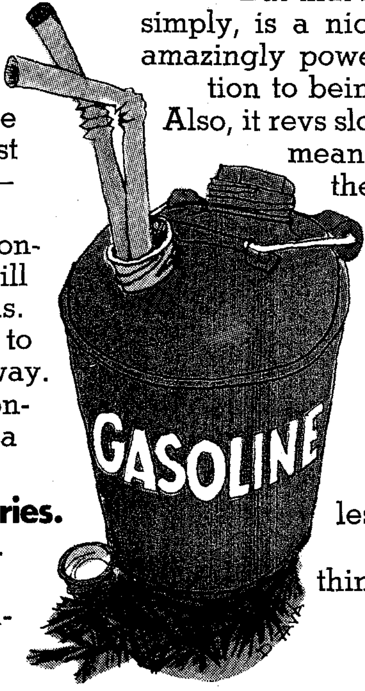


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9		

The Adventurers—A new low in big pictures. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630; through July 7.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart, as a gin-soaked river-boat captain, and Katharine Hepburn, as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of director John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt, so it's no wonder that the captain finds her funny and irresistible. It's a great comedy-romance. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 4.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as Henry VIII, and Genevieve Bujold as Anne Boleyn, in a well-acted but peculiarly unconvincing account of their thousand-day marriage. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 7.)

À Nous la Liberté (1931)—René Clair's imaginative social comedy on the mechanization of modern life begins with a man who escapes from prison and then builds a business that turns into a prison. (Clair's central character was based on Charles Pathé and his phonograph and cinema empire.) Paced to Georges Auric's memorable score. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

The Baker's Wife (1938)—Orson Welles once cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing were not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono's story about cuckoldry which provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 3-4.)

Bay of the Angels (1962)—Jacques Demy's virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes this flimsy, capricious story of a gambling lady (Jeanne Moreau, in dazzling form) a lyrical study in compulsion and luck. A magical, whirling film, photographed by Raoul Coutard, and edited to Michel Legrand's music. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 2-3.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust of Gérard Philipe. There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film, the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 1-2.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, who wrote last year's "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" and who may just be the best new comedy team in Hollywood. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745.)

The Boys in the Band—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting July 8.)

Cactus Flower—Every wisecrack has that Broadway thud. With Walter Matthau, Ingrid Bergman, and Goldie Hawn who, God willing, will make many better movies. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 8.)

Catch-22—Political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of a Second World War American bomber squadron at loose ends. Directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is perfect as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B'way at 61st, 247-5071.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Louis Salou, Marcel Herrand, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 6-7.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—Two New York City detectives, an unscrupulous demagogue, a junkman, a black-power stripper, and a bale of cotton. Directed by Ossie Davis. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; through July 7.)

The Damned—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandoise, lurid, sluggish. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 8.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 7-8.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and intensity. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 7.)

Fellini Satyricon—For Fellini, pre-Christian Rome resembles a stoned circus. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim and Georgia Hale as the girl that Charlie wins. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Hello, Dolly!—The whole archaic big-musical circus surrounds a Happening—Barbra Streisand—and it's all worth seeing in order to see her. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Stanley Kramer's elaborately loaded courtroom drama, full of hocus-pocus and clarion calls to justice, with an impressively expensive all-star cast (Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich, Montgomery Clift, and so on). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums (1966)—A documentary, prepared by the U.S.I.A., of some highlights of the Kennedy Administration, knitted together by many scenes of his funeral. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Last Millionaire (1934)—The bankrupt mythical kingdom of Casinario (modelled on Monaco) invites the world's richest banker, who imposes a dictatorship. He gets hit on the head and lapses into childish ways, and the people go on taking his idiotic edicts as signs of genius. In 1934, the political atmosphere in Europe was so sensitive that this light satire on dictatorship (by René Clair—not quite at his best) was banned in Italy and Germany. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 1.)

Love Happy (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse, and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan and Vladimir Sokoloff. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

M*A*S*H—Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt as hip Galahads—combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean war. Robert Altman directed this loose, cheery, and scabrous comedy about how adolescent humor and games help to keep men sane in insane situations. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Mayerling (1937)—This beautifully made version of the royal romance is perhaps the most memorable of all French romantic movies. (Its chief rival is "Pépé le Moko.") Anatole Litvak directed, and the doomed lovers are Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 2.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand. Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

My Night at Maud's—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better eye than anyone in sight for the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 7.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 9.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

The Out-of-Towners—Prospective citizens of New York City come up against a holdup man named Murray, among other hazards of urban life. Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Passion of Anna—Bergman's superb new film, his second in color, about four people living on an island. The human detail is highly charged and rather shattering, but the attentiveness and talent of the filmmaker is altogether reviving. Great ensemble playing by Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

Patton—This huge epic was made in a style that might be called imperial; it's very impressive, despite the indications that it was designed to satisfy both war lovers and pacifists. It begs every question that it raises. George C. Scott is Patton; Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 4-5.)

The Red Balloon (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Sicilian Clan—Henry Verneuil's thriller, with Jean Gabin as the head of a Mafia-family squirearchy, and Alain Delon as a murderer punk. Very efficient, with a rather evil-minded sense of humor and a strong conviction about the morality of private enterprise in crime. (In French at the Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through July 7. . . . ¶ In English at the Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through July 7.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—A sensitive and intelligent (though finally disappointing) version of D. H. Lawrence's autobiographical novel, adapted by Gavin Lambert and directed by Jack Cardiff. Dean Stockwell does well in the role of Lawrence, and Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller do brilliantly as the parents. With Mary Ure and Heather Sears. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable imposes a mood on the viewer and remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

The Strawberry Statement—One way of looking at student "unrest": fondly, and as a matter of pure emotions untainted by brains. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—Ideology on horseback. Abraham Polonsky's indictment of American racism, set in a Western framework, features Robert Blake as Willie, the hunted Indian, and Robert Redford as Coop, the sheriff. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 7.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—The sort of magical adventure the movies can do so well but do so rarely. With Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and, as the Djinni, the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

Toni (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 8.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects. With Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records but directed as unemotionally as if Joan were a philosophy student taking an oral examination. Cold and mannered. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 5-6.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—A complicatedly wrong-headed attempt to make a neo-realist Greek tragedy about a longshoreman in Brooklyn. Sidney Lumet directed, from Arthur Miller's play; acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, Carol Lawrence, and Jean Sorel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 1.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's affable film of the festival last year. Though it has the look of a documentary, it makes a powerful invisible choice—no squalor shown, no trouble. Jimi Hendrix has a fine set in which he makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Note—Kenneth Clark's thirteen films on art, generally headed "Civilisation," will be shown (free) at the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium of the Loeb Student Center (Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.) on the following schedule: "The Skin of Our Teeth" and "The Great Thaw," July 7 at noon, 3, 6, and 9. . . . ¶ "Romance of Reality," July 8 at noon, 3, 6, and 9.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 7: **MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S** (in French).
From July 8 (tentative): "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart," Don Johnson.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Censorship in Denmark: A New Approach," a documentary film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
THE CIRCUS (silent); and **THE GOLD RUSH.**

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 7: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS**; and **DUTCHMAN.**
From July 8: **CACTUS FLOWER**; and "Otley" (1969), Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 7: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.**
From July 8 (tentative): "Let It Be," the Beatles.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Watermelon Man," Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CATCH-22.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Landlord," Beau Bridges, Lee Grant.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"A Walk in the Spring Rain," Anthony Quinn, Ingrid Bergman.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Zodiac Couples."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 7: **THE ADVENTURERS.**
From July 8: **THE BOYS IN THE BAND.**

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon," Liza Minnelli.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Myra Breckinridge," Mae West, John Huston, Raquel Welch.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT; and "What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
PATTON.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Kelly's Heroes," Clint Eastwood, Telly Savalas.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 7: **COTTON COMES TO HARLEM.**
From July 8 (tentative): "They Call Me Mister Tibbs," Sidney Poitier, Barbara McNair.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French); and "Dear John" (1966; in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 7: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS**; and **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**
From July 8: **THE BOYS IN THE BAND.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Let It Be," the Beatles.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA STRADA (in Italian); and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 7: **THE SICILIAN CLAN** (in French).
From July 8: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
"Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Two Mules for Sister Sara," Shirley MacLaine, Clint Eastwood.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Beneath the Planet of the Apes," James Franciscus, Kim Hunter.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Boatniks," Robert Morse, Stefanie Powers.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
THE PASSION OF ANNA (in Swedish).

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Beyond the Valley of the Dolls," a Russ Meyer film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through July 8: "The Dreamer" (in Hebrew).
From July 9: To be announced.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Horoscope," a Yugoslav film.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
CATCH-22.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
COTTON COMES TO HARLEM.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 7: **THE SICILIAN CLAN.**
From July 8: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE; and "Otley" (1969), Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

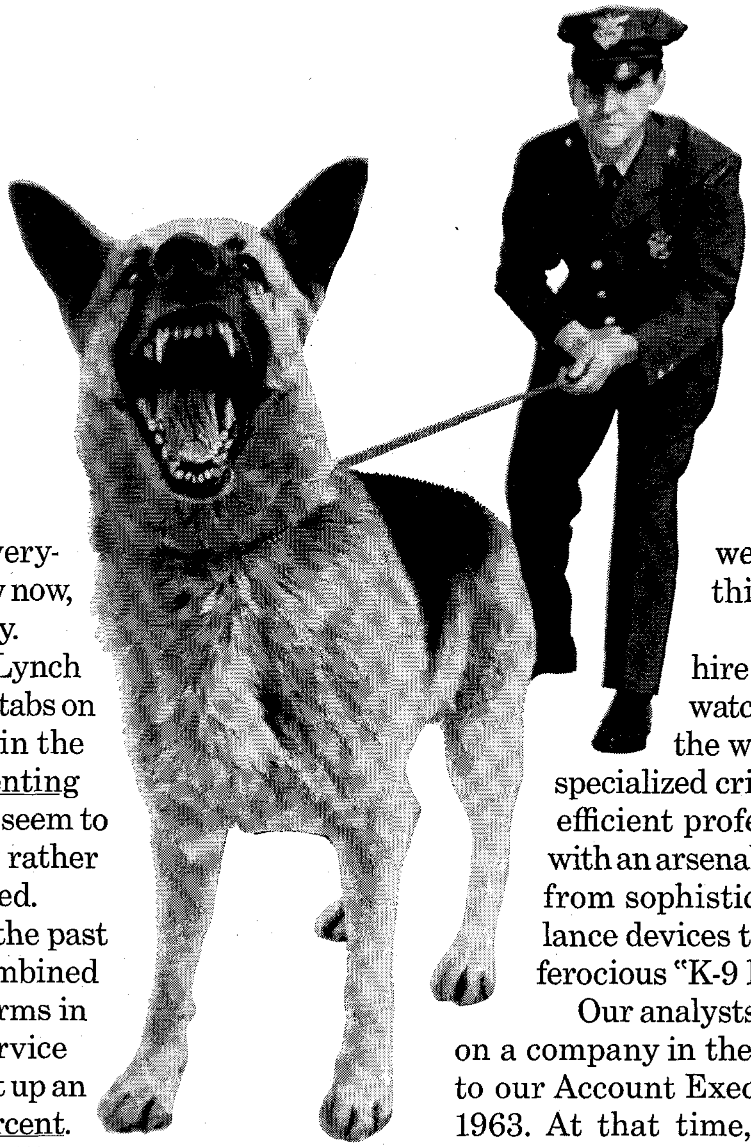
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 1: **THE LAST MILLIONAIRE** and **BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL** (both in French).
July 2: **BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL** and **BAY OF THE ANGELS** (both in French).
July 3: **BAY OF THE ANGELS** and **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (both in French).
July 4: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** and **PIERROT LE FOU** (both in French).
July 5: **PIERROT LE FOU** and **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (both in French).
July 6: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** and **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (both in French).
July 7: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** and **A DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (both in French).
July 8: **A DAY IN THE COUNTRY** and **TONI** (both in French).
From July 9: **ON THE WATERFRONT**; and "The Wild One" (1954), Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 7: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS**; and **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**
From July 8: **THE DAMNED**; and "Bye Bye Braverman" (1968), George Segal, Jack Warden.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 1: **THE MISFITS**; and **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.**
July 2: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** and **MAYERLING** (both in French).
July 3: **LA STRADA** and **OPEN CITY** (both in Italian).
July 4: **THE AFRICAN QUEEN**; and "The Monte Carlo Story" (1958), Marlene Dietrich, Vittorio De Sica.
July 5: **THE THIEF OF BAGDAD**; and **LOVE HAPPY.**
July 6: **THE TRIAL**; and **SONS AND LOVERS.**
July 7: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** and **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (both in French.)
July 8: "St. Matthew Passion" (1952), Bach's oratorio, played by the Vienna Philharmonic and sung (in English) by the Vienna Choir Boys; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; and other soloists, plus "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (1951; in German).
July 9: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 7: **THE SICILIAN CLAN.**
From July 8: To be announced.

We know a multi-million dollar industry that was started by a bunch of crooks.



As almost everybody has heard by now, crime does not pay.

But Merrill Lynch has been keeping tabs on some companies in the business of preventing crimes. And they seem to have been paying rather handsomely indeed.

In fact, over the past five years, the combined profits of major firms in the protective service industry have shot up an estimated 200 percent.

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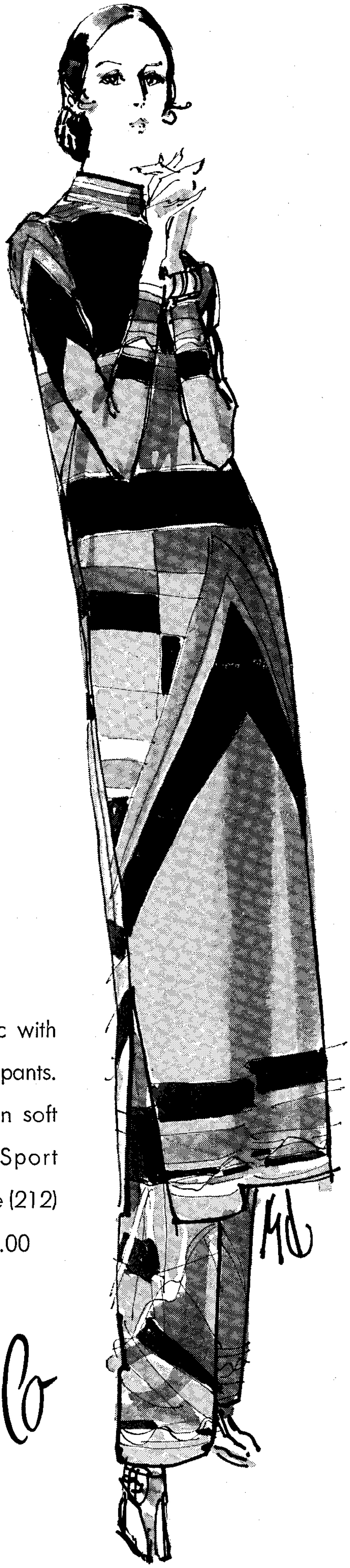


THE SPLIT LEVEL PRINT

Lean, lengthy mock turtle tunic with side slits, over lean, lengthy pants. Navy and pink combination in soft polyester jersey. 8 to 16. Sport Dresses, third floor, Fifth Avenue (212) MU 9-7000, and branches. 65.00

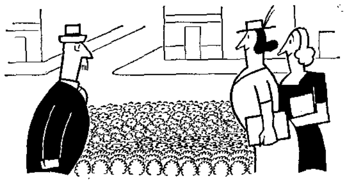
B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

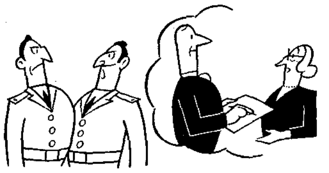
A PORTLAND newspaper recently recorded the angered dismay of the people of Kennebunk, Maine, who rose the other morning to find that the town's centennial plot—a remnant of the original village green—had been "removed by state-highway crews to make way for new traffic islands." Outrage provoked an inquiry, which established that the removal was pursuant to a state-highway project that had been approved not very long before by the town's citizens themselves. The centennial plot had been Kennebunk's most important and visible link with its past, having been enjoyed and admired by more than five generations. For the last half century, it had been maintained by a special trust fund, and in recent years a varicolored display of flowers there had been continually renewed by a town museum under the terms of the nostalgic bequest of the late Colonel Harry A. Mapes. The centennial plot was gone before anyone even noticed. However, the paper reported, a decision by the town selectmen to request "grassed-over islands rather than the hard-topped type" was expected to "ease the situation—if the grass plots are approved by the State Highway Commission." Let us hope it does.



Who destroyed the centennial plot? Not the highway crew. They only followed instructions; why, most of them weren't even from Kennebunk. Not the voters of Kennebunk. They merely approved a recommendation for new lights to control the obviously congested traffic on its way to other parts of Maine. The engineering plans were on file in the engineer's office at the Capitol in Augusta, about eighty miles away, but they did not appear on any ballot. Nor could many voters have understood them if they had appeared. In any event, the subsequent protest clearly proves that the citizens would have rejected the design if they had been aware of its details. Not the State Highway Commission. It was, after all, the Commission's assigned task to draw up plans for improving the highway system in a manner that, according to studies, would benefit the entire area. Having submitted recommendations, it thereafter acted as the faithful agent of the expressed popular will. Moreover, since the particular engineer involved was from halfway across the state, he could hardly have been expected to know of the passion and nostalgia attached to that one plot of grass, so like a thousand others on his surveys. The construction of the highway had originally been stimulated and assisted by federal funds flowing from the vast and visionary Federal-Aid Highway Program. Without these funds it would never have been built. Was it, then, the federal government that destroyed Kennebunk's centennial plot? It seems unduly harsh to blame a bureaucracy that perhaps had never even heard of Kennebunk, and whose program, moreover, was a self-evidently necessary response to the enormous boom in automotive transportation. (Statistics reveal that the entire American population can fit into the front seats of its automobiles. If it wants to.) Perhaps we are now getting closer. There would have been no highway program without all the cars, and thus—so radical theory predicates—the villains must be General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler. However, the managers of those companies would immediately counter any such accusation by pointing out that they build cars only because people want to buy them—that they simply act as the admittedly well-paid economic servants of a free people making a free choice. The argument is unanswerable. Yet common sense tells us that the millions of people who, year after year, proud and apprehensive, drove their new acquisitions from a dealer's lot didn't want to destroy the centennial plot. Clearly, they didn't mean to. Had a poll been taken and the issue explained, a majority of them would probably have supported preservation. Yet when they put their signature on a bill of sale, they helped initiate a chain of events that ultimately evoked the futile anger of a Maine town. That chain of events is what is meant by "the system." It was, finally, the system that forever erased the fine old Kennebunk centennial plot.

Exile

WHEN the colonels' coup of April 21, 1967, put an end to Greek democracy, Helen Vlachos, alone among the newspaper proprietors of Athens, chose to suspend publication rather than submit to military censorship. The colonels found that irritating, since Mrs. Vlachos' newspapers, the morning *Kathimerini* and its breezier afternoon cousin the *Messimvrini*, had been the leading voices of conservatism and what Mrs. Vlachos calls "respectability" in the country. She continued to irritate the colonels by giving interviews to foreign journalists, and finally, after an interview in which she described one member of the junta, Brigadier General Stylianos Pattakos, as "a clown" and remarked that she was more afraid of her dentist than of another member, Colonel George Papadopoulos, she was placed under house arrest. Two months later, she dyed her



hair and, with the help of her husband, a retired naval officer, escaped from her apartment and from Greece. Since then, she has lived in London, continued to write and speak against the dictatorship, and written a book, "House Arrest," which has just been published in this country by Gambit, a Boston publishing house.

Recently, Mrs. Vlachos came to the United States to address a meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors in San Francisco, and during a stopover in New York we visited her at her hotel, the Dorset. She is a small, crisp woman of fifty-eight with white hair, horn-rimmed glasses, and a relaxed manner. We mentioned her reputation as a conservative and asked her what she understood the term to mean.

"I really don't know anymore," she said. "I suppose it means being for certain established values, and beyond that it is a matter of ritual. A conservative is one who automatically considers that he has to be respectful to the Mayor and the Prime Minister, who puts the flag up at certain moments and down at others, who does not dress or behave in a way that is offensive to others. At Oxford and Cambridge, the students asked me how I can call myself a conservative, and I said, 'I am a conservative because I want to conserve my independence.' "

We asked Mrs. Vlachos about the coverage of Greece in the world press, and she said, "Since I left Greece, I have discovered that censorship travels. When censorship is suddenly clamped down by a police regime, as in Greece, all the newspapers of the free world lose a little bit of freedom, because their correspondents get more and more strangled. The usual sources of news are closed off, and press conferences are given exclusively by lying militarists. Naturally, only good news is given out, and one of the characteristics of censored newspapers is that only good news gets in the paper. In Athens or Prague, you *know* the newspapers are censored, and, accordingly, you read between the lines. A free newspaper that puts side by side an announcement by, say, the Italian Prime Minister and one by Papadopoulos gives the same amount of importance to both, even though the one is the statement of the leader of a free government and the other is poisonous propaganda. Perhaps the papers should carry two headings—'International News from Free Sources' and 'International News from Totalitarian Sources.' "

"Which papers have been doing the best job of covering Greece?" we asked.

"*Le Monde*, in Paris, and the *Times of London*, and some German papers," said Mrs. Vlachos, who is a practicing journalist as well as a publisher, having written a column regularly for twenty-two years. "The American papers—the New York *Times*, the Washington *Post*, the *Christian Science Monitor*—have been very good editorially. As for covering stories—well, Greece is in the queue of stories here, and it does not always get its turn."

We asked Mrs. Vlachos about the European reaction to America's support of the Athens junta.

"The reaction has the same character as the reaction to the invasion of Czechoslovakia," she said. "Everyone knew what the Soviet regime was like—one should have had no illusions—and yet when the invasion of Czechoslovakia came, it was a shock. Everyone knew that in little corners of the globe America supports extreme-right dictatorships, but as soon as it became apparent that the U.S. was supporting a brutal dictatorship in Greece—a tiny minority detested by the Greek people and condemned by the European countries—it created the same kind of shock. One accepts a certain amount of duplicity, of *Realpolitik*, but at a certain moment it became a little bit too much—you know?"

"What should the United States do?" we asked.

"We don't want you to send in the Marines," she said. "We want you to stop supporting the junta, and to stop supporting it so wholeheartedly. Your government has been sending the colonels little presents—flowers, bits of the moon. Your government pretends not to support them, but a hundred and seventy million dollars' worth of arms were sent to Greece in 1969, and the shipment of small arms to Greece has actually increased. The Nixon Administration at least seems ashamed of its actions, and that shame is the only remnant of respectability left to it."

Mrs. Vlachos took a sip of coffee and lit a cigarette. "At this moment," she said, "the Greek people are asking themselves, 'Why? Why? Why are the Americans supporting the junta?' "

"Do you think the United States government understands the depth of feeling on this issue in Europe?" we asked.

"The Senate knows, perhaps even the Greek desk of the State Department knows, but what about the Pentagon and the C.I.A.?" Mrs. Vlachos said. "You know, the joke in Washington is that the ears have walls; the Pentagon and the C.I.A. don't hear anything." She smiled.

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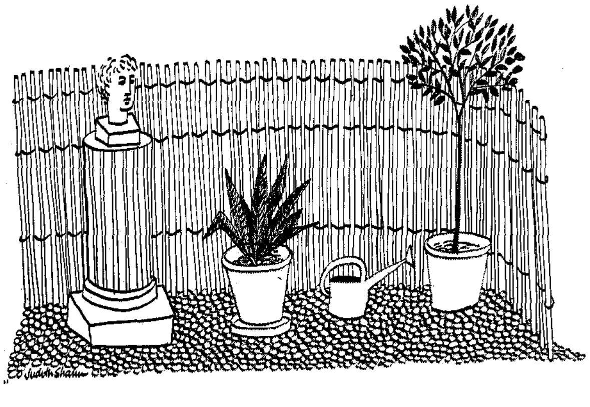
PRINTED bills of the Danbury Hospital include charges for "Routine Special Service."

Cruise

WE were interested to discover not long ago that New York State, despite its limited shoreline, is the leading pleasure-boat state in the nation. Moreover, the maritime population of our city—an unlikely place, you might think, for anyone to maintain a pleasure boat—includes about fifty thousand small craft, and the figure is increasing at a rate of several hundred a year. To cope with the pleasure-boat traffic that enlivens our waterfront between April and November, the Harbor Precinct of the Police Department has put four new fibre-glass patrol boats into service, augmenting a regular fleet of eight winterized launches that operate the year round. The new boats are small (twenty-six feet long), speedy (twenty-eight knots), and versatile. Although their engines are powerful enough to tow a fifty-foot cabin cruiser, their keels are so shallow that the boats can skim across torpid lagoons where the water is only three or four feet deep. (However, the shallow keel creates stability problems in the brief strip of the Atlantic—off Coney Island and the Rockaways—that lies within the city's jurisdiction. The police have learned to avoid heavy surf there unless someone's life is in danger.)

We obtained these facts during a chat with Captain John P. Lowe, a slight, sandy-haired Irishman, who runs the Harbor Precinct from a monumental red brick building on Randall's

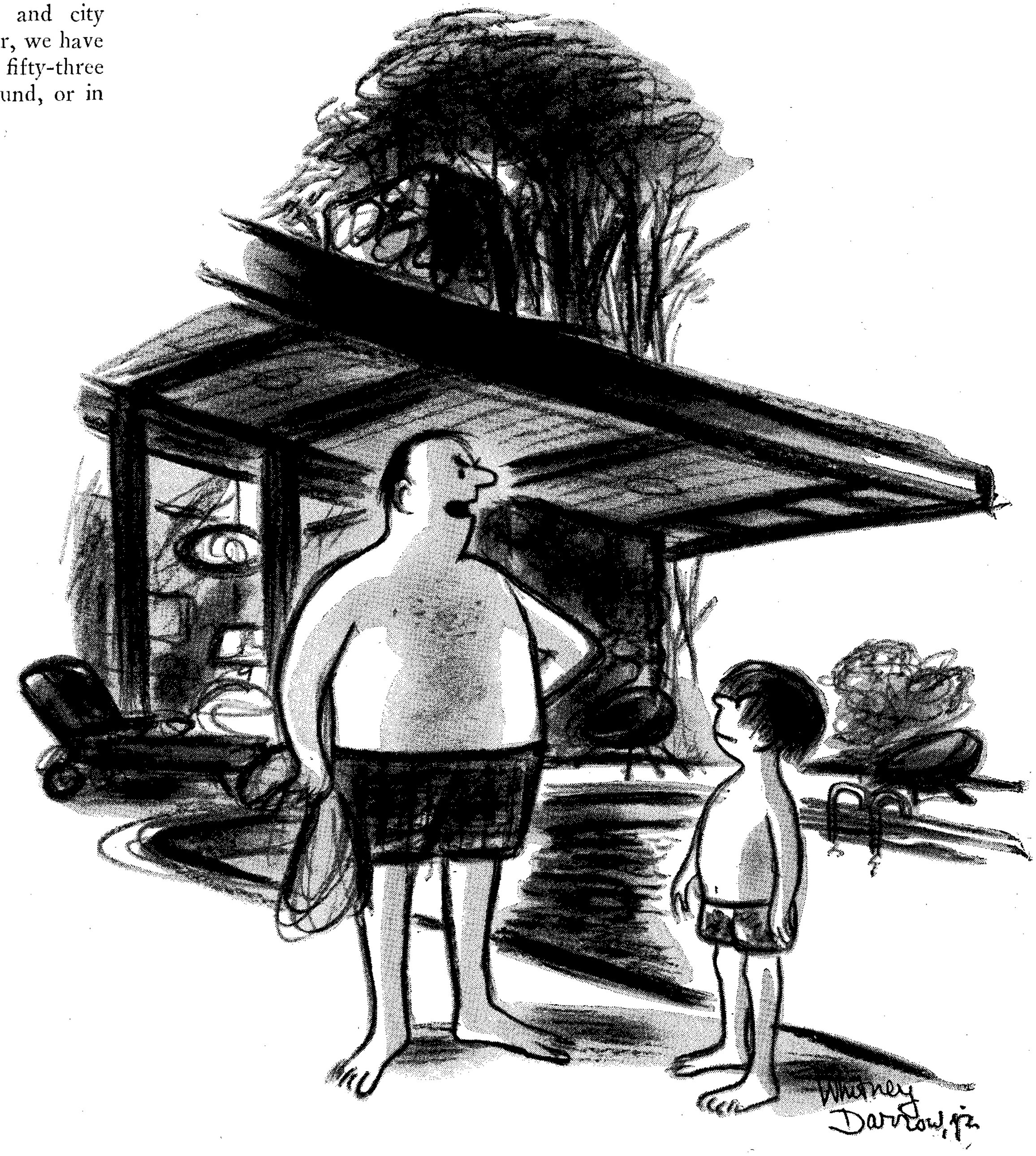


Island. Captain Lowe told us that his command covers the entire city and includes five hundred and seventy-eight miles of waterfront; the Triborough Bridge ("They couldn't decide which of the three boroughs should police it"); six populated islands (Ward's, Randall's, Liberty, Riker's, Welfare, and Hart); innumerable isolated rocks (Rat Island, Big Tom, Cuban Ledge), which can turn into navigational hazards at high tide, when they are submerged; and all the uninhabited clumps of grass that clutter up Jamaica Bay. "The Harbor Precinct was founded in 1858 to deal with piracy and mutiny aboard ships in the port, but in recent years the Coast Guard has taken over the responsibility for large vessels," he explained. "This allows my men to concentrate on pleasure boats and city beaches. During the past year, we have rescued seven hundred and fifty-three boats that were adrift, aground, or in a sinking condition, checked out four hundred and eighty-two reports on boats that were overdue or in some kind of trouble, and recovered ninety-two bodies from the water. Everybody in the Precinct hates spring, because that's when bodies that have been underwater all winter float to the surface. We also maintain routine patrols of marinas and mooring areas, to discourage theft, and enforce the New York State navigation laws by issuing summonses for offenses like reckless operation, water-skiing without an observer, and lack of essential equipment, such as running lights."

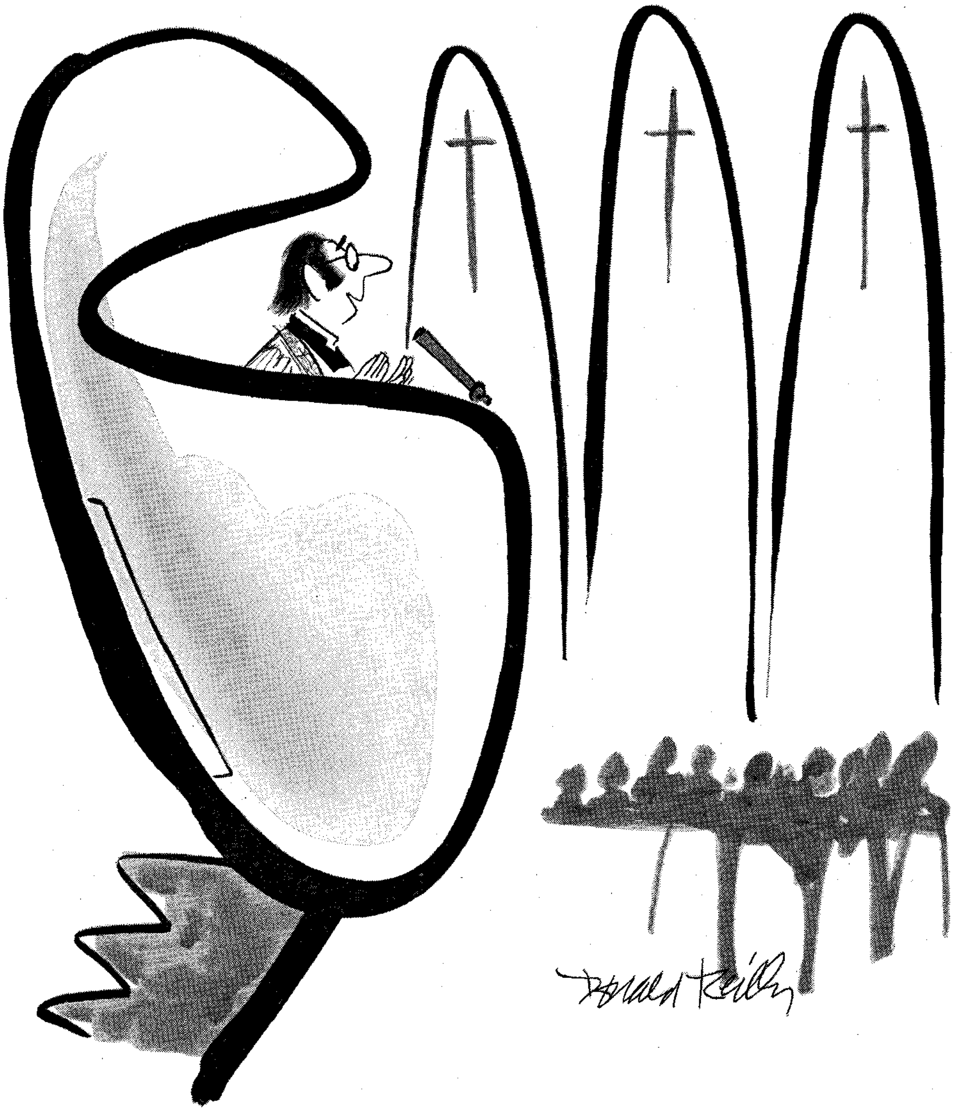
We asked the Captain if dry-land restrictions on police work applied to work on the water, and he said they did.

"As far as the police are concerned, a boat is a house, especially if it's enclosed," he said. "Consequently, if someone is speeding in a mooring area, we can stop him and give him a summons but we can't board his boat. This can create a very delicate situation if, for example, the officers think that the operator is intoxicated. Fortunately, most of our work consists of helping people, and people are only too happy to invite us aboard if they're in trouble. The one thing we don't have in this precinct is a community-relations problem."

Captain Lowe invited us to accompany a patrol of one of the new fibreglass boats, and we travelled out to Sheepshead Bay a few mornings later to board Police Launch 14, which, with flags flying and engine ticking over, was tied up at the foot of a rather shaky Harbor Precinct pier. Her crewmen—Patrolmen Tom Morrison and Jim O'Brien—cast off their lines, handed us a Coast Guard chart, and informed us that the patrol would start by heading east, toward Rockaway Inlet. As Police Launch 14 rounded a grassy point and turned left into a narrow creek, Patrolman Morrison, a freckled, brown-haired man in his early forties, explained that he usually began the day with a check of Gerritsen's Inlet, a short loop of water that runs through the deserted marshland northwest of Floyd Bennett Field. "There must be a hundred stolen cars out in those weeds, and perhaps twenty stolen boats," he told us. "The cars are usually stripped and burned, but we're always on the lookout for abandoned boats, because some of them may be in salvageable condition. At the moment, we have a 'missing' report on a blue-and-white Boston Whaler, with a Johnson outboard on a green shaft, that was stolen from Inwood two days ago." As we glided up the Inlet, past rusting cars and half-submerged hulls, Morrison


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Do you realize there are millions and millions of boys around the world who'd be happy to have *a swimming pool they had to clean?"*



"Let us rap."

pointed to a bare-chested young man in khaki shorts who was stretched out on a narrow strip of sand, and informed us that he was the Inlet's only resident. "He has some kind of place back in the woods, and when it rains very hard he just gets into an empty car," Morrison said. "I don't know how he lives, but he looks happy and doesn't bother anybody."

Our boat emerged from the Inlet, passed a group of fishermen perched on ancient automobile seats, and turned up Plumb Beach Channel to Gerritsen's Beach, a small, self-contained community that was founded in the eighteen-fifties. "These people were lobster skimmers for generations," Morrison said as we slid past rows of neatly painted wooden houses, each with a boat tied up at the back door. "Outsiders aren't exactly encouraged. Hello, Helen!" He waved to a cheerful-looking gray-haired woman who was scrubbing the deck of a gray cabin cruiser, and told us that her husband was a sanitation foreman. "Every summer, they close up the house and live on the boat," he said. "They have a dog, so it's pretty safe. Besides, around here everybody looks after everybody else. There are about twenty-five boats in our patrol area with people living aboard—ten in Shell Bank Creek, seven or eight in Broad Channel, five in East Mill Basin, a couple at the Rockaways, and one over in Dead Horse Inlet, owned by a couple of hippie types, who are hardly ever home. We check them all once a day and make a point of noticing strangers. I grew up over at Broad Channel, and Obie, here, comes from Mill Basin, so between us we know most of the regular boats by sight."

Our next stop was Mill Basin, a newer community, consisting of barnlike modern houses, relatively large boats, and two-story piers. "There are a lot of hot-rodders in this channel," O'Brien said as we passed a couple of water-skiers. "Mostly kids just barely old enough to operate a boat. Last week, we were in here giving out summonses for speeding when I saw a boat coming down the channel much too fast. I was reaching for my book when—boom!—she blew up right in front of us. The operator went about fifty feet in the air. When we pulled him in, he was dazed but not badly hurt. The boat was a total wreck, though. Probably a broken fuel line."

During the next few hours, Police Launch 14 patrolled the beaches along Rockaway Inlet, rounded Breezy Point into the choppy Atlantic to check on the seaward side of the Rockaways, and doubled back under the Marine Parkway Bridge for a swing around Jamaica Bay. Off Carnarsie Beach Park—a notorious danger spot, because there a single navigable channel cuts through an expanse of sandbars—Patrolman O'Brien, who had been sweeping the area with his binoculars, focussed on a motionless cabin cruiser. "I think we've got something," he said, and Morrison turned toward shore. When we reached the boat, the owner—a gray-haired man who identified himself as a doctor—emerged from the cabin and announced that his engine had just stopped. "It's a Pacemaker," he said, in answer to a query from O'Brien about the make of the boat. "I bought it in Freeport last week." He produced a bill of sale and explained that he had taken his boat into Mill Basin Marina that morning to check the mufflers. "I just forgot about gas," he said, looking slightly foolish.

Morrison offered to tow the Pacemaker to the nearest gas station, and O'Brien tossed the doctor a white nylon line. When it became apparent that the doctor did not know how to tie a nautical knot, Morrison edged the police launch closer and O'Brien leaned across the water to hitch the two boats together with a neat bowline. Shortly after we arrived at the East Mill Pond Gulf station, the doctor opened his gas tanks and began to probe them with a long stick. One was completely dry; the other was full. "I guess I didn't switch it over," he said, nonplussed. He picked up an instruction manual and began to turn its pages. The two police officers looked at each other. Then Morrison suggested gently that it would be a good idea for the doctor to learn a bit more about his Pacemaker before taking it on any long trips. "Make sure you turn on the blower before you start the engine," he said. "A lot of explosions come from gas in the bilges."

"Is that a fact?" the doctor said,

with a grin. "I'll bet you guys wonder why I have any patients."

Ten minutes later, we were heading back to Sheepshead Bay.

Exercise

A MAN we know found the following composition in his typewriter after his teen-age son had finished practicing touch typing:

FRF FRF GHG GHG JUJ JUJ
AQA AQA SWS SWS DCD SEX
SEX SEX SEX SEX

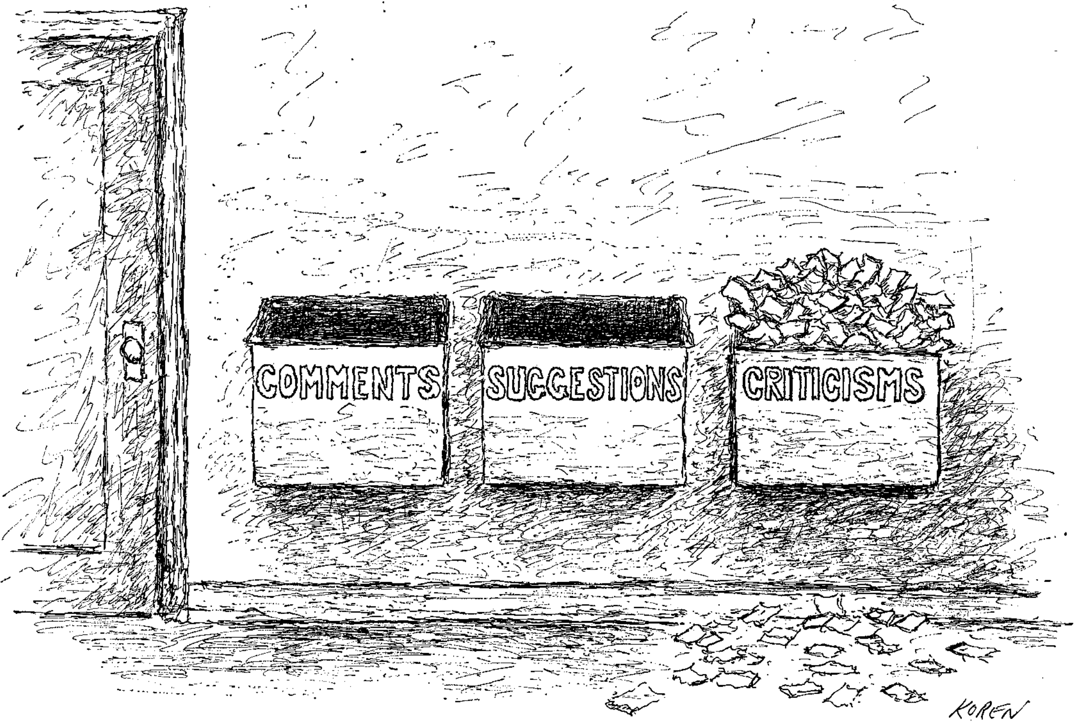
Caramoor Festival

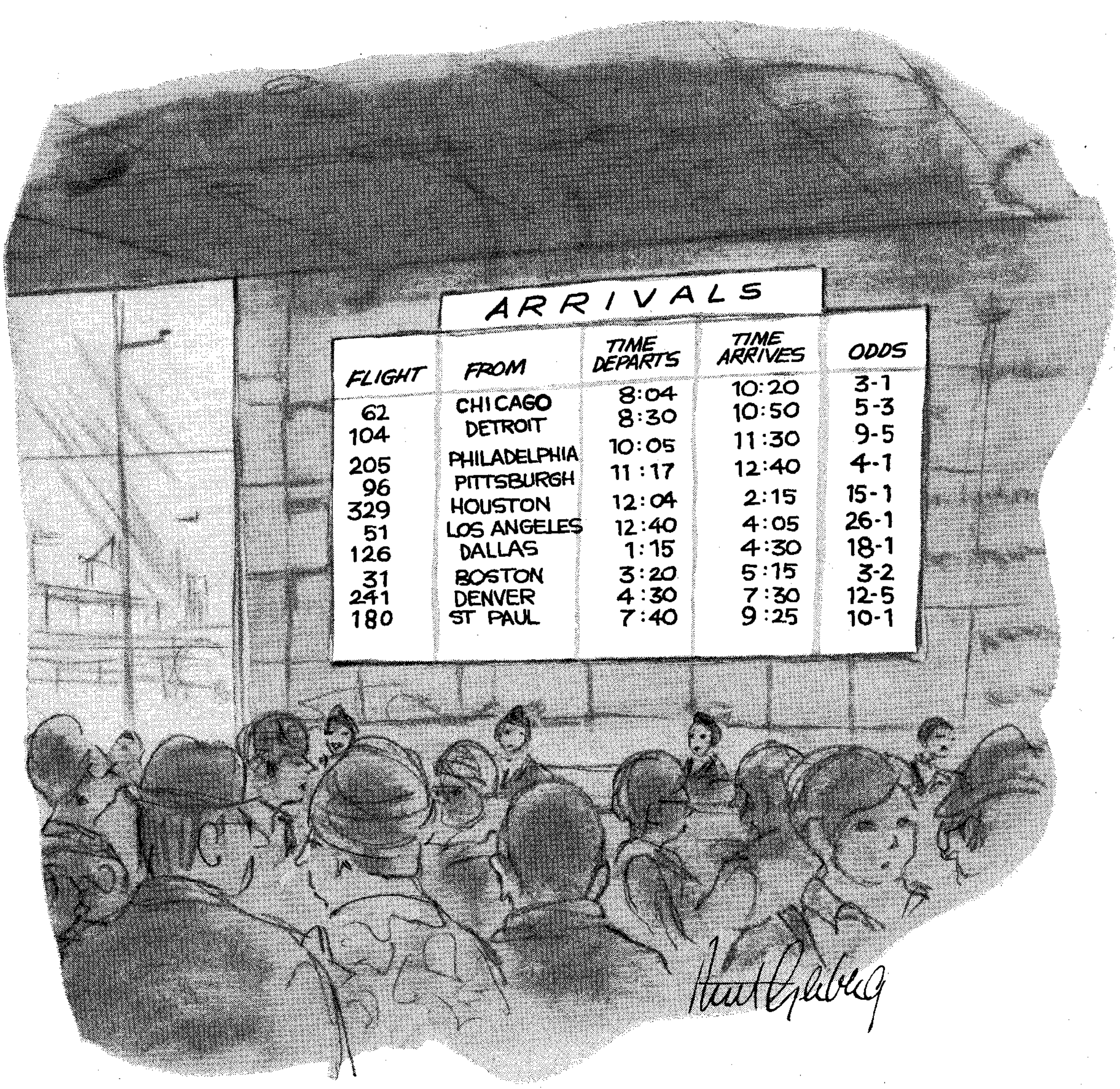
ONE of the pleasanter ways to escape from the city on a breathless summer evening is to drive—or take a bus—to Caramoor, a rambling Florentine villa set in several hundred acres of Westchester hill country about forty miles north of Times Square. There are, we discovered during an exploratory visit, two good reasons for making the trip. Caramoor is currently celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary as the setting for a small, select music festival that runs weekends from mid-June to mid-July. (This year's program includes Mozart's rarely performed opera "Idomeneo, King of Crete;" the American première of "The Growing Castle," a fantastic chamber opera by Malcolm Williamson; and evenings devoted to Baroque and Elizabethan music.) And the villa itself—a sumptuous private house built around an extraordinary art collection assembled by Walter Tower Rosen, a German-born banker, who died in 1951—has been turned into an intimate, family-style museum, which recently opened its doors to the public (by appointment only) from April through October. On our visit, we were taken on a tour of the house by Mrs. Carl Stern, who is the daughter of Walter and Lucie Rosen. Mrs. Stern, an attractive, ebullient woman, has lately been busy transforming her childhood home into a public institution. "Father collected for about thirty-five years—from 1914 on—and he knew exactly where every piece was going to go before the house went up," Mrs. Stern said, leading us down a narrow hall past three eighteenth-century rooms that had been brought intact to Caramoor from France, Italy, and England. "He had some lovely paintings and sculpture, but his real enthusiasm was structure. The entire house is a museum, because it contains so many architectural elements—doors, lintels, fireplaces, ceilings, columns, wall plaques, stained-glass windows—that were bought abroad. Father had an amazing gift for combining elements from different periods and different countries into a harmonious whole, and the fact that it is a very personal collection is what has made Caramoor so livable. Everything has been used."

Mrs. Stern opened a pair of lacquered Venetian doors designed and executed by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, led us through a dining room lined with silver-and-blue hand-painted wallpaper from eighteenth-century China, and paused at the entrance to an enormous rectangular room that seemed to be overflowing with paintings, tapestries, sculpture, and antique furniture. "Father planned this room, the music room, as the core of the house, because both he and my mother were fond of having chamber music in their home," she explained. "He was a fine pianist, and she played the violin and the Theremin, an electronic instrument invented in the nineteen-twenties. The private concerts that were held in this room gradually evolved into the public concerts that are now given out in the courtyard or in the Venetian Theatre, across the gardens."

We made a rapid circuit of the room, noting several famous paintings (a Cranach, a Guardi, a Canaletto), some celebrated sculpture (bas-reliefs by Donatello and della Robbia, two small bronzes attributed to Cellini, and an exquisitely serene T'ang Dynasty head of Kuan Yin, the Chinese goddess of mercy), and emerged, blinking, into a sun-drenched courtyard that could have been built by one of the Medici. "The smaller-scale programs are given here," Mrs. Stern said, indicating a partly assembled wooden stage. "More ambitious works—such as 'Idomeneo'—are presented in the Venetian Theatre. My father bought a collection of thirty Greek and Roman marble columns that had been assembled during the Renaissance by a Venetian nobleman, who used them as garden ornaments. Then, after Father died, Mother built these columns into a three-sided open pavilion that can be used as a stage for opera or concert performances. There's a rehearsal going on now. Shall we go down and watch it?"

As we headed for the theatre, where faint strains of Mozart indicated that preparations for "Idomeneo" were in progress, Mrs. Stern explained that her parents had decided to make Caramoor a public monument after the death of their only son, Walter, in the Second World War. "Father established a foundation to preserve the house as a permanent center of the arts, and Mother, who died in 1968, tried to make sure that the atmosphere of intimacy would always be maintained," she said. "Mother welcomed both the new and unusual and the old and rare, but she always insisted that Caramoor should be a place for what she called 'the small delights.' Julius Rudel has been our musical director




ARRIVALS
FLIGHT FROM TIME DEPARTS TIME ARRIVES ODDS
62 CHICAGO 8:04 10:20 3-1
104 DETROIT 8:30 10:50 5-3
205 PHILADELPHIA 10:05 11:30 9-5
96 PITTSBURGH 11:17 12:40 4-1
329 HOUSTON 12:04 2:15 15-1
51 LOS ANGELES 12:40 4:05 26-1
126 DALLAS 1:15 4:30 18-1
31 BOSTON 3:20 5:15 3-2
241 DENVER 4:30 7:30 12-5
180 ST PAUL 7:40 9:25 10-1

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since 1964, and he has carried out this idea admirably."

When we arrived at the theatre, a raised platform surrounded by the nobleman's columns, we found Mr. Rudel, the handsome, gray-haired director of the New York City Opera, seated at a harpsichord striking chords with one hand and conducting a spirited Mozart chorus with the other. Onstage, Tito Capobianco, the Argentine stage director who often works with Mr. Rudel, was snapping his fingers to get the singers moving correctly on cue. Halfway through the chorus, a bright-green Frisbee, which was being tossed back and forth by several youthful ballet dancers, sailed past Mr. Rudel's head and landed in the midst of the choristers, breaking everybody up. "O.K.," said Mr. Capobianco, lighting a cigarette. "Let's try it again." The choristers backed into the wings, eying Mr. Capobianco as if he were a hypnotist, and Mr. Rudel gave a pianist sitting next to him a downbeat and began to conduct enthusiastically with both hands. Mr. Capobianco snapped his fingers and shouted "Go!" The choristers, entering from both sides at a dead run, halted at the proper moment and began to sing. Then, as Mr. Capobianco beckoned them forward with an imperious finger, the two groups finished the act with a sublime burst of Mozartean sound. "Blackout!" said Mr. Capobianco, pulling down an imaginary curtain. "Bravo, chorus!" said Mr. Rudel, smiling up at the singers. "It's remarkable what you have managed to do in a week."

As the choristers departed, we asked Mr. Rudel why he had chosen "Idomeneo" to celebrate Caramoor's anniversary. After a thoughtful pause, he replied, "It's the kind of thing Lucie Rosen would have liked. She was a remarkable woman—tall, red-haired, very beautiful, kind of Edwardian—and she always urged me to take a chance on something I'd really enjoy. What is astonishing about 'Idomeneo' is that the opera isn't done more often. For its time and place, it is a powerful and extremely daring score. It contains the first deeply characterized quartet in operatic history, and it constantly anticipates 'Don Giovanni,' a score that came—unbelievably—almost seven years later."

"When you played me the third act, I didn't believe it was all Mozart," said Mr. Capobianco, jumping down from the edge of the stage. "There is Bellini, there is Verdi. It's incredible!"

"There is even Richard Strauss," Mr. Rudel added, with a smile. He sat down at the piano and struck a series of chords. "When Idomeneo asks that the wrath of the gods fall only on him, you have a series of brutally descending jumps that are similar to those Strauss used more than a hundred and twenty years later in 'Elektra.' "

"It's magic," said Mr. Capobianco.

"Mozart is *always* magic," said Mr. Rudel. "Now, Tito, what are we going to do about makeup tomorrow night?"

When the rehearsal resumed, we walked back through the fragrant grass and sat for a while at the top of a massive stone staircase that serves as a public entrance for the Caramoor performances. At a distance of about seventy yards, the theatre, with its columns, looked like a puppet stage. The trees surrounding it seemed to have been cut from dark-green paper, and the cloudless pale-blue sky could have been a painted canvas backdrop. Only the voice of Idomeneo—the tragic Cretan king—who was relinquishing his throne in a final aria, reminded us that this archaic enclave was inhabited by real people. We heard a faint rustle in the bushes on our left, and turned around in time to glimpse the bright, inquiring eyes of a small deer. Somewhat later, as we were returning to the house along a mossy path shaded by feathery cedars, we looked down and saw hundreds of tiny hoofprints in the moss.

THE PIED PIPER

I GROW old, I grow old. I wear my white polyester trousers rolled, and I rarely dare to eat a peach. I'm thirty-nine and look every minute of it. Depressing. I've been especially down in the dumps about getting old since the other night, when my wife, Karen, and I were sitting out at dusk on the side lawn of our farmhouse in Connecticut, having an after-dinner gin-and-tonic. Suddenly, in the distance, we heard the sound of bells, and in a moment a Good Humor truck—the first I'd ever seen in our neck of the woods—came around the bend and up the hill toward us.

"Ah, the ice-cream man cometh," said Karen.

"You want some?" I asked her, popping to my feet—really meaning that I wanted some myself.

"Umm," Karen said. "Something strawberry on a stick."

"Right, something strawberry on a stick," I said, and I went dogtrotting out to the road to hail the Good Humor man. He spotted me waving by the mailbox, and, pulling to a halt by our driveway, he climbed slowly down from his truck.

"So?" he laconically asked me, scowling. He seemed to be in a remarkably bad humor for one of his calling. He was a tall, lantern-jawed, loutish-looking young man of perhaps twenty-two.

"So two chocolate-covered strawberry Good Humors," I said.

"Right," he said, and in seconds, after I'd fumbled forty cents out of the pockets of my khakis, our transaction was completed.

"So long," I said amiably as he got back into the truck.

"Yeah, thanks, Pop," he said, and he went roaring off into the dusk.

"Pop." I'm not *that* old, I thought, standing crestfallen at the side of the road. But I suppose that to anyone who is twenty-two, I—paunchy, graying at the temples, not in the least to be trusted—look like the Ancient Mariner. "Pop." I could scarcely eat my ice cream.

What got me down most about my encounter with the Good Humor man was the fact that I was once a young ice-cream man myself, driving a battered old truck around a place called Walton Lake, a resort area near Monroe, New York, in the foothills of the Catskills. It was the summer between my junior and senior years at Hamilton College, and I was nineteen and a full-fledged ice-cream man, with a white uniform, a change carrier at my belt, a pair of Rexall sunglasses, and a visored cap, which I wore at a jaunty angle on the back of my head. I was not a Good Humor man, however, and, indeed, Good Humor, although probably barely aware of the existence of the company I was with, was our most despised and envied rival. I worked for a sad, nervous little outfit called Pied Piper, which at that time, the summer of 1950, had only eleven trucks, and offered as much of a threat to Good Humor as a small chain of corner grocery stores might offer to Safeway.

The company operated out of a war-surplus airplane hangar that had been set up at the edge of a second-class highway in a town in northern New Jersey called Mahwah, which is just south of Suffern, New York, where I grew up, and it was owned by an unlikely pair of partners named Ernie Monaghan and Mel Kupinski (as I'll call them here). Ernie, a stolid, melancholy stump of a man in his mid-thirties, who seemed permanently wreathed in gloom, was the company's senior partner, and was mainly concerned with "scouting new territory"—that is, tooling around northern New Jersey and southern New York in a banged-up 1946 Chevrolet in search of ice-cream-selling areas not already covered by our more firmly established rivals, which, besides Good Humor, included companies called Bo Peep, Bungalow Bar, and Snow White. This left Mel in charge of Pied Piper's actual day-to-day operation. Mel was several years younger than Ernie—about twenty-seven. He was thin, frenetic, and hopelessly cheerful, constantly smiling, clowning, and racing about at an edgy half trot. He looked, I remember, remarkably like Jerry Lewis, who had just then begun to become famous, and he also did a pretty fair imitation of Lewis—a routine that included high-pitched shrieks, crossed eyes, and a mock-awkward Charleston step or two.

If one imagined Pied Piper as a kind of patched-up, free-lance fighter squadron, like the Lafayette Escadrille, as I always did in those days, then Mel was our flying combat leader, supply sergeant, chief mechanic, chaplain, and one-man resident U.S.O. troupe. That summer, Pied Piper had three new trucks, the pride of the squadron, but the eight others, including the one I drove, were almost literally falling apart, and each night, after the trucks limped in from their runs, Mel would work until one or two in the morning to get them in shape to roll for at least one more day. He was also responsible each morning for opening up the hangar, loading the eleven trucks with ice cream, and issuing clean uniforms to the arriving drivers, after which he'd assemble all of us for a fast pre-takeoff pep talk.

"All right, you guys," he'd say, in imitation of Jerry Lewis's high, squeaky voice, "we're going out there today and knock 'em dead! We got the weather, we got the trucks, we got the ice cream. Let's roll!"

At that, Mel would leap into the oldest truck in the squadron, in which he covered Fair Lawn, New Jersey, and, ringing his bells, screech out of the hangar and into the summer sunlight. The rest of us would follow, and we'd all rattle along for a mile or so in a rinky-dink parade of Pied Piper trucks, before each of us in turn, ringing his bells in salute, peeled off and headed out alone for his own territory.

EARLIER, in June, when I had applied one Saturday morning for the job at Pied Piper, I was interviewed in the yard outside the hangar by Ernie, who had been just about to leave on his daily scouting trip. I was wearing a Hamilton sweatshirt, I remember, and I think Ernie was impressed by the fact that I was a college student. "We expect our summer drivers to work seven days a week, twelve hours a day," he said, looking me carefully up and down, from my crewcut to my scuffed white bucks.

"I see," I said, nodding my head earnestly.

"Of course, we get ourselves rained out three or four times a month, and so you get those days off," he added, glancing gloomily up at the sky. He went on to explain that each driver got a flat twenty-two per cent of the money he brought in, and that most drivers could average seventy dollars a day in sales. "So the take-home pay is around a hundred bucks a week," he said. "Anyway, kid, if you want it, the job is yours."

"I'll take it," I answered immediately. I hadn't been looking for a seven-day-a-week job, but I was more or less working my way through college, and a hundred dollars a week was more than twice as much as I'd ever made in any previous summer job. I still remember the excitement I felt at the end of the Fourth of July weekend, when I was paid for the first time and a hundred and three dollars and fifty cents was handed over to me in cash, mainly five-dollar bills. At the time, it seemed to me like a fortune. In fact, I've never again felt quite so rich as I did that summer, heading home on Sunday nights with my pockets stuffed with five-dollar bills.

My territory, Walton Lake, was an hour north of Mahwah—twenty-three miles up Route 17 to Monroe and then left for another four miles along a winding, tree-lined country road that led out to the lake itself. Walton Lake was about three miles long, perhaps a mile wide, and edged all around by bungalow colonies filled with vacationing New Yorkers—mah-jongg-playing women from the Bronx or Brooklyn, their many children, and, on the weekends, their cigar-smoking husbands, who arrived from the city on Friday evenings in a pride of late-model Buicks and Cadillacs. It was a summer route, covered only from the beginning of July until Labor Day, and that's why it had been given to me, the only college kid in the squadron.

Actually, the money I earned that summer didn't seem so important to me after a while, for I quickly discovered that being an ice-cream man was terrific fun. I remember the delight I felt each day at noon, when I arrived at Walton Lake and hit into my first colony, Barney's Bungalows, and the children playing by the lakeside spotted my truck. "It's the *ice-cream* man!" they would shout jubilantly as I drove my bouncing, dirty white truck down the unpaved driveway into the colony, ringing my bells. They would run to their mothers for money, while I pulled to a halt on a ruined, overgrown tennis court behind the bungalows. Grinning from ear to ear, I climbed out of my truck and took up my post beside the refrigerator compartment in the back. The grin wasn't just for business. It was because I felt good: I was the ice-cream man. In seconds, I'd be surrounded by about twenty-five children, all jumping up and down, all shouting at me at the same time.

"O.K., kids," I would say, holding up my hand, "make a line—the little kids in front and the big kids in back. And when you get to me, shout out what you want loud and clear."

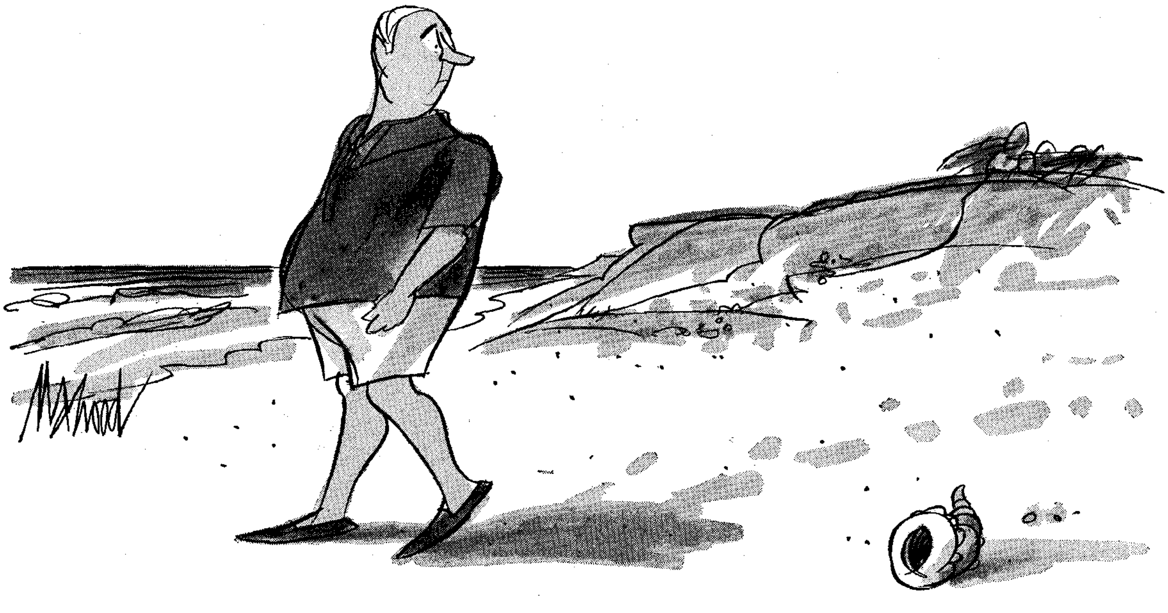
"Have you got rum raisin today?" a small voice might say.

"Sure, I got rum raisin," I answered, and I went into the spiel that I must have recited sixty or seventy times a day. "I got chocolate-covered Pied Piper ice cream on the stick—vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, maple walnut, butter pecan, *and* rum raisin. Plus, I got Pied Piper double popsicles on the stick—orange, raspberry, and cherry. Plus, I got Pied Piper ice-cream sandwiches—vanilla and chocolate. I've got Dixie cups, I've got half pints, I've even got pints. So let's go. Who's first?"

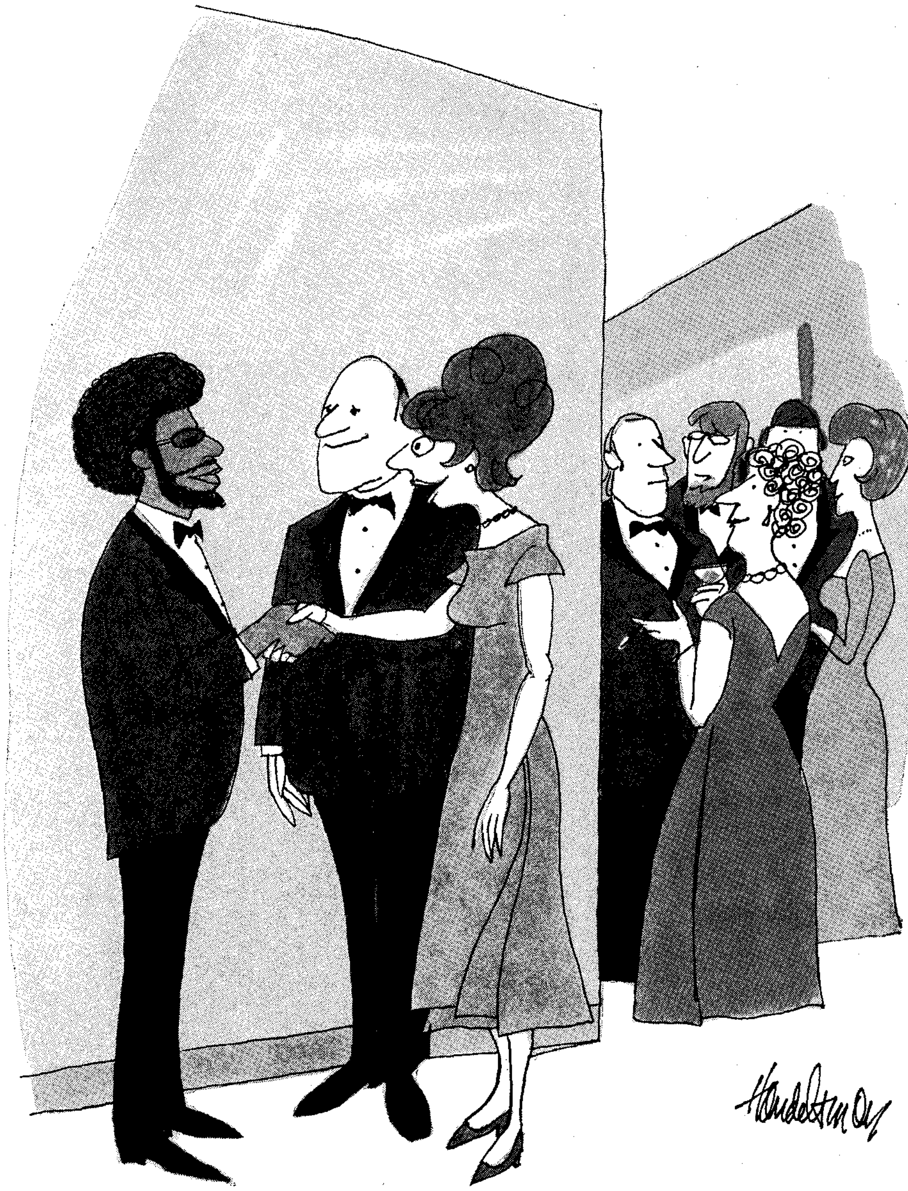
In ten minutes, I had sold maybe two dollars and twenty cents' worth of ice cream, and then, climbing back into my truck, I was on my way, ringing my bells as I drove back up the driveway to the macadamed road that circled the lake. All afternoon long, as I visited one bungalow colony after another around the lake, the scene at Barney's Bungalows would be reënacted—the children everywhere greeting me as though I were a magical, reappearing Santa Claus in July.

When I think now about that summer, I especially dwell on the afternoons—afternoons selling ice cream at Walton Lake in the hot, hazy Catskill sunlight. I remember the sudden, thrilling rush of icy air on my face when I opened the refrigerator box at the back of the truck, and the sticky sweet taste of the orange-ice popsicles I took for myself from my wares two or three times an afternoon, and the cheerful, clanking sound of my wild bells. Remembering, I see myself as if from a distance: the white truck parked on the far side of a dusty softball field; the children gathered about the truck; the crewcut, jug-eared young man in the Rexall sunglasses standing in their midst—me at nineteen—leaning down to give a Dixie cup to a four-year-old; a blue balloon drifting up above the truck and vanishing into an even bluer sky. Those long summer afternoons have now become for me a blur of forgotten children's faces, half-forgotten smells of Skol and damp bathing suits and pines, and the sound again of my bells, of distant shouting voices, and of motorboats buzzing far away out on the lake.

At six o'clock, when everyone in the bungalow colonies had vanished indoors for dinner, I would leave Walton Lake, and, after stopping at a diner for a Coke and a couple of cheeseburgers, I would drive two miles south to my night territory. This was a sprawling housing development called Wildwood Acres—treeless streets lined by rows of identical low-cost ranch houses, where my customers were year-round residents rather than summer people. At first, as I cruised slowly down the Wildwood Acres streets, ringing my bells in the fading light, most of my customers were still children, out playing in the yard after dinner—five- and six-year-olds, some of them already in their pajamas, smelling of citronella—whose ice cream was usually bought for them by their fathers. I remember those lean, sunburned young men in T-shirts and chinos, who would stop mowing the lawn or washing a 1948 Plymouth in the driveway and walk slowly to my



"*Psst.*"



"Hi! All the power to the people, right?"

truck, fishing in their pants for change and smiling at the racket the kids were making. Later, though, after the children had disappeared into their houses and gone to sleep, my customers were all grownups. I remember a young man shouting to me from his garage, where he was fixing a broken lawnmower, "Hey, Pied Piper, hold it!" I stopped my truck and climbed out as he came trotting over.

"Edna, it's the ice-cream man. Whadda you want?" he called, and a soft-faced, pregnant girl of perhaps only eighteen or nineteen appeared at the screen door of their low, pale-green ranch house.

"I don't know, honey, anything. Get me a sammich," she called out to him.

"You got a couple of ice-cream sammiches there?" the young man asked me.

"Yeah, that's a dime apiece," I answered.

He took them, paying me with three nickels and five pennies dug out of his chinos, and then went trotting back to the house, past some plastic gnomes on the lawn, hurrying before the ice cream could melt in his hands.

Later, when it grew dark, I switched on my red and blue sidelights and drove even slower, ringing my bells more softly now, so as not to wake the sleeping children. It was a lovely time of the evening, just after dusk, when the warm air was heavy with the pungent smell of freshly cut grass. The street lights had gone on, and I could hear radios from within screened porches, tuned, maybe, to "Duffy's Tavern," or to Red Barber broadcasting a Brooklyn Dodger night game from Cincinnati. In Wildwood Acres, I was able to sell ice cream until ten o'clock, stopping every few houses for a customer who whistled or called quietly out to me, but as soon as ten o'clock came my business abruptly fell away to nothing, and women began shouting out at me in the dark, "Go on home, you wanna wake up the kids?" "Go on home, nobody wants no more ice cream!" "Go on home, Pied Piper!"

When the women began to shout, I switched off my sidelights, turned my Pied Piper truck around, and headed back, non-stop, to Mahwah. My truck had an open cab, so it was like driving a convertible with the top down, and I whizzed along the dark country road back to Monroe and down Route 17 through the hot summer's night, a lone P-38 winging back to squadron headquarters after another daredevil mission. As I drove, I entertained myself by singing a medley of songs from "South Pacific" ("Some enchanted eeve-ning, you will see a stranger . . .") or by reciting Yeats, whom I'd recently discovered, clanking along in the night loudly declaiming "Sailing to Byzantium" or "The Wild Swans at Coole" to the stars.

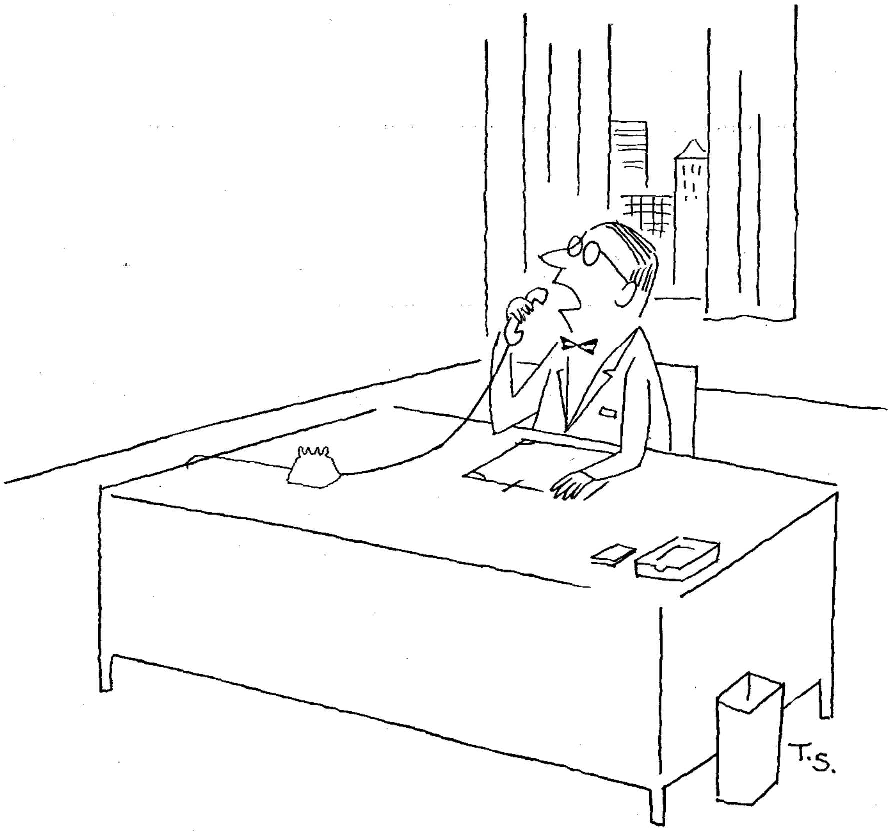
On many nights, my engine would be wheezing or sputtering as I ground to a halt in the hangar, and Mel, his white uniform already covered with grease, instantly dove under the hood, while I joined the rest of the drivers at a trestle table, where we all counted up our takes for the day. We Pied Piper drivers were a pretty miscellaneous bunch. At nineteen, I was the youngest member of the squadron, while the oldest was a retired Erie Railroad engineer of more than sixty-five, and we included in our ranks a former New York fireman and a semi-alcoholic ex-jockey. Still, we got along together famously, and when we were counting up at night there was always a great deal of joking and horsing around.

"Hey, look," the ex-jockey, Ronnie, said one night as we were all neatly stacking our money. "I took in my first eighteen-dollar bill today."

"Whadda you mean? There's no such thing as an eighteen-dollar bill," said Red, the former fireman, who wasn't the brightest of the Pied Piper drivers.

"Oh, goddam—gypped again," said Ronnie, winking at the rest of us. "And I gave that guy an eleven and two threes in change."

And later, over nightcap half pints of chocolate or butter pecan, we earnestly discussed how our Dixie cups were moving, or why maple-walnut



"Yes, this is Jones, Fennimore, Balthus, Cooper & me."

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sales seemed to be slipping, or how a sudden thunderstorm had rained out the Glen Rock and Fair Lawn night territories. Shoptalk.

I must admit that I especially looked forward to this hour in the hangar, because by the middle of July I had become the Ace of the Squadron. Partly because I was working a resort area, but also because I was young and eager, hustling my Pied Piper truck over as much ground as anyone could possibly cover in twelve hours, I regularly turned in the top daily take of any driver in the squadron—even more than Mel. My average was about eighty-five dollars a day, which pushed my take-home pay up to over a hundred and thirty dollars a week. And then, one witheringly hot Sunday in early August, I did something that no other Pied Piper driver had ever done before: I sold more than a hundred dollars' worth of ice cream in one day. One hundred and two dollars and forty cents' worth, to be exact.

That night, after I counted out the record haul on the trestle table and stood, red-faced with excitement, beside my great pile of dimes and quarters and wrinkled bills, Mel walked up to me, put his arm around my shoulders, and said, "You're the best damned driver we got at Pied Piper, kid." And from that time on Mel proudly pointed me out to wholesale ice-cream salesmen and other visitors to the hangar. "There's the only driver ever to break a hundred in one run," he would say as I was getting into my whites in the morning. I was the Ace, the Kid, and—in Pied Piper circles, at least—a legend in my own time.

Each night, after I turned in my take and changed back into civvies, I walked home to Suffern, a mile and a half away, singing again as I strolled through the moonlit suburban night, and usually coming up the steps onto the front porch of my house at about midnight. My mother would have a late dinner waiting for me in the kitchen, which I hungrily finished off in five minutes. After dinner, I would watch a bit of "Broadway Open House" on television and then slump wearily off to bed, to rise again at nine and head back, after breakfast, for the Pied Piper hangar. Never once that summer did I go swimming or go to a movie or take a girl out on a date, but I can't recall another summer in my entire life that went by more swiftly.

At the end of the summer, on Labor Day, when I came in at night from my last run, Mel broke out a fifth of Four Roses and there was an impromptu farewell party for me—whiskey and Pied Piper ice cream. When the party was over and the bottle empty, I solemnly shook hands all around and promised everyone that someday I'd come back to work for Pied Piper again. But of course I never did. After I got out of college, I went into the Army for two years, and after the Army one thing led to another, and now, though it seems scarcely possible, it's been twenty years since I was an ice-cream man. I've kept up with the fortunes of Pied Piper, though, and I'm happy to report that the company has done very well for itself. A couple of years after I worked for them, Ernie and Mel moved their operation to a garage in Hawthorne, New Jersey, and the last I heard, a few months ago, they had sixty trucks on the road. It pleases me to know that the squadron is still in the air, and I was oddly pleased, too, when I learned the other day from my two younger brothers, Bob and Jack, who followed me in working their way through college as summer Pied Piper men, that Mel continues to drive the Fair Lawn route on occasion and that Ernie still spends most of his days scouting new territory.

That Good Humor man hasn't come up our road again, by the way, and from my professional knowledge of such matters I'd say that he was lost that night and had made a wrong turning somewhere. Still, I'm glad that he came by that once, for he got me to thinking about my Pied Piper days, and that in turn has led me to realize something about myself: I *am* old. Thirty-nine isn't quite the end of the line, of course, but I know that I couldn't last even a single day as a Pied Piper man now. Banging around in a rattly old truck seven days a week, twelve hours a day—that's an eighty-four-hour week, and I'm accustomed nowadays to the thirty-five-hour week, and air-conditioned and comfortably desk-bound, at that. Also, I'm pretty certain that I wouldn't have the patience at thirty-nine to put up with all those shouting children; they'd probably drive me crazy within a couple of days. In fact, if you paid me five hundred dollars a week I wouldn't be a Pied Piper man now. I'm "Pop," all right, and the summer bells no longer ring for me.

—Thomas Meehan

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In Berkeley, plans for setting up a birth control clinic at the University of California were expected to bear fruit by next spring.—*San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle.*

The thing isn't clear-cut.

TILL IT BE MORROW

As everybody knows, the "Huntley-Brinkley Report" will soon be no more. Chet Huntley is retiring to Montana, and N.B.C. has chosen John Chancellor and Frank McGee to take his place. The burning issue about the new N.B.C. evening-news format is not how well these veteran reporters will handle their new assignments but who will say good night to whom when the program ends. For years now, the Huntley-Brinkley trademark was their effortless and elegant farewell at the end of the thirty-minute show. It was simply "Good night, Chet" and "Good night, David. And good night from N.B.C. News." Come August, however, there will be a triumvirate, and it is already possible to see that it may be much more difficult for three people to get off the air than it was for two. Consider:

Brinkley: Good night, Frank.

McGee: Good night, John.

Chancellor: Good night, Frank. And good night from N.B.C. News.

At first glance, this seems to be a fair and even distribution of "good night"s. Each member of the team has been heard from and has had a chance to say good night to one of his associates. But it should be noted that neither of the junior members of the team had the decency to say good night to the senior man, David Brinkley, who practically *invented* the phrase. A revised set of farewells will have to be worked out, so that the elder statesman will not be passed over. Possibly:

Brinkley: Good night, Frank.

McGee: Good night, David. And good night to you, too, John.

Chancellor: Good night, Frank. And good night from N.B.C. News.

McGee: John!

Chancellor: Yes, Frank.

McGee: John, you forgot to say good night to David.

Chancellor: Why should I say good night to him? He never says good night to me.

McGee: Don't be a spoilsport, John.

Chancellor: Damn! Well, if I have to, I have to. Good night, David. And good night again from N.B.C. News.

An improvement, perhaps, but it should be noted that both Brinkley and McGee were the recipients of two hearty farewells but poor John Chancellor rated only one. This could be handled by rotating the last man from one evening to the next, so that all three would receive the same *total* of "good night"s every three evenings (five), but this would require pretty careful scorekeeping, and possibly a future weighting of Nielsen ratings for each night of the week to make sure that each man received the same total of "good night"s *per listener*. No, let's try again:

Brinkley: Frank, will you tell John good night for me?

McGee: I sure will, David. John, David said good night.

Chancellor: Thanks, Frank. And will you say good night to David for me?

McGee: Sure thing, John. David, guess what? John said to say good night to you.

Brinkley: He *did!* Gosh, thanks, Frank.

The only trouble with this sweet parting is that nobody said good night to Frank. Also, N.B.C. missed out on its farewell. In the final analysis, the only possible solution for N.B.C. is to extend the program to a full hour. That way, there will be plenty of time for everybody to say good night to everybody else:

Brinkley: Good night, Frank. Good night, John. And good night from N.B.C. News.

McGee: Good night, John. Good night from N.B.C. News. And good night, David.

Chancellor: Good night, Frank. Good—

Brinkley: John, may I interrupt?

Chancellor: Sure, David. Any time.

Brinkley: I want to address this to Frank. Frank, when you said good night just now, I realized it was possible for John to interpret your sign-off to mean that N.B.C. was saying good night to him but that perhaps you weren't.

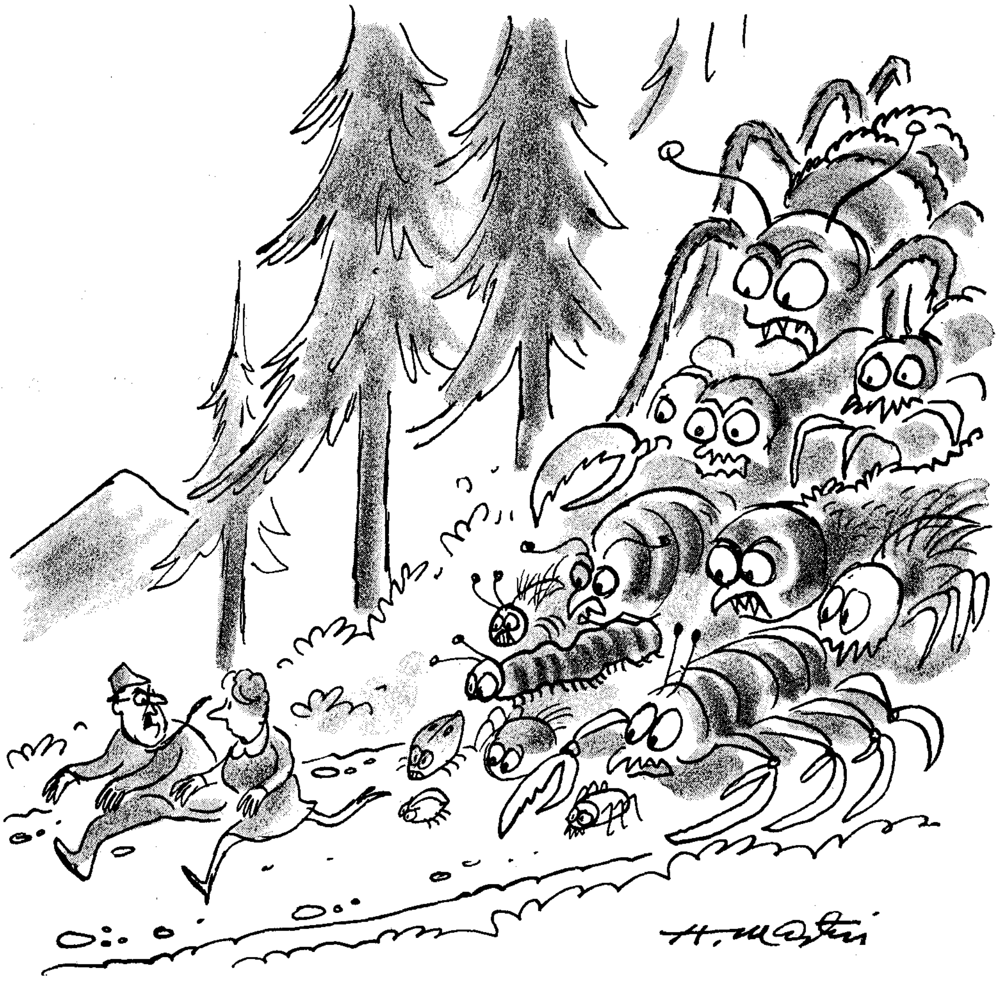
McGee: Goodness, David, nothing was farther from my mind! I'm *terribly* sorry, John. Can I try again?

Chancellor: Oh, sure. Take your time, Frank.

McGee: Hmm. Let's see. How's this? Good night, John and David. Good night from me. And good night, N.B.C. News. I mean, good night *from* N.B.C. News. And good night to you, too, Chet.

Brinkley: Chet? Who the hell is Chet?

—Richard W. O'Donnell



"I *told* you not to turn over that rock."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT THE WAR

WHY are we in Vietnam? How is our security involved with that of Southeast Asia? And what do politicians and journalists mean by "national security" or "the national interest"? What do they mean by "balance of power"? Why do we want to "contain" China? As an ignorant layman trying to follow the course of the war in Vietnam, I've been tormented for years by such questions. It seems to me that the public discussion of the war has been conducted largely on two levels, and that discussion on a third level has been neglected. On the first level, critics of the war have raised the moral questions about it fully and eloquently. They have made us wonder, for example, whether we are not actually destroying a country that we claim to be protecting. On the second level of discussion, critics have raised countless questions about the military and political nature of the war and of Southeast Asia, such as: Is this really a war of aggression, or is it a civil war? Would a victory by the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese mean an increase in Chinese power, or would it actually mean the establishment of a nation that, though Communist, would resist Chinese expansion? Did bombing of the North prolong or shorten the war? Would the other dominoes *necessarily* fall if South Vietnam did?

A strong case against the war has already been made on these two levels, I think, but there are still many unanswered questions on a third one: that of the geopolitical thinking behind the war—the realm of foreign-policy premises so fundamental in our national life that they are shared by supporters of the war and many of its opponents, and thus are seldom discussed. One such fundamental premise is that the United States has some sort of vital interest in Asia. Doves and hawks who share this premise disagree about whether the war in Vietnam is furthering this unstated interest or hindering it. But for someone who doesn't share or understand this premise the question about the domino theory, for example, is not "Will the dominoes really fall?" but "From a selfish standpoint, why should we care if they *do* fall?" In other words, does the United States have any real national interest—strategic or economic, honorable or dishonorable—in Southeast Asia? Would the "loss" of Southeast Asia really change the international balance of power in a way that would endanger the United States? Our government has acted for many years on the assumption that such a change would endanger us. But, as far as I know, it has never explained this assumption in any concrete way, and the press has not demanded that it do so.

Once you question this assumption, other questions follow: We had good reason for containing Russia's expansion in Europe and preserving our economic and cultural ties with Western Europe, but do we have a similar interest in containing China in Asia? Is the war in Vietnam based on a poor analogy with European conflicts of the past? Why do American interests require "stability" in Asia? What does "balance of power" mean in the nuclear era? Doesn't power today consist more of technological and economic strength than of territorial control? Now that China has nuclear weapons, how could geographical expansion increase her threat to us? If China swallowed all of Asia and Africa, would it make her stronger or weaker? If our economic interest in Africa and Asia is slight, and if the West's need for the raw materials of the underdeveloped countries is declining rather than increasing, what does the United States care how much turmoil China encourages in those areas or how much influence she wields? If we fear bombs, China already has them; and if we fear the manpower of the Third World, what concrete expression can that fear be given? Would China drop Cambodians and Laotians and Nigerians on us from airplanes? Send them to our shores in thousands of tiny rowboats? Do we have to contain China because we have a real conflict with her, or do we have a conflict with her because we think we have to contain her?

Perhaps, this late in our involvement in Southeast Asia, questions of this sort are academic, but I don't believe they are. We are still in Vietnam, and in the coming years we may be faced with other potential Vietnams. With this thought in mind, I decided recently to try to pose these balance-of-power questions to someone who had served in the Johnson Administration, who understood the war policy, and who still supported it. (I didn't want to talk with any of Nixon's advisers, because they could argue that they had inherited the war and were now concerned only with how to get out of it without weakening the credibility of American commitments elsewhere in the world.) President Johnson himself wasn't available for an interview. Dean Rusk said at first that he might talk with me and then, several days later, that he'd rather not. "There's no mystery about it, though," the former Secretary of State told me on the phone. "Four Presidents have concluded that if Southeast Asia, with all its people and resources, came under Communist control, it would be adverse to the interests of the United States." I said yes, I knew that, but I wondered just *how* it would be adverse, and what the components of the threat would be. "Well, these things don't break down, they're just broad concepts," Rusk said. Walt Rostow, who was a Special Assistant to President Johnson and is high on the war critics' list of Vietnam culprits, expressed mild sympathy for my project but declined to participate. William Bundy, who was also prominent among the Vietnam policymakers, as Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, agreed with me that the questions I wanted to raise had been largely ignored in the press, and he seemed interested in discussing them. "You wouldn't find me very combative on any of these matters," Bundy said. He, too, eventually declined to be interviewed, saying that medical problems required him to limit his activities for a while.

The only high-ranking member of the Johnson Administration I found who retains both his belief in the necessity of the war and his eagerness to defend it in public was Walt Rostow's brother, Eugene V. Rostow, who was Johnson's Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs—the third-ranking man in the Department—from 1966 to 1969. Eugene Rostow did not, as did his brother, share with President Johnson in the formation of American policy for Southeast Asia, but he is familiar with the thinking behind that policy, according to Rusk. A lawyer and economist, Rostow was dean of the Yale Law School from 1955 to 1965 and is now Sterling Professor of Law

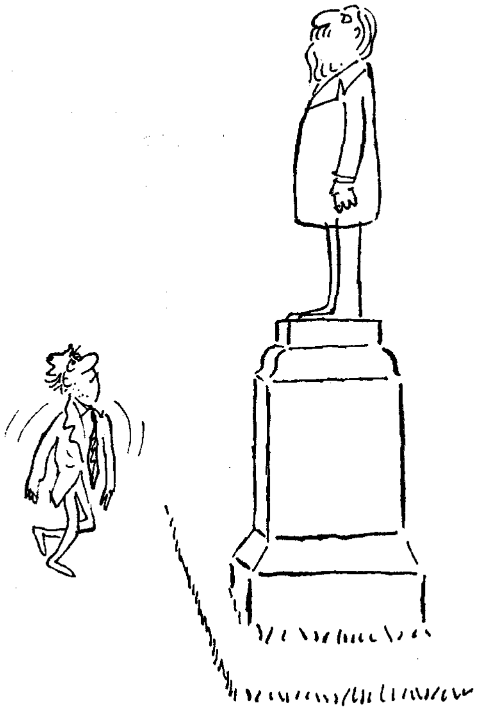
"It's from my broker. He wants to borrow two hundred dollars."

and Public Affairs there. His experience in foreign affairs, in addition to his term as Under-Secretary, includes service as an assistant to Dean Acheson from 1942 to 1944, when Acheson was Assistant Secretary of State; as an assistant, in 1949 and 1950, to Gunnar Myrdal, who was then executive secretary of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe, in Geneva; and as a consultant to Under-Secretary of State George W. Ball from 1961 to 1966. In addition, he is a member of the Atlantic Council, and is the author of numerous articles and four books, including "Law, Power, and the Pursuit of Peace," an explanation of American foreign policy since the Second World War.

I WENT to New Haven not long ago to see Rostow, who had agreed to try to answer my questions about foreign policy. I found him at work in the Law School, in an office comfortably furnished with a sofa, two easy chairs, a rocker, and an Oriental rug. He is a tall, slender, gray-haired man of fifty-six, and he is an urbane, pleasant host. We talked for about three hours that day, for an hour at a second meeting, and for two hours at a third. (The talks are presented here as a single discussion.) One thing that our conversations demonstrated to me was the extreme difficulty of getting beyond metaphor and high-sounding generalities about our foreign policy, even with someone as articulate as Rostow. Our discussion was inconclusive, of course; Rostow felt afterward that he had swept away my basic objections to the policy he defended, and I was equally convinced that I had asked some questions for which he could not provide satisfactory answers. If the discussion seems not only inconclusive but narrow, that is because I restricted it to questions on what I have described as a third level; that is, to questions about the international balance of power—to the exclusion of moral questions and questions about such details of the war as bombing halts and peace negotiations. I began by asking Rostow if he would try to explain to me how American security depended upon the security of Southeast Asia.

"I believe that foreign policy should be addressed only to our safety as a nation—that there is no difference between a 'liberal' foreign policy and a 'conservative' foreign policy," Rostow said. "Our safety as a nation has always depended—and this was perceived early in the history of the Republic—on there being a balance of power in Europe and a balance of power in Asia, so that no hegemonic power, no one power, would acquire so much strength in either place that it would be free of all restraints from rivals at home, and thus able to become a threat to the United States. Now, obviously, when we're dealing with the world of the Napoleonic era, when threats were measured in terms of the speed of sailing ships, that presented policymakers with one set of problems—that is, a concern about penetrations of this hemisphere, summed up in the idea of the Monroe Doctrine. The problem of security is totally different today, when we're dealing with nuclear threats in the first place and in the second place with threats from conventional military power based on enormously improved communications, transportation, and firepower. I think the essence of the American problem is that we lived for a century or more in the system of security that was organized by the European concert of nations which had been started after the Napoleonic Wars. That protected us without any effort on our part and really without any consciousness of the problem on our part. The result is that our national attitude toward foreign affairs is deeply rooted in the view that we are a republic and a democratic society and our safety simply depends on our own inherent virtues and not on the exertions of the British fleet or the balance of power in Europe or in Asia. We've always known in a way that that wasn't true, at the level of instinct. We had an instinct for self-preservation that led us into the First World War despite our disinclination to go in. I think President Johnson said once that we went into the first war to protect an interest that most Americans weren't aware of or would have opposed if they were aware of it; namely, to preserve a balance of power in Europe, to prevent a potentially hostile Germany from dominating Europe. At that time, we had seen in connection with German activities in Mexico what implications German victory might have had for us close to home.

"Today, we live in a world in which three enormous flows of change are happening at once. First is the liquidation of empire, the withdrawal of the European states to Europe. The second is the rise of Communist powers, and I put that in the plural—there are different forms of Communism, and they are dividing, but nonetheless they combine on certain occasions, and the Soviet Union has enormous nuclear strength and conventional strength. And the third is the rise of our own response. The consequence of the withdrawal of Europe from the world has been that the Balkan problem, which used to be a *Balkan* problem, is now almost universal. We have many nations in Africa and Asia which have been liberated from the control of empire but are



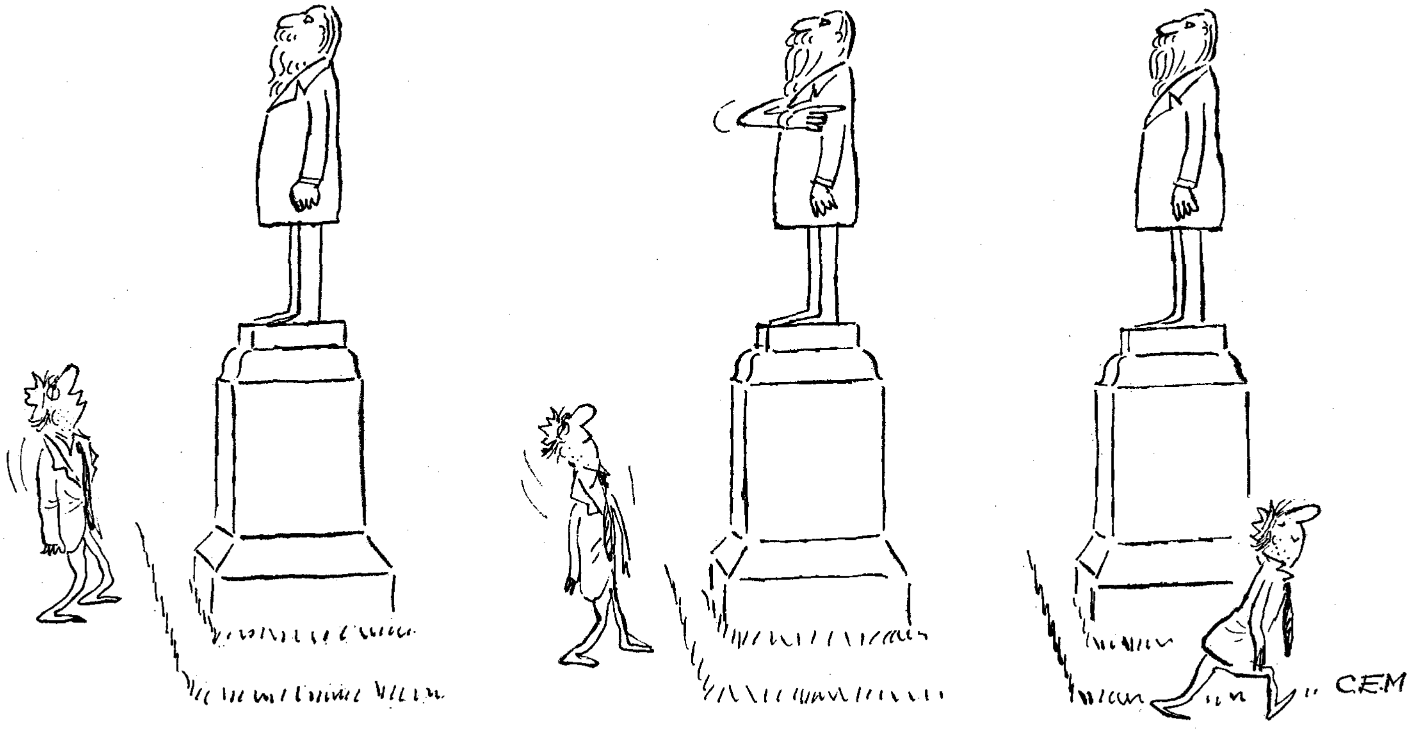
weak and vulnerable, both from within and from without.

"Now, our response, starting after the Second World War, when we began to realize that our earnest and sustained efforts to reach an accommodation with the Soviet Union, to reach a pattern of coöperation with them, based on economic aid and coöperation in eliminating the nuclear threat—when we realized that those efforts had failed, we set about to create a situation of stability in the world; really, to establish a new balance of power. The title of Dean Acheson's great book is 'Present at the Creation.' And there is a deep truth in that title, because at the end of the war we faced a situation in which the world political system was in chaos. The system that had kept the peace more or less between 1815 and 1914 disintegrated between 1914 and 1945, and in 1945 it was finished. Russia, China, Japan—these were countries on a new scale, as far as European capacity was concerned, and the Europeans were engaged in a slow, painful withdrawal from their positions of empire, which had preserved a kind of stability in the world political system for a long time. We gradually became aware of a national interest in achieving a new balance of power, *within* which we could hope to live as a free society, a balance of power which could permit us to survive pretty much in terms of our historic patterns. I like to turn Wilson's remark around: Wilson talked about making the world safe for democracy—we need a world in which American democracy would be safe at home. I don't think we could survive as a democratic nation if we were alone and isolated in a world of hostility, chaos, and poverty. I think our instinct was right shortly after the war, when President Truman finally drew the line and said, 'Thus far, and no further,' about Iran, Greece, Turkey, and Berlin, and later Korea. Now, our rhetoric, our way of talking about problems of national security, hasn't yet caught up with our instincts. We're aware of the fact that the world is much smaller, much more dangerous than it used to be, and that the powers that used to protect us can do so no longer. But we find it extremely difficult to realize that we have a permanent interest in protecting the independence and the territorial integrity of Western Europe, of Japan, and of many other parts of the world which are necessary to constitute a system of order. Many people say this policy is globalism, or it's an anti-Communist crusade. It's neither one. Let me take the second point first. Are we engaged in an anti-Communist crusade? The United States never dreamed of attacking the Soviet Union or of delivering an ultimatum to the Soviet Union at a time when we had the nuclear monopoly. Nor, indeed, did we undertake to change the arrangements which emerged in Eastern Europe, although these arrangements were contrary to agreements that had been made with us at both Yalta and Potsdam. These things happened, they alarmed us and concerned us, but we didn't think of using force to undo them. What happened was that we said, in effect, that the process of outward expansion by the Soviet Union is beginning to threaten the possibility of equilibrium in the world, and that the safest rule is the rule that President Truman laid down—'Thus far, and no further.'

"Now, most people, I think, understand and accept that kind of balance-of-power reasoning about Europe and about Japan, because these are obviously enormous centers of power. And to add them to the Soviet or the Chinese list of resources could be potentially very dangerous, in terms of old instincts about the balance of power. But why do we have to worry about smaller countries, which in themselves don't amount to much in terms of power? Why Korea? Why Vietnam? Why are we concerned about the Middle East? Well, to take the Middle East first—because that's a problem on which I worked hard and long in Washington—manifestly, the United States isn't threatened if Syria or another small country in the Middle East becomes, in effect, a Soviet satellite. There are, of course, implications for the problem of power if Soviet naval bases or airbases are established in Syria or Algeria. Such a dispersion of Soviet power would present problems for us in the nuclear field of targeting and deterrence. The issue is one of degree. In the Middle East, the Soviets are using Arab-Israeli hostility as an engine to stir up terrific political movements in the Arab world—political movements whose goal is to destroy the kind of moderate government that exists in Lebanon, in Tunisia, in Jordan, in Saudi Arabia, ultimately even in Iran. Complete Soviet control in the area, or nearly complete control, would be a genuine threat.

"If you look at this Soviet effort as a military campaign, what do you see? You see, in the first place, that Europe is outflanked. The military arrangements of NATO and of the Warsaw Pact powers in the middle of Europe, facing each other, deterring each other, become almost as irrelevant as the Maginot Line if Soviet power is extended all the way around to Algeria, Tunisia, Libya, and so on. And there are possibilities of explosions in the Middle East, involving Israel or other countries, which could bring us to the kind of panic, the kind of atmosphere of rage, which is the real cause of war. War comes when people feel that the moorings are slipping, when the situation is getting out of hand and there's a slide toward chaos which threatens their sense of safety. I can't imagine that Europe or the United States would stand by and see Israel destroyed, no matter *what* people think now. The actual event, if it began to happen, would precipitate an enormous revulsion, colored, of course, by the Nazi experience. Israel is a country that exists by virtue of a decision made by the United Nations, and by the United States and the Soviet Union, in 1947, and people have lived there, a community has been formed, and we're simply not going to stand by and see these people pushed into the sea.

"Now, this area involves a terrific risk, because arms are being poured into the Middle East, hostility is being mounted. You can say, 'Well, what is our interest there?' Well, our interest is in preventing a convulsion that could threaten the possibility of peace. It's an interest in the people, an interest in the integrity of commitments, but above all



"Which way to the subway, Mister?"

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it's an interest in the possibility of peace. And if the Soviet Union came to dominate and occupy the whole of the Middle East, we would be threatened strategically in a way that would touch psychological nerves and create the kind of risk we faced in the Cuban missile crisis. You can say, 'Well, why were we so excited by the Cuban missile crisis?' Yes, the Soviet Union had lied to President Kennedy about those missiles. Missiles in Cuba are very close to the United States. On the other hand, there are missiles on Soviet submarines. And missiles can reach the United States from the Soviet Union itself, and from bombers. But the Cuban episode is worth studying because *we were ready to go then.* There was a rage in the country and a sense of threat, and these were extremely dangerous. Was it rational or irrational? Now, I think that one of the main objectives of our foreign policy should be to prevent those risks from developing. Of course, the problem is infinitely more difficult throughout the Third World than it is in Europe or in Japan. Now let me come to Vietnam."

"Could I interrupt about what you just said?" I asked.

"Oh, sure."

"About Cuba. You seem to be saying that if we didn't look at things the way we do look at them, the risk really, physically, apart from some psychological reaction, was no greater to us during that crisis than it is all the time. As you say, there are Soviet submarines, and we can be struck by missiles from the Soviet Union."

"Well, this is the nature of the dual threat that we face in the modern world because of the existence of nuclear weapons," Rostow said. "At one level, there is the nuclear threat. We and the Soviets are major nuclear powers. In many ways, nuclear weaponry is a cancerous growth. It's a very difficult thing to think about rationally, but everybody I know, from one end of the spectrum to the other, agrees that in the face of Soviet nuclear developments we have to at least remain in a position of deterrence. And deterrence is a complicated thing that keeps changing as technology changes. What *about* the defensive weapons? What *about* new systems of submarine attack? And so on. But for ordinary life, one simply assumes a nuclear stalemate—that is, that one is living in a nearly non-nuclear world. And in the world of ordinary non-nuclear diplomacy the necessity for equilibrium, sustained by conventional means, remains what it always has been. The nuclear weapon can't and ought not to be used, save in the most unimaginable circumstances. Therefore, the struggle for peace must go on by ordinary means."

"But during the Cuban missile crisis," I said, "were we more threatened from a technological standpoint than we had been before the missiles were installed?"

"No. I think we were just touching a nerve of concern."

"We were not more threatened technologically?"

"Well, we may have been at that point," Rostow said. "But, in retrospect, the missile threats are now equal or greater. I've forgotten exactly where the Soviets stood then in terms of long-range or seaborne missiles. But the threat as of that moment exists now, the nuclear threat exists now. And, of course, there's also the political threat, the threat of subversion mounted from Cuba against South American countries, which is a nuisance. And many people think that we ought to eliminate Castro from Cuba. I don't agree. I don't think Castro is an insuperable threat. But the missile crisis was a situation that I think is important for us to think about, because we were ready to go. And Europe was ready to go."

"But wasn't it greatly because of, as you say, this psychology? And because you had a Republican senator—Keating, of New York—raising hell about it and putting pressure on the President, and the President not wanting to look as though he weren't doing his job?"

"That's part of it," Rostow said. "But, of course, you have to deal with psychological factors as well as more tangible ones."

"But if the government didn't help create this psychology, if it didn't promote this—"

"But you see, if you look at the background of the thing, Kennedy had seen Khrushchev in Vienna and had

had a most unpleasant time. He had made an agreement about Laos, which was a genuinely important agreement, and it wasn't being enforced. Probably a lot of the tragedy of Vietnam stems from that fact. He was given another challenge, in Cuba, and he reacted very strongly. If you look at the onset of wars, there is always a series of episodes—alarm clocks, Vansittart called them—which stir up what he called instincts of self-preservation.”

“In a situation like that,” I said, “do you fear the Russian reaction or the domestic reaction? Is it that the President might lose his office, or are you afraid that the form of government itself is in danger, that the generals might take over, or what?”

“No, it's not anything cynical, like the fear of losing office,” Rostow said. “You go back to the phenomenon of war, and the decision to use force, not as a chess-game problem at all but as a very complex psychological phenomenon that involves fears, concerns, risks that sometimes can't be concretely identified. Now, as far as President Kennedy was concerned in the Cuban crisis—I wasn't involved, but I've talked a lot with some of the people who were—my reconstruction of it would be this: that Kennedy's perception of the fundamental political problem for the United States, the problem of security for the United States, was that our relationship with the Soviet Union was critical. He felt that the Russians would push him until they were deterred from pushing, that they were testing him and probing him, first in Vienna, then in Laos. The Bay of Pigs, he felt, was an indication to them of weakness or uncertainty in his handling of our affairs. And he was at great pains to reëstablish the deterrent power of a firm American position, which was the basic force that had kept the general peace throughout the world ever since 1947. Now, the domestic political consequences were perfectly real in Kennedy's mind. In his campaign for the Presidency, he had pounded at the Republicans for allowing the Soviets to get established in Cuba. But I'm sure his dominant concern was the state of tension between the Soviet Union and the United States. All politics is a function of extremely complex variables, which have different weights. And foreign policy since the war and the disintegration of the old world system has become a form of politics which has to be played at many levels. It's almost impossible to anticipate all the levels. That's one of the many reasons the restoration of an understood and accepted system of minimal public order is so important. Because the risks of the present international system are so enormous. It's fundamentally a fragile system that hasn't yet jelled.”

EXCUSE FOR AN ITALIAN SONNET

Klaius:
. . . I that was once the musique of these vallies,
So darkened am, that all my day is evening.
Strephon:
. . . Me seemes I heare in these ill-changed forrests,
The nightingales doo learne of Owles their musique. . . .
—*Sidney.*

This wretched mode, a huddle of untrue
Positions reminiscent of the way
Our generation stood, obscuring you,
Grown in the gathering evening of our day,
Who now rise to eclipse our withering view
Of perfect, present, future, and who may
Outlast us and accumulate our due
Deserts and honors, is a cell of clay
Confining us in our mortality,
A constant wailing wall to which we go
For counsel in insensibility,
A leaden treasury of what was so,
And may, in changefulness, no longer be:
A rectitudinal yes nearing no.

—L. E. Sissman

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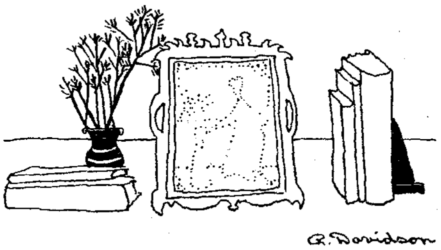
THE conversation moved on to Vietnam, and Rostow recounted at some length the history of our involvement. The commitments that President Eisenhower made there were part of the process of ending the Korean war and the wave of hostilities in the Far East following the Second World War, he said. Eisenhower saw the fighting in Vietnam, Korea, and Malaysia as three fronts of the same expansionist effort. After a stalemate was achieved in Korea, we and the Russians both made efforts, at Geneva and elsewhere, to end the fighting in Indo-China. We made commitments in the SEATO agreement. From the point of view of international law, Rostow said, it didn't make any difference whether the war was an insurrection mounted within South Vietnam and supported by North Vietnam or a war mounted from North Vietnam. The agreements at Geneva had set up two entities, and assisting an insurrection against a government was just as much an act of war, in international law, as attacking it directly. Whatever hope there was now of peaceful coexistence in the world depended upon Chinese and Russian respect for American commitments. We were currently trying to put together a system of peace. If an American commitment should be proved worthless, what effect would this have upon calculations by the Chinese, the Russians, the Japanese?



When he had finished, I said, “I can understand all that, in the context in which you're speaking, but I'm trying to get you to go back before some of those assumptions. As Richard J. Barnet said in ‘No More Vietnams,’ we keep seeing Vietnam as another confrontation the Communists have arranged simply to test our nerve, as another test case. He described this as an egocentric view of the world, in which other nations exist only to provide sparring partners for us. The thing in Indo-China had been going on for a long time, in one form or another. What if the French hadn't been there? What if Eisenhower's view of the world was wrong? Maybe the Vietnamese don't see themselves as simply another front in some worldwide effort.”

“Foy Kohler, who was one of my colleagues in Washington, used to say that the trouble with foreign-policy work is that you have to take the world as it is,” Rostow said. “You can't go back and say we should have done something else twenty years ago. I don't mean to say there's no use talking about what happened then, or what happened in the intervening

SISTERS
SMASH
MALE
CHAUVINISM
NOW!
THIS EXPLOITS WOMEN
NO TO
END MALE SEXISM
MOVEMENT WOMEN–LET'S ALL BE TOGETHER
KOREN

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years. The point I want to make is that it's a totally different matter now to say withdraw, with all the implications of that withdrawal for a lot of other countries, and for the meaning of our other commitments."

"I understand that. But I'm interested in knowing what you think about the soundness of what was done then, years ago. As late as 1960 or 1961, the public had hardly even heard of Indo-China or Vietnam. And then Kennedy started talking about it, and then the *Times* started saying that we were losing the war. Before that, Vietnam could have disappeared from the face of the earth and the American public would hardly have noticed. What if we had *not* set up SEATO? What if we had just let France be defeated and pull out, and just let whatever powers were in play take their course?"

Rostow replied that the problem could not be looked at in isolation that way. What we did to help the French in Indo-China and the British in Malaysia couldn't be understood except as a part of our general policy toward France and Britain, and of our effort to create a stable Europe that could be a counterweight to Russia, he said.

I asked whether we had gone into Indo-China, then, because of our relationship with France or because we believed that Southeast Asia was important to an international balance of power.

"For both reasons, I think," Rostow said. "I think you can find both reflected in what was said and done at the time—a time, remember, when there were hostilities going on all over Asia. And then the Tonkin Gulf Resolution affirmed that the independence of Southeast Asia is important to the security of the United States. Well, what is the independence of Southeast Asia? You can say that no one country is important but that the whole collection of countries may be important, dominating the approaches to India, Indonesia—which is a big and important country—Australia, and New Zealand. So the conviction grew up that at a given point the process of Communist expansion had to be stopped. Now, you see, Korea is somewhat different, because South Korea is close to Japan, and has always been an integral part of the defense of Japan. And you'll notice what President Nixon and Prime Minister Sato have said on the subject. They have reaffirmed the importance of the independence of South Korea to the security of Japan. Now, that's a tangible historical fact that can be recognized, although we found it just as disagreeable to go into Korea as we do to be in South Vietnam."

"Was that our main reason for going into Korea—her importance in relation to Japan?"

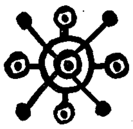
"I think that was part of it, but not the whole of it. I think it was the feeling of the President and of Congress that if we didn't stop this kind of deliberate attack—which was sponsored by the Soviet Union in that case—we would have to stop it elsewhere. And that, as in Europe, we would come to the point, after all the agreements we had made with the Russians had been broken and they were clearly in a process of expansion, at which we would simply have to draw the line somewhere and resist on it."

"All right, that one's easier to understand; armies were marching across a border. But back to France and Indo-China. What if we had said, 'No, this is not the same situation, and Southeast Asia doesn't make that much difference. Let the dominoes fall.' What might have happened? What are we afraid of?”

Rostow said, “I suppose we're afraid of a conviction's spreading in that part of the world that there is no possibility of resistance, and afraid that the enormous masses and the geographical and strategic areas of that region will fall into the hands of hostile or potentially hostile powers.”

“Do people in that region look at this as one process? Are all these countries just the same? Don't they have internal politics?”

“Oh, yes, of course they have. I'm convinced, after talking with a lot of people from those countries, that they *do* regard this process as a Communist effort—not coördinated, not centrally planned, necessarily, but assisted, and powerfully assisted, by China and by Hanoi.”



“They regard it as an effort that, if it succeeded, would work to the benefit of China?” I asked.

“That's right.”

“That would materially enlarge China's—”

“Range of influence. Now, I think the other—”

“Would it make her stronger militarily or economically? Or just more influential?”

“Well, some of those areas are reasonably rich in food production, as Vietnam is. Malaysia is rich in other ways.”

“But would it give China something to use against us?”

“Yes,” Rostow said. “And it would mean that a philosophy of resistance and independence was hopeless. Some of those countries in Southeast Asia are extremely weak, like Cambodia and Laos—and Burma, which has been suffering a good deal from incursions from the Chinese side. The big country, of course, is India. Now, there is a strategic element in this, if we can ever try to think separately about the naval problem and the nuclear problem. The base at Cam Ramh Bay and the whole strategic position of South Vietnam have always been regarded as critical to attempts to control Southeast Asia. The Japanese occupied the Bay region, you remember, before they went farther south, and the French kept it as a strategic point of great importance. And that, I think, is a legitimate part of our calculation. Similarly, the independence of Cambodia, Thailand, and Burma is important to the defense of India.

“But I think the major concern—at least, my major concern—in this miserable affair is the long-range impact a withdrawal would have on Japanese policy. Japanese policy is a matter of the utmost importance to the future of world politics. Japan is the third industrial nation of the world, and our policy toward Japan has been one of close coöperation, and I think it should remain one of close coöperation. Close and deep coöperation. I think the ultimate question, really, in that whole area, if we're going to try to preserve any kind of balance of power in Asia—which has always been a goal of American policy—is how China is going to be modernized. If we're going to pull away from Asia and let Asia stew in its own juice, then I think one of the things to think about is how this process of modernizing China is going to be organized. Is it going to be carried out in the long run by the whole group of Western nations? By Russia alone? By Japan alone? By everybody working coöperatively, as is now the case, pretty much, in India? That would be the best solution of all. That is a series of questions in which we have an *immense* national interest. And I think the outcome of the Vietnam war has a good deal to do with the calculations that Japan will make about the validity of American guarantees and about the conclusions that can be drawn from American guarantees.”

“You're saying that we have this big interest in Japan because she's the one real power in Asia—the only industrial power.”

“China is a nuclear power, though, and potentially a very great power in other ways,” Rostow said.

“But Japan is a real modern power, an industrial, technological power. And she's a big trading partner of the West. Couldn't she exist as a capitalist, democratic country side by side with Communist countries in the area, the way Western Europe exists side by side with Eastern Europe?”

“I'm not talking ideologically—about whether a country is Communist or not. I'm talking about a power constellation, about the possibility of peace. Will Japan remain closely associated with us—deeply linked to us in the realm of politics, of the conduct of foreign relations—or will she go off on a course that's totally different, if we pull away?”

“Don't those political affiliations follow the economic ones?”

“No.”

“They don't? Well, then economic affiliation with us is no guarantee that the political one would remain.”

“None whatever. Any more than it was in the case of Germany.”

“On the other hand, some economic affiliation with China wouldn't necessarily mean a political affiliation.”

“Not a bit. Not at all. No, I'm talking about—”

“Then what are we afraid of from Japan? I realize that some people look at her as sort of the Germany of Asia, because of her history. But say she does develop a political and economic affiliation with China. What are the Japanese going to do to us? Are they going to invade us? Or is she so important to us economically?”

“I think the future relationship between Japan and China is one of the critical questions of the world,” Rostow said. “Now, Japan is Japan. It's a powerful, well-governed society, and a very rational one. After the Japanese lost the war, they reached certain conclusions, the principal one being that it was infinitely better to coöperate with the United States than to follow a hostile, militaristic line. Now, it's greatly to our interest to have that judgment proved correct. And I think Vietnam is tied into that process. I don't mean that Vietnam is the only key to it. But I think that if we pull out of Vietnam and the place is taken over by Hanoi, and Hanoi then takes over Laos and Cambodia, and there's trouble in Burma and in the northern part of India and in Malaysia—then I think the Japanese will draw certain conclusions from that situation. And I think their policy will take on a much more nationalistic cast.”

“What are some specific kinds of things that could follow from that?”

“I think the first thing that would happen would be that they wouldn't ratify the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty. They would feel compelled to become a nuclear power.”

“O.K. So then you've got one more nuclear power to worry about.”

“That's right, and that is a lot in itself. And I think that this would mean a very different political posture and a temptation to the Japanese to reach some sort of understanding with China; and the Chinese, for their part, might find such a collaboration tempting as a counterweight to the Russians. This could mean combinations and coalitions that could result in a basically new pattern that would dominate the whole evolution of Asia.”

“Let's say that that happens,” I said. “China is successful, she feeds her population, she builds up her industry, she goes ahead with her nuclear program, and she becomes allied with Japan. China and Japan have taken over all of Asia. What can they do to us as a result of that? I don't see how that manpower and land make any difference today as far as war goes. I keep wondering if these analogies with Europe and with the past make any sense. At one time, it made sense, of a kind, for Germany or Japan to start a war. It was something manageable. It was just people shooting each other and dropping some bombs. It didn't mean blowing up the world. Power is different now, with nuclear weapons. No one wants to start a nuclear war. So what could they do to us?"

"You keep supposing that the existence of nuclear weapons is magic, and that we can stay home in safety, threatening invaders with them," Rostow said. "I don't think that's true at all. I think the existence of nuclear weapons complicates problems, but doesn't remove them. Unless the Russians and the Chinese change their policy entirely, peace can be achieved only through equilibrium at the level of conventional diplomacy and conventional force. So we come back to the first question you asked, which I think is the right question. What is our foreign policy about? Are we interested only in protecting ourselves against the risk of being invaded, or, as the world gets smaller and smaller, do we have an interest in trying to preserve what Senator Fulbright called a world of wide horizons, a world in which we can move around and trade and travel on a large scale, and, basically, live as we're living now? If the change you are talking about should occur, that fact could impose on us, in the first place, an enormous military cost. If you look at the consequences of the Soviet Revolution in Russia or the Communist takeover of China, you'll see that the cost to us has been prodigious—in maintaining a military establishment, maintaining forces abroad, maintaining bases to try to contain that expansionist pressure—and that cost would be doubled and redoubled."

"Why would it?"

"Because the arithmetic of power would change."

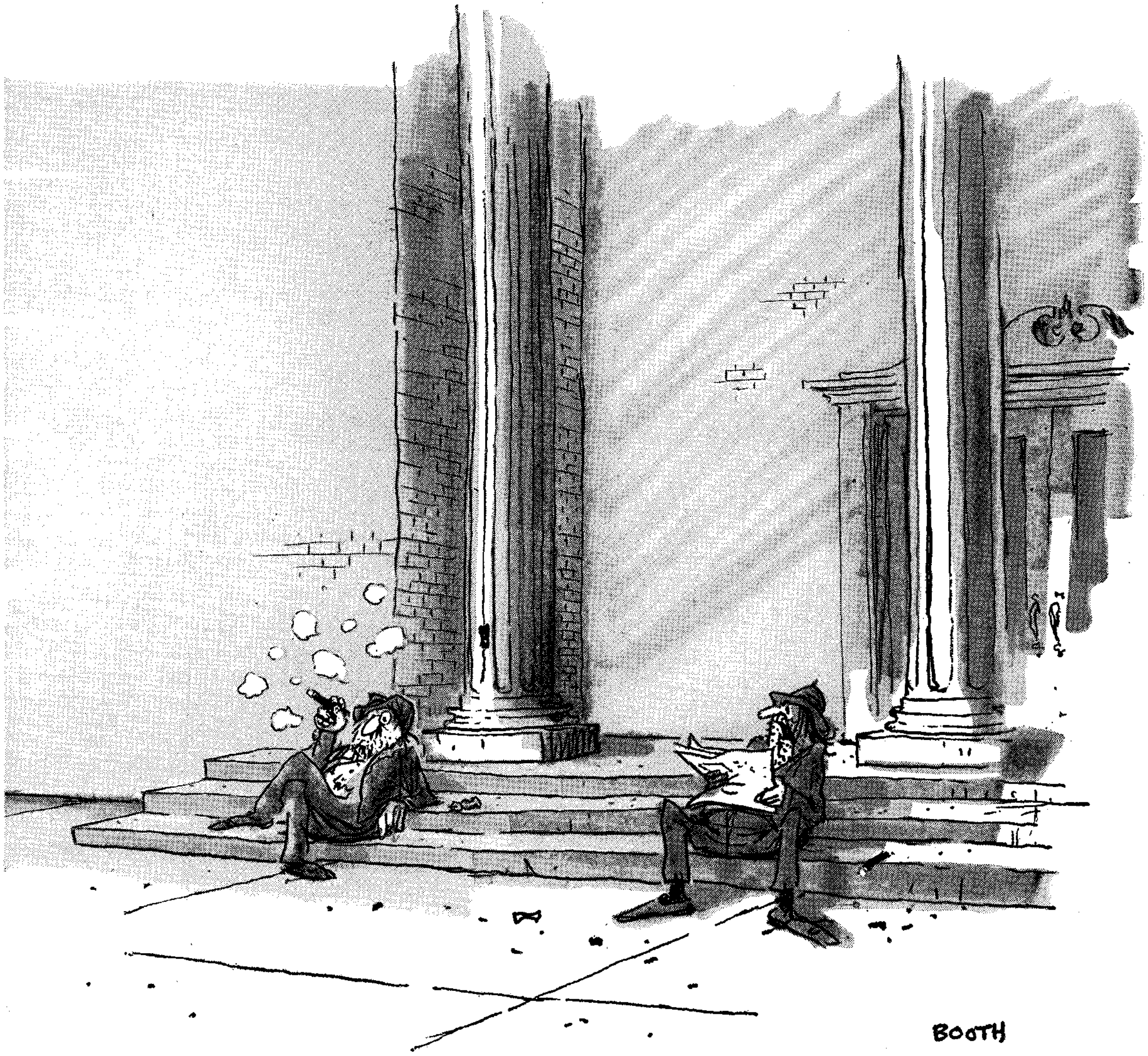
"We've reached a standoff with Russia in Europe, but what we were trying to do there was keep Russia from expanding into Western Europe. Now, in this model I just asked you to consider, we've *given* the rest of Asia, so to speak, to Japan and China. What are we trying to keep them from expanding into, then? They've got Asia, and then there are the United States and Western Europe, and Russia and Eastern Europe. There's almost no place for anyone to go."

"Well, if the world remained in that condition, that would be fine."

"You would have some sort of balance, of which I don't understand the disadvantages, unless they're economic ones that I know nothing about," I said. "I can see that there would have been great economic problems for us if Western Europe had gone. They're our natural trading partners. I know that Japan is a big partner, but there's no similar stake over there economically, is there?"

"The economics of it are real, but not central, I think. The older I get, the less of an economic determinist I become. There was no economic reason for Hitler to have gone on his rampage of conquest. He could have made infinitely more money by trading than by trying to conquer."

Rostow lit a cigarette and sat in silence for a minute or so. Then he said, "The problem is the fear of military threat that a great slide in the distribution of military power always precipitates. My thinking comes back to the kind of situation that precipitates war. The danger of war becomes acute when people fear they're losing the possibility of controlling their own fate. The Cold War began in Iran right after the Second World War—when the Russians moved into the northern provinces of Iran. We reacted very sharply. That is exactly the kind of expansion we can see at work now in the Middle East, and it's extremely dangerous, because it has in it the seeds of an explosion that could involve us with the Russians. Here you have a process extending over very large parts of the world which could suddenly be denied to us. When a war between Greece and



"Sims, I ain't detected no slowdown in the economy, have you?"

"You know why those ships you're always waiting for never come in? They don't use this wharf anymore."

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Turkey was threatened back in '67, and the Turks were ready to go, they restricted access to their air space. There was no way for American planes to get from Asia to Europe. There were planes stacked up in Tehran, and we didn't have any alternate route. We were totally dependent on Turkey. And this was a disturbing situation. If too many strategic areas of the world come under hostile control, that begins to engender the kinds of political fears, the kinds of anxieties, that move men to war. You can say this is irrational. If we just looked at the situation and kept our cool, we wouldn't have to react. That course might be correct sometimes. But there are real risks in such a process nonetheless. The question arises as to when people find the risks intolerable, as we did in the Cuban missile crisis. Now, the Cuban missile crisis wasn't created by the government. It exploded, and the government handled it in a certain way. The information, as you said, became generally available, and it created a wave of panic."

"I know. But what if something similar came up now, something that did not threaten us technologically, and the President and the State Department just remained calm and explained to the country that nothing had really changed? It seems to me that you explain the system in terms of the system. You say we do it this way because that's the way it's done."

"The trouble is really a deeper one," Rostow said. "We know that Soviet policy and Chinese policy are not as benign as all that. We know that they do probe and reach very far—throughout the Middle East, throughout Africa, throughout Asia, of course, and into South America. And in this country there is a fear—which no one can say is irrational—that the aim of their policies is not simply to consolidate power within three great blocs, as you suggest, but to reach all the way."

"They want to control the world?"

"As much of it as they can. If you're responsible for the safety of the United States, you say, 'Well, the risk is that we have to fight a lot of little campaigns to try to stabilize the world more or less as we can see it evolving, with India getting stronger, Korea getting stronger, Japan getting stronger and more stable.' We can imagine living in that world as a free, progressive society at home. But if we say that we're going to risk allowing these enormous masses of people, resources, strategic locations to be taken over by governments that openly proclaim their hostility to us as a matter of ideology, and their desire to reduce or control our freedom—that we're going to allow a situation of power to evolve in the world in which Europe would be neutral, the way Finland is neutral, and in which Japan would become part of a hostile bloc—then you're dealing with fears that you can't say are irrational.

"That's the whole trouble. I think your questions are absolutely right. This is the guts of the problem. Why do we care about a balance of power? It's a tradition in foreign policy. Maybe everybody is mouthing the same old formula out of habit. But we care about it because of the fear that in the international system dominant power will be exercised by someone who is hostile. The statesmen of the past have always said they were concerned not with intentions but with capacities. And that's what you're really talking about—the evolution of capacities in hostile hands. And there's plenty of evidence of hostility all over the world to give fuel to those fears. Now, you can say, 'Oh, they'll calm down,' or 'They'll realize it's much more sensible to trade with us than to fight us,' but how can anybody be sure that this will happen? Isn't it much better to try to prevent a constellation of power from evolving that could support such a program? After all, if your guesses were wrong, the consequences of inaction would be irreversible, except at the cost of an unthinkable war."

"I can understand that, but I think we got off the track of what I was trying to ask. I wasn't willing to give Russia anything she wanted, to let Europe become another Finland. I was having us preserve our interest in—"

"The Middle East."

"Well, the Middle East. I don't understand that, either. There's oil. But let's leave out the Middle East for the moment. We're going to go ahead and preserve our interest in Europe and in

Latin America, and we've conceded Eastern Europe to Russia, and now I'm conceding Asia to China and Japan. I'm trying to get past the vagueness of 'power constellation' and 'hostility,' and get you to give me some concrete examples of what might happen if this change came about. Aside from the traditional response that it just doesn't seem like a good idea. Aside from the fears that would be aroused in our public as one country after another fell to the Communists. In terms of real power, economic or military, how would we be affected?"

"There would be two things about such a situation that would cause terrific alarm, as similar movements have in the past," Rostow replied. "The first thing would be the question: Where will the process of expansion end? And then: Can it be stopped if it gets going with great momentum? You know perfectly well that if Australia were threatened, we would react. We wouldn't stand by and see the Australians slaughtered."

"But would Australia be threatened? Is there something in Australia that China and Japan might want?"

"Why did Japan bomb Australia in the Second World War?"

"I don't know."

"I don't think you can get at this phenomenon by finding an economic rationale. We're spending an incredible amount of money on the defense of South Vietnam, for which there can be no economic justification whatever. We don't profit economically from the balance of power. What we get from it is a sense of security."

"But China must feel insecure surrounded by nuclear arms and bases. Maybe the Chinese have the same fears we have."

"Now, we've gone to terrific lengths to reassure the Chinese about their own security. I'm in favor of doing more, if they are willing. We've probably had more diplomatic contact with the Chinese than anybody else has, through these meetings at Warsaw. They understand the restraint with which we conducted the campaigns in Korea and Vietnam. They understand the change in our position on China at the U.N., and other signals of our purpose. It's very hard for me to imagine that at the level of rationality they anticipate military hostility from us."

"But they must feel the same way. They must find it hard to imagine that we would anticipate military hostility from them."

"No, not with a growing nuclear power. Their policy—verbally, at least—is very active. You find the Chinese trying to foment revolution all over Africa, the Middle East, and Southeast Asia."

"But they haven't really done anything. They talk a lot. When is the last time they lost a man—besides those border skirmishes with Russia?"

"Korea, I suppose."

"When I said maybe we ought to make *them* feel more secure, I didn't mean by chatting with them in Warsaw. Because we don't feel more secure from that, either. We feel secure with alliances, and with space between us and other people."

"I agree with you. But isn't that precisely what our restraint about North Vietnam means?"

"We wouldn't feel secure if we were surrounded by bases, the way they are."

"Well, we have Castro, of course," Rostow said, smiling.

"But presumably the Russian missiles are gone from Cuba."

"Presumably. Or they have become much less important."

"Maybe China and Japan would see their expansion in Asia just as we see our influence in Latin America and Western Europe," I said. "But you believe that if we did allow nature to take its course, and one of them did take over all of Asia, she might do something—"

"Very rash."

"She might be willing to have a nuclear war and start the world all over again?"

"That's right."

"Is that what people in the government have been afraid of in the past?" I asked. "Is that what Rusk and Johnson worried about?"

"Well, I can tell you what Rusk and *I* were worried about," Rostow said. "We used to sit and have a drink two or three times a week at the end of the day and ruminate about problems of this kind and try to find alternative paths."

"But did he question the premises that I'm asking about?"

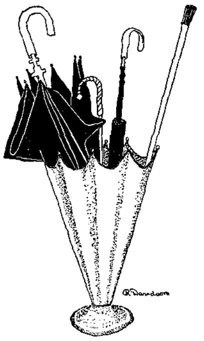
"Oh, very much. Rusk is very curious that way. He kept reading. When he'd go to bed at night, he'd read for a half or three-quarters of an hour—a new book or article in the field—and he'd often call my attention to a book I hadn't seen. No, he was trying desperately to find alternative paths out of this dilemma. And he asked me as a new boy in the system to try to think unthinkable thoughts. I suppose the answer is that in terms of responsibility or partial responsibility for the conduct of American foreign relations you say, on one side, that there's a hell of a risk in this Vietnam war and the alienation of the American people from it, and the implication that this might feed the fires of isolationism. Well, why are we afraid of isolationism? Because of a fear that if we pulled back, and the world started to slip around toward neutralism and new combinations of power, the situation might become very threatening in atmosphere, and some episode here, there, or elsewhere could precipitate a general war.

"For instance, take North Korea. The North Koreans are absolutely

wild characters. And they've been restrained only by the most *dire* threats. I should be willing to bet that in the event of a pullout in South Vietnam one of the first things you'd see would be a big blowup in Korea. What do we do about that? We're angry at the Koreans anyway, because of the Pueblo episode. There was a lot of rage in the country about that. And my guess is that if the Koreans acted up the Americans would hit very hard. *Very* hard. That would be natural, and human, but it might be dangerous. What are the Russians going to do? To say nothing of the Chinese. Korea is right at the front door of Japan—a much more dangerous place in many ways than Vietnam. President Johnson was always much more concerned, in a way, about the Middle East than about Vietnam, because he said it involved the risk of a confrontation with Russia, not with China. In the Middle East you have a situation that's damn near anarchy, and almost impossible to control. The Russians talked with us calmly and rationally about trying to reach an agreement with Israel and all that, but they kept on sending missiles and planes and one thing or another."

"We don't know what strangeness lurks in the Chinese, but we feel pretty sure the Russians don't want nuclear war with us, don't we?" I asked.

"Yes, but confrontation is a very tricky thing," Rostow said. "They won't confront us, but we don't confront them, either. When the Middle Eastern war approached Syria, that's when the hot line went into effect. The Russians said it was becoming a class war. Now, we put *terrific* pressure on the Israelis to stop. I can't tell you how many Middle Eastern diplomats who'd been taking a devoutly Arab line in the U.N. and elsewhere came to me in the summer of '67 and, in my office or at lunch, said, 'Well, the Israelis have failed.' And I'd ask what they meant, and they'd say, 'We were hoping they would occupy Damascus and Cairo.' They can't occupy Damascus or Cairo today, because the Russians are there.



"When I came into the State Department, in 1966, Rusk asked me to try to think of alternatives in Vietnam, and I thought of the way the Korean war was unwound. And I told the Russians, with full backing from my bosses, that this was the best way to solve the Vietnam problem—the way the Korean problem was solved. Namely, by Russian-American collaboration. They said, 'That's very interesting, and it hasn't been rejected, but it's very difficult for us.' And I said, 'Yes, we understand, we're not trying to push you out of there and turn it over to the Chinese at all. Quite the contrary.' And they said, 'We never reject this approach.' But they didn't act on it, either. Although now they're claiming some credit for having pushed Hanoi to the bargaining table.

"They are very much concerned about leadership of the world Communist movement, or movements, and their rivalry with China in that regard. They really seem to care quite a lot about that. What are the implications of that for us? You're not dealing only with Russia; you're dealing with Russia plus something—a Communist ideological component that is hard to predict. George Kennan once said that it was a mistake to think that the serious men who direct the Communist movement of the world can be diverted by politeness or the way in which they're treated. You must have respect for them. They really mean it. I don't know how much they mean it, but they seem to mean it quite a lot. I don't think the Russian position in Vietnam makes any sense from the national point of view. From the national point of view, they ought to be doing in Vietnam what they're doing in India. That is to say, pursuing a policy parallel to our own policy and hostile to China. That's what they're doing now with the Indians. We welcome that. Soviet military aid, technical missions, factories—fine. That's great, because there, clearly, our interests and their interests are the same—for the moment, anyway: to try to keep the Chinese from taking over India. Maybe the Chinese would get so embroiled in India that they would never pick themselves up, but that's not a risk you can take."

"Speaking of India, if we're willing to spend so much to try to create a democracy in Vietnam, why don't we do more to help India, which is the largest democracy in the world?"

"I don't, of course, agree with the implication of your question," Rostow said. "I should argue that our interest is not to protect democracy as such but to deter, prevent, or defeat aggression. But our interest in India is profound, as we indicated some years ago, when a Chinese attack on India was threatened, and by our actions in the India-Pakistan dispute. India, of course, has chosen a non-aligned position in world politics. But our aid programs in India are enormous. I've forgotten the statistics, but they are surely among the largest and best conceived in our whole aid effort. And we mobilized the international assistance which saved India from famine in 1966 and 1967, and have worked effectively to help India's agriculture, birth-control program, and industrialization."

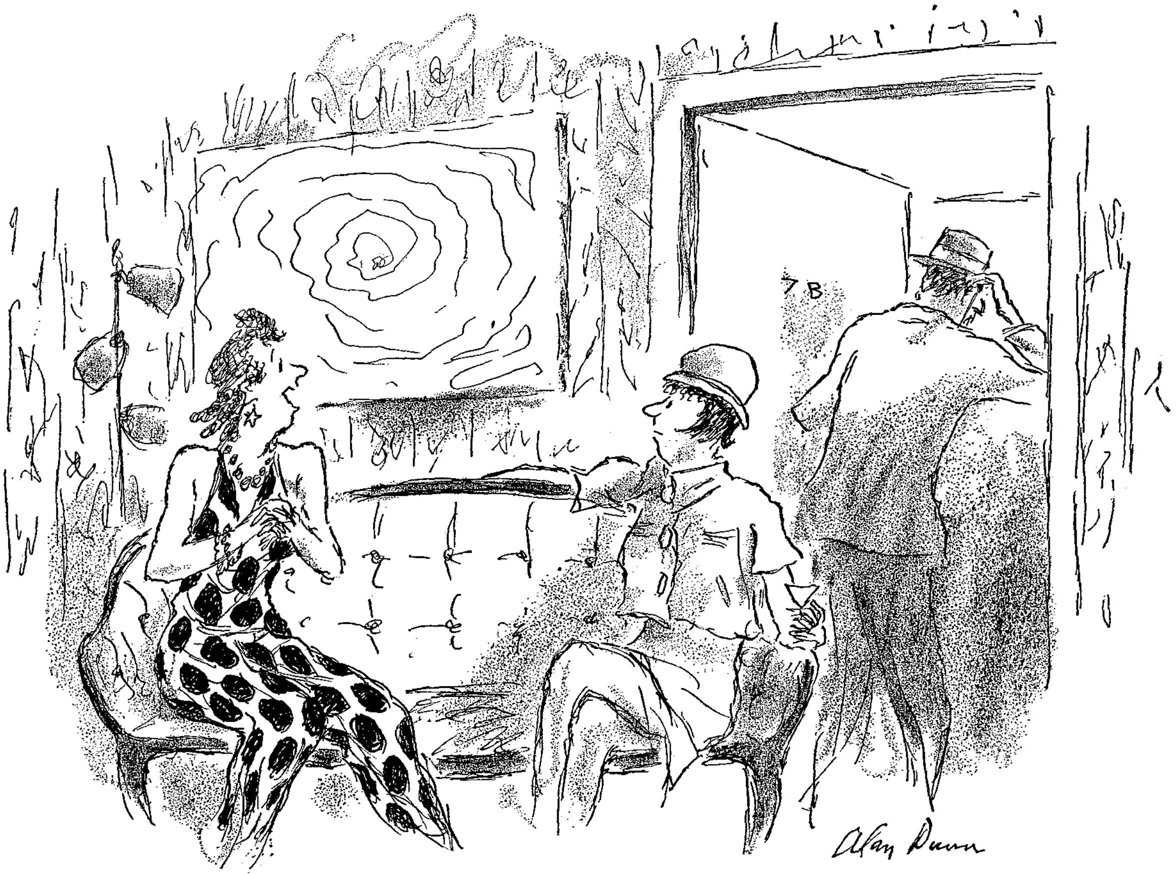
"WHAT about the opinions of someone like George Kennan, who is a conservative and a balance-of-power man, and who had so much to do with the whole idea of containment?" I asked.

"Which he now denies."

"That's not the impression I got from reading his 'Memoirs.' He just doesn't like the form the policy took. He thought there was a threat from Russia, but he didn't think it was as military as everyone else did. He says the application of the containment idea was too sweeping—that it shouldn't be applied everywhere in the world. He says that there are only five areas of the world—the United States, the United Kingdom, the Rhine Valley, the Soviet Union, and Japan—where modern military strength can be produced, that only one of them is under Communist control, and that our job is to see to it that none of the others come under Communist control."

"I've always had the greatest difficulty in trying to parse George's articles and books," Rostow replied. "He said, for example, that the long-term risk of Soviet penetration in the Middle East was not great, because Muslims would never accept Communist protection. It comes down to this—many people say we're safe as long as we keep these enormous industrial islands in the world within our control. That is to say, if we and Western Europe and Japan remain linked, then the rest of the world can go to hell, because we'll have enough power. To which President Johnson's answer always was 'These fellows forget that eighty per cent of the people in the world are colored, and that we simply can't expect to live safely in a big white house on a hill, with everyone underneath starving and milling around, or in tyranny, or under hostile control.' It just isn't going to work that way."

"I see assertions like that in the press all the time, offered with no explanation and implying 'You know what *this* could lead to.' But I don't. I could understand that warning if we were the only rich family in some town and everyone was going to come storming up, but how does this work



"I just love being me, but that's where he draws the line."

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in terms of nations? Leaving aside humanitarian concerns for the moment, what are those poor people going to *do* to us—those poor nations, which are getting weaker?"

"We can't really leave humanitarian considerations out of the equation. Our problem is not only peace but the kind of world we want to live in. Johnson cared passionately about world poverty and hunger, not for security reasons but because he is an idealist, and believed we should help because we are rich and they are poor. I feel the same way. But there is a security dimension to the problem. I agree that your hard question should be answered in its own terms. The Chinese are *not* getting weaker. At least, they're getting nuclear power. President Johnson once said, 'Some of these people tell me that Asians are not our kind of people.' That's Bill Fulbright: 'Lyndon, they're not our kind of people. Why are we worrying about these Asiatics?' And I think the worst thing I can possibly imagine for the future of the world is a combination of the white powers, including Russia, against the people of color. Then you'd have ideological considerations mixed up with problems of race, and you'd have a mess that would be almost untouchable, I should think."

"I see what you're talking about, but—"

"You can say that these are only reasons of prudence—maybe irrational fear of the unknown, if you will. They're not. They are reasons of decency and humanity as well. But the unknown is a real aspect of the problem. If you stop our attempt to build a system of peace in the world, this is the kind of concern that you begin to face. George Kennan criticized the Truman Doctrine on the ground that it was too universal. Well, it was universal in form, but it hasn't been universal in fact. We haven't intervened in Eastern Europe. We didn't intervene in Czechoslovakia, or, before that, in Hungary or East Germany. God knows, freedom was at stake there. But that wasn't the point. Neither have we intervened in dozens of wars, coups d'état, and takeovers where the extension of Soviet power or Chinese power was not an issue. Mr. Rusk used to keep score on his desk; he used to compile statistics on the number of coups d'état he had lived through. There were about two a month. They were constantly taking place, all over the world, and some of them involved a lot of fighting."

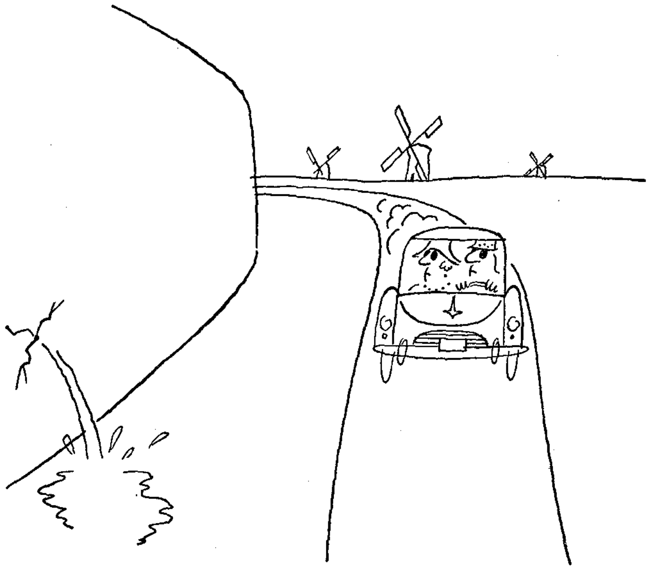
"Your former colleague George Ball asks in 'The Discipline of Power' if that kind of scorekeeping really means anything—if all these changes *are* an extension of Russian or Chinese power, or if they might not in fact be liabilities. What have you got when you've got a country that's falling apart, that may not even be a real country?"

"You may not have anything at all in one case, and you may have a lot if the countries are all combined," Rostow said. "The Russians are deeply entrenched in Syria, Egypt, Algeria, the Sudan. Now, you can say, 'It's expensive for them, just as Castro is expensive for them, and let's let them stew in their own juice. Let them discover that empire doesn't pay.' Norman Angell pointed that out in 1910, in 'The Great Illusion.' His book was a best-seller, and he was eventually knighted and awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. Everybody read the book, and nobody believed it. From the economic point of view, he was absolutely right. Empire *never* pays. Jeremy Bentham pointed this out in the eighteenth century. So, you'd argue, if the Russians want to go on an imperialist binge, let them. And they'll discover it's very expensive, and the Russians *hate* to spend money. Fine. If Russian imperialism were all that was involved, I'd say great. But the implications of Soviet policy in the Middle East raise tremendous security problems for the defense of Europe, and they also raise the possibility of an explosion that would touch the nerves of humanity—I mean, if Israel were wiped out . . . It's nothing you can play with."

"But, to get back to Johnson's white house on the hill, and leaving the Middle East out of it for the moment, what if all the colored nations *were* aligned? It seems incredible that they ever would be. But what if they were aligned with China? What could they do to us?"

"Aligned with China plus Japan."

"O.K., China plus Japan. I grant you that Japan would give such a bloc more power, but would all these other nations that Johnson is worried about because they're colored? What are they



going to *do* to us? Would they float all those people over here on rafts, or what?" Rostow laughed, and I said, "I don't mean to be facetious. I just don't understand. Is it more fear of the unknown, or has somebody in some room at the Pentagon figured out what might happen to us? Does Herman Kahn have a theory about what all those colored people could do?"

"You mean vast cannon fodder transported in ships and landing on the coast of California?"

"Or whatever. Is anybody thinking about that?"

"If anyone is, I've never seen his lucubrations," Rostow said. "The risk, I should say, is that the process you describe could get to the point at which it would precipitate a general counterreaction, which takes place almost by instinct, and which can increase the risk of war."

"That's that irrational thing."

"Yes, if you want to describe it that way. But you're dealing with a phenomenon—war and peace—which is not wholly rational. That's the trouble."

"This is a very depressing conversation," I said. "The way you describe the workings of foreign affairs is much more frightening than any of the theories that I hear from the left. The left always assumes that this country has some kind of—"

"Deep economic interest, yes. We're out to make a fortune out of South Vietnam, and we're willing to spend thirty billion a year. Boy, that's some fortune!"

"Well, to continue with this business of the colored nations," I said. "Why don't we let the Russians have Africa, if you're worried about a colored alliance against us? That would save us some money, and it would be a counter to China."

"I'm not worried about a colored alliance against us, a new Yellow or Black Peril, because I don't believe that America can or should wash its hands of the problem of helping the new nations in their development," Rostow said. "But, in the terms of your narrow question, I suppose you're right."

"Well, it's the narrow concern that I'm trying to get at—the power relationships. In that way, what would be wrong with letting the Russians 'have' Africa?"

"We've been very passive about Africa. I don't think we've been doing enough there, myself. But, again, tensions can build up, and build up pretty acutely. Take the Nigerian affair. At first, our attitude was 'Let the British take care of it, it's not our concern.' Then it went to hell. And then it became insoluble. We tried to help resolve it through diplomacy, through the Emperor of Ethiopia and the Organization of African Unity. The Africans didn't want it to come to the U.N. They wanted to deal with it themselves."

"What's the British and Russian interest there, in Nigeria?"

"The British are interested in Nigeria because she's part of the British Commonwealth. They're hooked."

"I mean some other reason."

"Well, you know, that's an important reason. That's why people function."

"What about the Russians, then?"

"Russia moved into Nigeria through Egypt and otherwise, as another way of expanding her influence and control in a pretty sensitive area of Africa."

"But to what end?"

"The smaller states around Nigeria are alarmed about the Russian and Egyptian penetration of Nigeria. And these states came to us with hair-raising tales. They said we should do something about Nigeria and Biafra, and then it became impossible to do anything, because the African states were totally divided. It was the Goddamnedest mess you ever saw."

"But why does Russia care about it? Is she just seeking influence?"

"That's right. The Russians want to spread the gospel as far as they can spread it, as I see it. They have a great interest in the Persian Gulf, which I expect will be the focus of one of the most difficult crises of the next five years. The British are pulling out of the Persian Gulf."

"You don't think the Russians have some—"

"Master plan?"

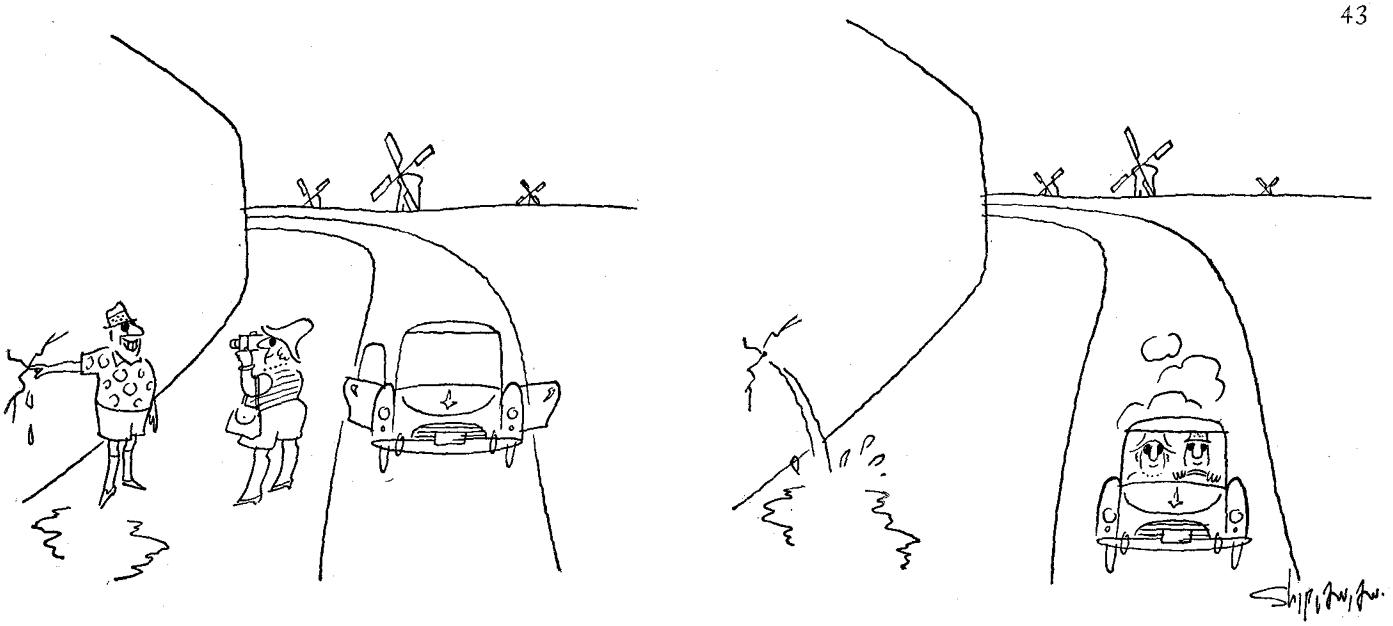
"Well, just something specific they want."

"No. No."

"Economic interest, or—"

"No. It's control they're after. Of course, the Persian Gulf is very tempting, because the oil in the Middle East is still vital to Europe and to Japan. We've liberated ourselves from the sheikhs, and maybe the discoveries in Alaska will liberate everybody else. But the oil in the Middle East is vital to Europe, and perhaps the most important event that has occurred in recent months in that connection is the takeover in Libya. There was a coup in Libya by officers who seem to be close to Egypt. Now, if Nasser should control Libya, he'd really be home free. Because that country is just a pool of money! The most unbe*lievable* place that ever was! The society is weak, and small. Many of the schoolteachers there are Egyptian anyway. And the country has more oil than you can imagine."

"Well, that's something rational.



You can understand something like that."

"But that frightens the bejesus out of Tunisia. Tunisia could be caught between Algeria and Libya. If Libya became a hostile power, Tunisia would feel threatened. Now, if the whole North African coast is in the hands of Nasser, acting for the Russians, and if there are Russian air and naval bases there, then France and Italy begin to get very much alarmed. You could have a situation in which the Russians could say to us any morning, 'Liquidate NATO and get out of Europe.' You see, that's the risk you're looking at."

"Why could they say that to us?"

"Because they would be in a position to threaten all kinds of things. In the first place, they could cut off the oil. Right after the Middle East war in 1967, when there was an Arab boycott of oil shipments, Europe came within five minutes of imposing rationing. It was that serious. Luckily, the Iranians continued to sell oil to Europe, the boycott collapsed, and that was enough."

"Well, apart from the emotional issue of Israel," I said, "the whole thing in the Middle East as far as the West is concerned is oil—is that right?"

"And strategic space. Nearness to Europe."

"It sounds like—"

"It sounds like an insane world," Rostow said. "And it is."

"I was going to say that, from much of what you've said, it sounds as if the balance-of-power theory were based not on a fear of results that we can imagine but on a fear of something that we *can't* imagine. We don't have a specific fear—it's just fear of the unknown."

"It isn't all unknown. The real question is whether Russian policy or Chinese policy is going to be rational and coöperative or whether it's going to be expansionist and hostile and revolutionary. And the second thing about the problem is that many of these countries are controlled by people who are willing to take wild risks. Nasser and the fellows in Korea and Hanoi—their world is centered on themselves. And they're in a position to force policies on the Russians which we often think the Russians don't really want. I'm not sure that's true, but that's the impression we get. Then the Russians get into a position where they have to defend their satellite. Now, in a way that's the scariest part of the problem."

"Why do the great powers put themselves in that position, when it doesn't involve some really vital strategic or economic interest?"

"Well, *why*? That's a real question. What are the Russians doing in the Middle East? Why are the Russians giving Nasser all this stuff? *They* know Nasser. I've often said it was like giving a—"

"You just told me why—money, and strategic consequences for Europe," I said.

"Yes."

"So that's a rational motive."

"That's a *relatively* rational motive, but if you accept that hypothesis about Russian policy—that the Russians want to drive NATO out of Europe—then you have a very clear-cut reason for intervening, for preventing that. But some people will say, 'Oh, no, they're not *really* that crazy, they wouldn't do that.' But Nasser can force them into that position."

"Well, can he? A lot of critics of our foreign policy say that the Russians and the Chinese, in spite of the way they talk, have been very prudent. Of course, you would say their prudence has been forced on them by us, which may be true. But, still, when did the Russians last lose a soldier? They don't fight. And you get the impression that they would worry less about a loss of face than we would, and would just pull out of something that was a bad deal, as they did in the Cuban missile thing."

"They didn't, though. They didn't pull out, despite the gravity of our threat."

"*They* didn't pull out, but they pulled the missiles out, and they took a publicity beating."

"Yes, they took a publicity beating."

"Which we probably wouldn't have done. We might have gone to war instead of taking the bad publicity. As you said, we were *ready to go*."

"We took a publicity beating over the Bay of Pigs."

"But that wasn't the same. We didn't really have our people there. We had proxies."

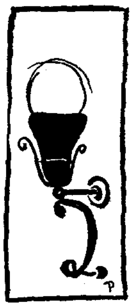
After a long pause, Rostow said, "Well, I suppose that may be right. I suppose, in a way, that's right. That's in the nature of the process. In other words, the best we can hope for is that they'll respect our commitments. When we say to them— The sacred phrase is 'These are our state interests.' And Dean Rusk would look very hard at the Russian ambassador and say, 'Now, you must understand that in Berlin *state interests* of the United States are involved.' And they'd back away."

"But that's *really* scary! That sounds as if you were saying, '*You* be reasonable, because *we're* caught up in all these irrational things that may make us go to war when we really don't want to. But you reasonable totalitarians don't have to worry about public opinion at home, so you can just go ahead and back down.'"

"But the nature of the process has

been that they provoke the tests. And then back away. They start them. We don't start them. You see, that's the real trouble. In a way, what you say about publicity and prestige is correct, because these probes and tests are experiments in expansion. We don't move into East Germany and then back down. We ask the other side to back off from any new conquest, not from an existing position we have more or less accepted, such as Poland."

"But they might say that we don't *have* to provoke the tests, because our expansion and probes are prior, already established, and now we're sticking our nose into their area. It's as if we were saying there's a balance of power in our favor now, so everybody else has to sit still."



"Well, it isn't *much* in our favor. Is the balance in our favor? It's a pretty precarious affair. I doubt that very much."

"It must look to the less powerful countries as though it's in our favor. We're the strongest and richest country, we have the most far-flung military bases and troops. They might say we're creating the provocation by having our nose stuck into so many places that they consider to be natural realms of *their* state interests."

"Yes, but not, surely, for the Soviet Union. The problem is what happens to any hope of establishing a system of peace in this world, to replace the system that collapsed in 1945, if we allow change to occur as a result of aggression."

WE discussed the definition of aggression for a while, and then I returned—as I did so often during our talks—to my question about the irrational factor in war, and to my effort to get from Rostow a concrete example of what we feared from a shift in the balance of power in Asia. "If I understand you," I said, "when our government leaders think about the possibility that all of Asia might come under hostile control, they haven't worked out some model for what might happen to us. It's just that it doesn't sound like a good idea for—"

"It's a traditional attitude toward—"

"You just can't tell what might happen. But our government doesn't have any theories about it. Is that right?"

"No, there is a theory about the risks of hegemonic power. That idea has always been the animating force of our foreign policy, of British foreign policy, and of everybody else's foreign policy. It's a terrible comment on the nature of the world political system. Sometimes students say, 'We want to study things that are *relevant* to our problems.' I say, more than half seriously, that they ought to study the organization of the Roman Empire. That was the last time we had a general system of peace in the world."

"The European part of your explanation is easy to understand, because—"

"But in 1941 we suffered a very severe blow from a Japanese power that was interested in conquest, in driving us out of the Pacific. Our Pacific instincts have always been as strong as our European instincts."

"But why do we have the same interest in the Pacific that we have in Europe?"

"The same kinds of fears."

"But in Europe it's not just fear. We *know* some of the things that could have happened if Western Europe had gone to the Russians, don't we?"

"Do we know? Do we know what would have happened if Hitler had conquered Europe or if—"

"No, I don't mean we know what *would* have happened, but we can think of some things that *could* have happened and that we didn't want to happen."

"That's my point. It applies just as much to the East as to the West. Our fear isn't economic. We could probably continue to trade with Europe, as we do with Finland. But then we'd have the whole defense burden ourselves—we wouldn't have any strong allies. The idea that all of Europe's resources and manpower, skill and technology could come within the ambit of Soviet control causes concern. Now, you can say that's an irrational concern, and you may be right. I don't happen to think so. But if it is, it's the kind of irrational concern that has moved governments as long as there have been governments."

"But you can work out some hypothetical situations and deduce some rational fears from that—"

"The calculus of population and skill and education, yes."

"Right. But it's hard to work out the same rational hypothesis for Asia that—"

"No, it isn't, not at all," Rostow said. "Japan is an enormous industrial country moving ahead very rapidly, and China— After all, the people of China are just as intelligent and able as the people of Japan. And there are a lot more of them."

"If Russia had taken over Europe, would your fears have been primarily military?"

"Yes, they would have been. In the sense that you would face threats that you couldn't accept. Such as 'We think it would be better if you had a Henry Wallace-type government.' You know—a *real* threat to your independence."

"But *how*, though? How could they make a threat like that? We'd tell them to go to hell. I always thought economics would be a large consideration."

"No, I think it's a different kind of perception. This, of course, is nothing that was much discussed during my time in Washington, because this was taken as a premise, and everybody takes it as a premise—all the critics of our policy, and so on. Europe is the same civilization. You know, some frightful shock would occur to us if these people were brought under Russian control. But I think it's the calculus of power more than anything else. It's the fear of an overwhelming concentration of resources and skills and military potential brought under the control of a potentially hostile force."

"But when you make the analogy between Europe and Asia, there is a greater economic difference, isn't there?"

"There is," Rostow said. "Except that things aren't static. We've seen what has happened to Japan in the last fifty years. And the same, or more, could happen to China. After all, the Chinese have developed a nuclear weapon—which takes a lot of industrial and scientific sophistication—awfully fast. They've run into some economic difficulties and setbacks in their program. But a very few years ago everybody was comparing China unfavorably to India, and now it's the other way around, as far as economic development is concerned. The military potential is there. And I think it's as old an instinct as there is in foreign policy, this anxiety and concern about hegemony."

"When you think about Europe in the thirties and forties, and armies marching across borders, and all that, you can imagine our being bombed or invaded, can't you?" I asked.

"Or threatened otherwise. Yes."

"But now, with the possibility of nuclear war, I don't see how Japan and China together, with Russia thrown in, could threaten us in any ultimate military way. In the way that, say, Hitler could have with a conquered Europe behind him, before weapons changed so much. I mean, are they going to give us some sort of ultimatum? We'd say, 'The hell with you!

We're going to destroy your civilization.' "

"But the nuclear weapons can't be used, especially in that situation. That's precisely why I say I can't accept protection against *invasion* as the ultimate goal of our foreign policy. I think that if we faced that situation we would have to become a garrison state on a scale we can't even imagine now, and be concerned about threats from every quarter of the compass—be hemmed in. We couldn't be the kind of society we want to be."

"If what?"

"If we pulled back to the United States and concerned ourselves only with the risk of invasion, and the possibility of nuclear reprisal."

"But would there *be* any risk of invasion?"

"If you look at the development of naval power and the potentials for naval power that exist in Russia and Japan, and elsewhere, of course there would be a theoretical risk of invasion."

"But how? Would they be willing to take the risk of threatening invasion when we have the ability to destroy them?"

"Well, the question is really how credible our nuclear weapons are."

"I think that if our back were against the wall, they'd be very credible," I said. "The Russians know that we won't use them for some small cause. But they know that if they sent battleships over here we would use the weapons. So what would be the military threat?"

"Are you sure we'd really bomb them if we were to be bombed in return? I'm not. I think the military threat would be that of trying to protect the United States in a world in which the balance of power was totally on the other side; in which there were no restraining forces on hegemonic powers, either in Asia or in Europe; in which we would live in a garrison. I think that's the fear."

"Not quite. I wasn't willing to give them Western Europe, in this hypothetical situation."

"But that threat has materialized now, in the course of events in the Middle East," Rostow said. "The neutralization of Europe is a real possibility. And so is the reduction of Western Europe to the political status of Finland. Anyway, by conceding my argument about Europe you really concede it all."

"You're being very patient with me, and I hate to keep coming back to the same point," I said. "But I don't agree that I've conceded the argument. This is all so vague. I'm trying to get something concrete, to get past these assertions, these terms. 'Garrison state,' 'surrounded,' 'neutralized,' 'balance of power.' I wish you could imagine it the way a novelist or a movie director would have to. A director would have to show things happening to us if he tried to depict the result of these changes. What do you imagine when you imagine Western Europe remaining as it is and China and Japan taking over Asia? Leaving the irrational out of it, the feeling of being crowded, would some—some *things* be happening to us? Would they be sending secret agents over here for subversion? Apart from the *discussion* of the alleged dangers, how would we feel the dangers physically? Would they hurt us economically or—"

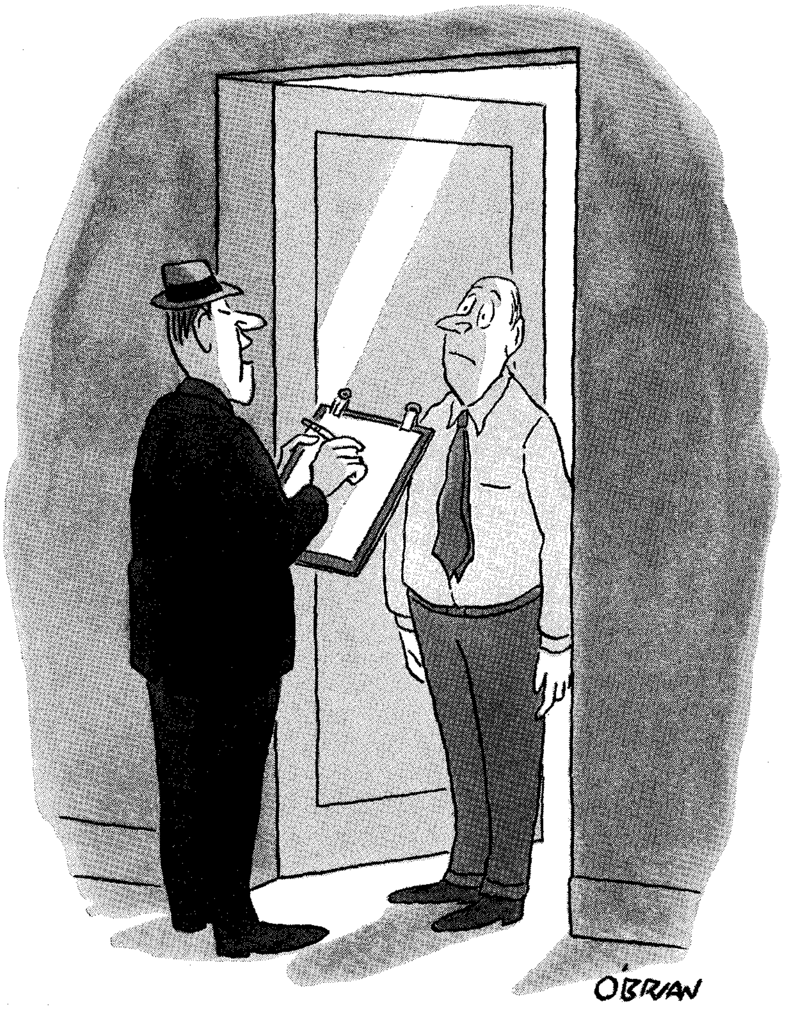
"Oh, yes, they would hurt us economically, because we would have to spend so much on armaments, and we would have to reorient a lot of industry that is now devoted to foreign trade. But we could do that, I suppose. I suppose the most likely thing to anticipate under such circumstances is precisely that—agents and political influence, suggestions like the ones that the Finns have had to face: 'We think it would be much better if the election turned out thus and so.' And we've seen what a storm student agitation can stir up. It's quite a picture."

"But we would hardly be in Finland's position. Even if the Russians took over every single inch of ground outside the continental limits of the United States, I don't see how we would be like Finland. Except symbolically. We would still be a huge country with billions of dollars' worth of nuclear weapons and with the greatest technology in the world."

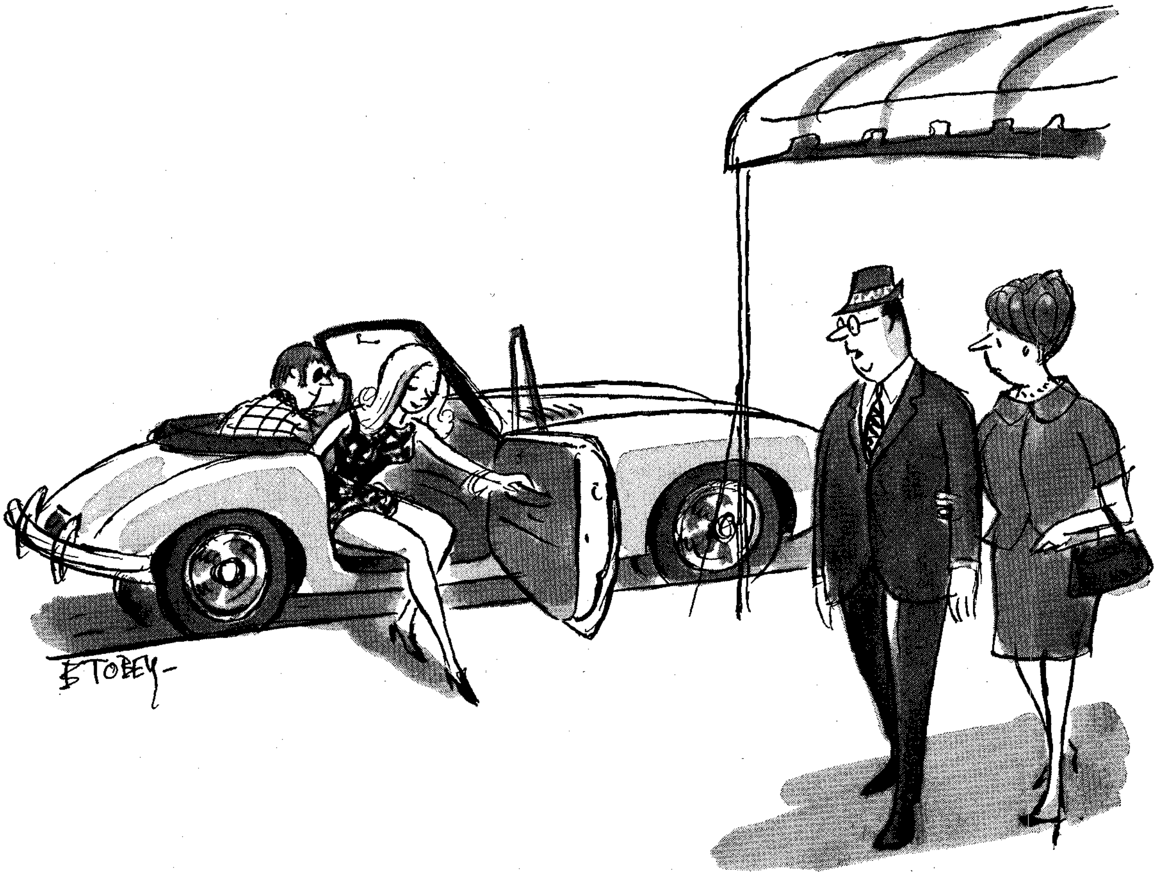
"We're very vulnerable to pressure in terms of resources. Yes, we have all the nuclear weapons in sight, but what kind of pressures could we anticipate? What kind of pressures have other people faced? Pressures of guerrilla warfare and subversion, agents—we've had agents come over from strong powers since the time of the French Revolution."

"Why wouldn't we be like China?" I asked. "China is a potentially strong country but a weak one at the moment, in just about the position we're talking about. The Chinese are isolated in the world; they have bad relations, it seems, even with their supposed allies. And we can't do *anything* with them. We're scared to death of them."

"We're not scared



"You have been chosen in a random selection to take part in a nationwide survey. Question Number One: 'What kind of a nut would you say you are?' "



“Now, there! That’s the kind of car I’ve always wanted.”

• •

to death of them,” Rostow said. “We saw a successful nuclear threat to China not long ago, I think, from the Russians. I think those meetings they’ve been having since October were produced by a nuclear threat.”

“But China is not the kind of power that we are now, and that we would remain if we were isolated.”

“I know, but the question is: Are you willing to accept a nuclear threat?”

“If you were surrounded and threatened, you’d be willing to take the risk.”

“I agree. If you get mad enough, you do crazy things. But if it’s put to you in a totally different form, as it was to China— The tensions built up between China and Russia, and Russia very cleverly let it be known through questions raised in Eastern Europe, which they knew would get back to China, ‘Well, we don’t exclude a nuclear strike.’ And they had a meeting. Now, you always have a meeting. But what’s the subject matter of the meeting, and what are the terms of the understanding, and so forth? Disarmament? Coöperation? Can’t you imagine people here urging the government to reach a reasonable compromise? I can.”

“As you say, these problems are in some ways more psychological than they are economic, or even military.”

“Absolutely. They’re fundamentally psychological. What is security? How do you feel secure, in this kind of world, with this kind of hostility? The changes in the map of the world since 1945 have imposed a great strain on our minds. Americans are now struggling—struggling desperately—to digest the meaning of these enormous changes in the map of the world for their own lives. That’s what the turbulence in our universities is really about, I think. That turbulence, and the deep agitation elsewhere in the country, reflects, I believe, the pain and difficulty of this battle between past and present in our minds. It is a demanding process. Can’t we free ourselves of the fear of hegemony, the fear of being dominated, which has led men to war so often in the past? What does the fear of dominance do to people? Perhaps psychiatrists can answer that question. I can’t. All I know is that that kind of fear is a reality in human affairs. I don’t think we are a new breed of men, immune to the diseases and fears of history. And I remain of the view that foreign policy should not allow such fears to develop, that the best—the only—cure for such fears is to prevent the convulsions in the distribution of power which have always been their cause. That’s why I say that the nuclear bomb doesn’t change the problem much, and that we have to continue to struggle patiently and steadily to get the Soviets and the Chinese to accept the notion of equilibrium which we have been seeking since 1947. Only on that basis can we hope for the kind of open, progressive world in which we could flourish as a free people—a world where energy could be devoted to development, and education, and social advance, and not to the tragedy and brutality of war. Everything turns on the outcome of the American debate about these themes.”

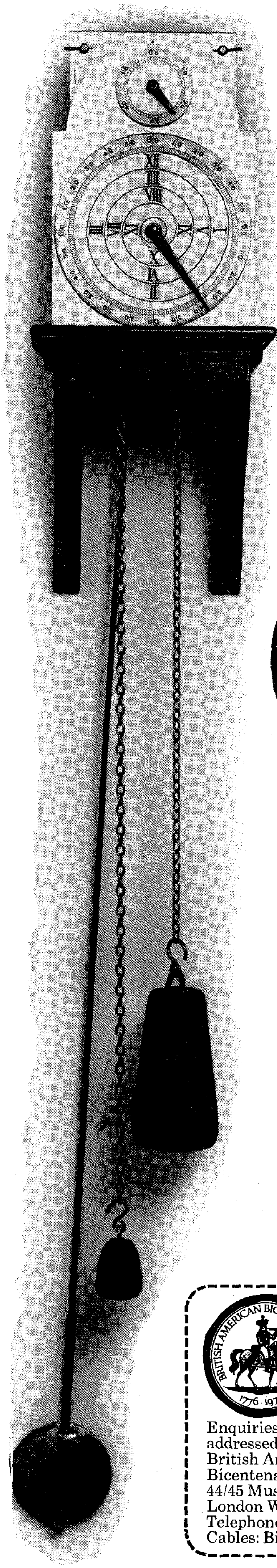
“It seems that the best thing we could do for our security would be to help our potential enemies feel secure,” I suggested.

“Of course. I agree completely. But how do you do it? One of the hardest things for people to realize—to believe—is that there are people in the world who don’t *want* an agreement,” Rostow said. “Our politics are politics of compromise, of accommodation, and it’s very difficult for us to imagine that the Egyptians or the North Koreans or Hanoi or the Russians don’t *want* to make an agreement. I was talking to some students the other day, and one of them said very earnestly, ‘Well, why don’t people try to reach an understanding with the Russians?’ I answered, ‘What on earth do you think we’ve been trying to do?’ And I told him about some of our efforts in this direction—troop reductions in Europe, compromise in the Middle East, a solution in Vietnam, and so on. And he said, ‘If I believe what you say, then I don’t know what I believe about the world.’ ”

“We’d like to think that people had rational goals, even if they were evil.”

“The world is absolutely nuts,” Rostow said.

“I HAVE to say again that I think we’re going in circles,” I said. “We’re talking about the balance of



From England, on July 4th, Three Cheers for America.

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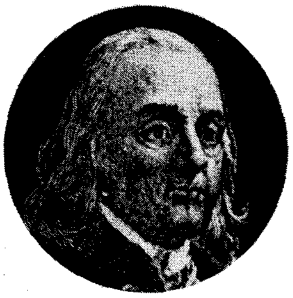

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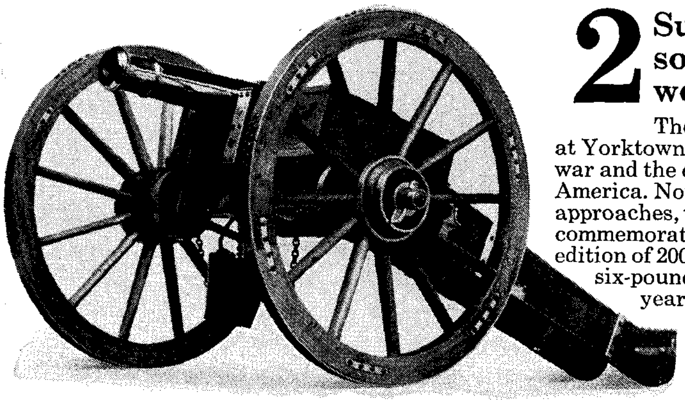

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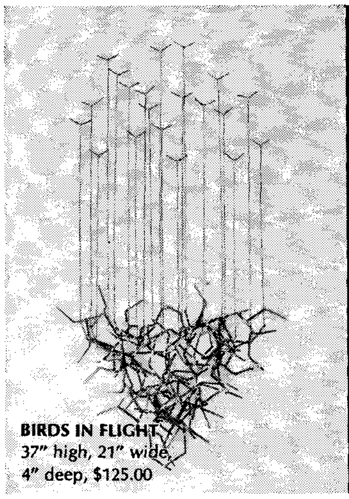

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power only in terms of that balance. You say we have to do such-and-such in Vietnam. I say, 'Why?' You say, 'To preserve a balance of power.' I say, 'Why do we have to have a balance of power in Asia?' You say, 'So we can have a system of order, so we don't withdraw into a Fortress America, so we aren't left with nothing but a nuclear option, and so that we can deal with problems in a conventional diplomatic and military way.' But what problems? Problems like Vietnam and Laos. But these appear to be problems in the first place only because they're seen in terms of this balance-of-power theory. So we've come full circle. We have the balance in order to deal with the problems, and we have to deal with the problems in order to preserve the balance. The theory is eating its own tail. I understand the need for the balance in Europe and the Middle East, but as far as Asia is concerned I still don't get it."

"I can see what you mean," Rostow said. "Your problem arises, I think, because you have too much faith in nuclear weapons. Well, to confine ourselves to the Asian problem for a moment—if we can separate these things, which I doubt. Let me explain that for a minute. You can see now in the Middle East that the credibility of deterrence in one place affects the credibility of deterrence in another. As I read it now, the Russians are putting the heat on President Nixon, trying to determine what kind of reactions he's capable of, in ways which desperately affect the risk of war in the Middle East. And what we do in Asia affects our credibility, because the American people have to make the same kinds of decisions about how we back our commitments in Europe, in Asia, and in the Middle East. I suppose the best way I can answer your question is to say that the notion of the balance of power, of trying to preserve some kind of equilibrium in Asia, requires us to participate in a relationship of four major countries; that is, the Soviet Union, Japan, China, and the United States. And there are two very large countries, India and Indonesia, whose fate would affect the entire political and economic, and even military—certainly strategic—situation in that area. And then you get the special question of Australia and New Zealand, where you would run risks that would be very emotional."

"But we're explaining the balance in terms of itself again. You say we need a balance to preserve equilibrium in Asia, and I want to know why we need equilibrium in Asia. As far as Japan is concerned, for instance—if Japan shifts to another bloc and becomes a nuclear threat, don't you reach a point of redundancy? I mean, the present nuclear power is so overwhelming on both sides that an addition wouldn't make that much difference."

"Oh, no, I don't agree with that. Under such circumstances, the nuclear equation would not remain bipolar, and deterrence would become much more difficult. For example, a nuclear power might think that it had the capacity to start a nuclear war to force our hand, or to force the Russians' hand. And that was the original British and French justification for independent nuclear power—not that such power would be an independent deterrent but that they could start a war which we would have to finish. It's not a theory we've ever enjoyed very much, and that's one of the reasons, I think, that we keep such a tight hold on NATO. The same kind of reasoning would apply to Japan. The Japanese might pursue a risky course toward China, or toward Russia, as the case might be, confident that in the end our interest in their independence would be enough to justify it. You're moving into a much more unstable and much more dangerous situation as the number of nuclear powers increases. This defines the general fear of nuclear proliferation—that politics would become a card game with all the deuces wild. You wouldn't know how to control it, or you would always live in terror of something. That's why we and the Russians agreed on the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty."

"What if the Japanese were not another independent power but were allied with China? It would be just more of the same. More nuclear missiles."

"It would be very dangerous to us."

"But why is that? An alliance between Japan and China could mean more missiles to defend against—is that what you're talking about?"

"Well, or the use of nuclear threats. To make the western Pacific a Japanese lake."

"What's our concern with the western Pacific? I mean, then you get back to—"

"You get back to why we are interested in the first place," Rostow said. "Trade, movement, fear . . . a sense that these— The two big changes that have occurred, the Communist revolutions in China and Russia, have cost us an enormous amount. Trying to deter and contain their expansion. The feeling that if they expanded indefinitely, we would face a situation in which we really felt threatened all the time."

I quoted to Rostow from an article by Robert L. Heilbroner, "Counter-Revolutionary America," which appeared first in *Commentary* and later in a paperback collection entitled "A Dissenter's Guide to Foreign Policy." Heilbroner said in the article that even if much of the underdeveloped world turned Communist and became hostile to the United States, the resulting military threat would be slight. We wouldn't be threatened by millions of men who couldn't be deployed, and the armaments capacities of these areas are small, he said. If we lost the entire sixteen billion dollars invested in Latin America, Asia, and Africa, it would be a blow to some corporations, he said, but—with our gross national product approaching three-quarters of a trillion dollars and our total corporate assets amounting to more than one and three-tenths trillion—it would be tolerable. Heilbroner went on to say, "By these remarks I do not wish airily to dismiss the dangers of a Communist avalanche in the backward nations. There would be dangers, not the least those of an American hysteria."

Rostow said he didn't disagree with Heilbroner's analysis.

"About the economics and the manpower," I said. "But you don't agree completely, because Heilbroner says later in the article that much of the motivation for our anti-Communism is a fear of our not being the model for world civilization, a fear of losing our place in the sun."

"I don't agree with that at all," Rostow said. "I don't think our foreign policy is based on a place-in-the-sun psychology. I don't think we get any pleasure out of our position. I recall George Aiken's remark. He said we've inherited the responsibilities but not the privileges of the British Empire. I don't think any Americans enjoy it. But I think there would be a sense of strategic threat if the changes Heilbroner describes took place. In the emplacement of missiles, for example, just as there was over Cuba and there remains over Cuba. Cuba is a gnawing anxiety in the Congress, really. More than you might think. And the missiles there—we can say very rationally, 'Oh, hell, they have missiles in submarines, why should we fret over whether they have them in Cuba or not?' But a threat of being surrounded—what Heilbroner calls hys-

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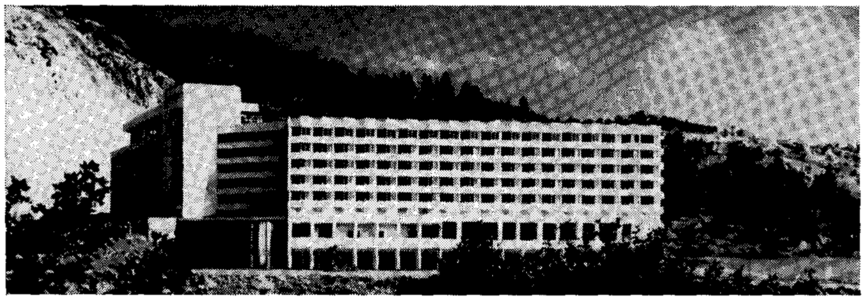

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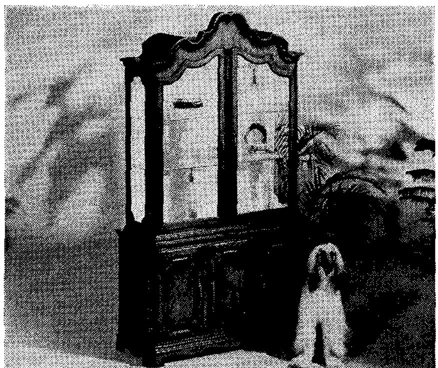
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teria—I don't think can be discounted. And the strategic space problems, the emplacement of bases all around, can become a major element of politics."

"We were talking about Japan before I mentioned the Heilbroner article," I said. "We speak of the pressures that Japan might put on us if she changed the direction of her policy. But our fears about her go back to the last war, and then she didn't just put pressures on us—she attacked us directly."

"Yes, but the Japanese attacked us in a context in which we were moving more and more to curb their expansion. We were becoming concerned. Not so much over Korea, more so about Manchuria, and then still more as they began to move south—threatened to move south with great force into Southeast Asia. Heilbroner calls that concern hysteria, but it's a hysteria that has to be taken into account as a fact. It's a very natural reaction, and I should say a rational one."

"But at that time we could imagine their expanding throughout the Pacific, and then, with weapons being what they were at the time, actually trying to come over here and bomb us, or bring ships over to shell us, or something, couldn't we?"

"We could, but basically what the Japanese wanted was a green light in Asia, which we wouldn't give them. And we were visibly becoming more and more concerned, despite the developing threats in Europe. We were becoming equally concerned about Japanese expansion in the Pacific. So they moved on Pearl Harbor in that context."

"Well, at that time, what was our fear from Japan? Didn't it ultimately go back to—"

"Hegemony. Hegemony."

"I know. There's that word. But you've said that our fear is no longer merely one of invasion, implying that at one time that *was* a great fear. In one of your articles, you say that we used to worry about a European power's coming over and establishing a beachhead from which it could attack us or exert some influence on us."

"That was our reaction at the end of the Civil War, you see. We told Maximilian to get the hell out of Mexico. You can articulate it as a fear of invasion if you want to, but it's a fear of having any very strong power there that could be a threat to us, in a number of ways."

"But what I'm trying to get at is this: Isn't it true that one large consideration that existed then—the possibility of invasion—is not very feasible anymore on either side?"

"No, the nuclear weapon just doesn't make that much difference. The fear of a superior conventional power is still as real as ever, because nuclear weapons can't really be used. Did you ever read that marvellous book, 'The Zimmerman Telegram,' by Barbara Tuchman? Superb. An account of the Zimmerman-telegram episode before we got into the First World War. It concerned an idea the Germans had of fooling around with the Mexicans, and the idea of a Japanese presence in Mexico was involved. We were just as sensitive to that as we were to Maximilian or to Castro. And for the same sort of reason. Rational or irrational, that's how people behave. It isn't, I suppose, that we feared that Maximilian was going to send the French Foreign Legion into Texas. We just didn't want the French there."

"What was the problem then?" I asked. "How could the French have made trouble for us?"

"I don't suppose it was ever articulated. I've never gone back and looked in any of the histories. It was just a sense that that was something we didn't want. We wanted a hegemonic position in America, we didn't want any great powers here, and that was our national interest. We had got along with the British, although we had had some troubles with them, but we were damned if we were going to see the French in Mexico. Now, could it have been articulated or rationalized in any other way? I don't know."

"If we assume that invasion today is not practical and that no one would be foolish enough to try it, and assume that we did 'lose' Japan, what are some of the things the Japanese might do in the Pacific that we would find unacceptable—or that they *could* do?"

"It's exactly as you say, it's precisely like our concern about Germany in Europe in 1917 and 1940. I should suppose it would be a policy of emplacement in the southern Pacific that would be a potential interference with our own movements. Movements of trade and of people, access to the countries, political effects, and so on."

"Is that behind many of these concerns—our free movement?"

"Yes, you find that best articulated, I think, in some of Bill Fulbright's speeches. We need a world of wide horizons, we want a world of wide horizons—"

"But that's so vague. You can say those things, and they sound good, they sound reasonable, but what do they mean?"

"You mean why do we care about Cambodia?"

"Yes. I just don't understand. Is it a fear that I won't be able to move from country to country? Is it trade?"

"Trade isn't the key to it. Heilbroner's economic analysis is perfectly reasonable. The trade that counts for the United States is with Canada, Western Europe, and Japan. That's the bulk of it. And we could survive without most of that trade, I suppose. It isn't that. It's the sense of being hemmed in that becomes so dangerous. Now, you can say that that's irrational, and that we ought to get over it. To which my answer would be that this has been the major cause of war for all the centuries since Thucydides wrote."

"Of all the arguments you've advanced in support of your balance-of-power view, which do you think is the most persuasive?" I asked. "You emphasize psychological dangers, the difficulty of maintaining our way of life in a Fortress America—would these be your greatest concerns?"

"Yes," Rostow said. "I should say that the basic concern for me is the potentiality of remaining the kind of society we are at home and minimizing the risk of a war that might result from our being surrounded and threatened, politically or otherwise. And that's where I think that if you look back at the history of the onset of any war, you see how the psychological mechanism works. In the thirties, the British and French said, 'We're not going to go to war over the Rhineland or Czechoslovakia,' but then when the crisis came in Poland they went to war, prepared or not, because they felt this hegemonic spectre. And we're not immune from that, you see. Nobody is."

"But, given someone like Hitler—we were faced with a lot more than a psychological threat from him. He wanted to take over the—"

"*Well.* Russian policy is not benign. Russian policy is very sinister to deal with. We don't shout about it, but it's very, very grim. You can't even work out a deal with the Russians on the Middle East. And they make a deal and then go back on it."

"Are they not any different from what they were in the days of Stalin? You read about how they're getting to be more reasonable, about how our two systems are getting to be more

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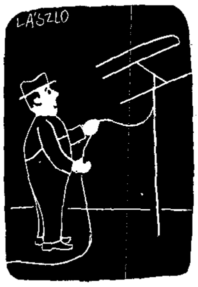
alike, and so on. Are they still wild-eyed revolutionaries? Do they want to take over the world?”

“I wouldn’t say the world. As far as their Middle Eastern policy is concerned, I regard it as part of their policy toward Europe. Its goals are to dismantle NATO and get the fleet out of the Mediterranean and neutralize Europe.”

“And then do what?”

“That’s for the next generation. But that’s quite a lot—to isolate us completely. The shock of that I don’t think we would take, and I don’t think the Europeans would take it.”



“If we *did* take it, how would it change our lives? Physically, without the emotion—though I realize you can’t avoid the emotion.”

“I should think that the ideological atmosphere in the United States would change completely,” Rostow said. “Advocates of an accommodation with the Russians, and, you know, ending the arms race, and coöperating, and compromising, and agreeing to their terms, would become very much stronger—the Henry Wallace sort of phenomenon. In our politics, in our internal life. Governments in Western Europe would become coalition governments, and there would be Communist penetration, and Communist strength would become more visible. Communist orientation. And you would begin to move into exactly the kind of situation that I would fear most, in terms of our internal life. You would begin to transform the internal life here the way you would in countries that are subject to that sort of pressure. I don’t mean we would become Poland, but we would begin to move toward that kind of posture.”

“I thought the argument was just the reverse—that if we felt hemmed in, we would have a right-wing government that would—”

“Yes, that we would have one group of people who would say, ‘We have to get ready to nuke ’em to kingdom come and stand guard.’ But that’s a futile policy anyway. And you would have another group who would say, ‘Well, why do that? That’s foolish. Why should the world come to an end? What they propose is reasonable, after all. Let’s just accommodate ourselves to them and stop being hostile to Communism.’ There was quite a lot of opinion like that about Hitler, both here and in Europe.”

“Wouldn’t there be a large group who didn’t want to go to war but wanted to have a right-wing government that would keep America pure?”

“That’s correct. Therefore, we would be subjected to terrific tensions. Our society would be split apart. That’s one of the things I mean when I say that becoming a garrison state would make anything we could identify as democracy very problematical. I think it would be a terrible risk—the political consequences of it.”

“All right,” I said. “That’s Europe. But I keep going back to Asia and to your fears about Japan and China. If Japan did become a nuclear power and did form an alliance with China, what would be some of the concrete things that Japan and China might do to bring pressure on us in the Pacific?”

“I’m trying not to be bound by the past, not to think about Korea and Indonesia and so on,” Rostow said. “I’ll resist the temptation to say the problem is very like that of Europe, although I think it is. I suppose the geography of the situation has its own logic anyway. I should suppose that what they might do is to interpose a presence that would threaten our freedom of the seas, our freedom of movement, except on political terms that we might or might not find very difficult. And to constitute a power center that could in itself be threatening. That kind of thing might—ought to, logically—force us into a much closer association with the Russians. Now, that might or might not be feasible. And if Japan joined with China, broke loose from us, in a really radical shift—”

“Yes, and if we were letting them run wild in Asia—that’s what I’m asking about. We’re not protecting Korea now, in this hypothetical situation, because the idea of protecting Korea was to protect Japan, and so on—so all that is gone. Because there’s nothing there we want. So that leaves Japan and China with the ability to become a nuclear threat to us—and to do what?”

“Well, to become a hegemonic power in Asia. You would be putting the enormous potential power of China and the naval power of Japan together in one lump, and that’s just the kind of thing that has stirred the hackles of foreign-policy experts forever, because of the potentiality of harm in a great many places.”

“But we’re assuming, just for the moment, that there’s not going to be a nuclear war. So all you're saying is that this development would mean hegemonic power in Asia, and we just can't allow that—period. But I'm trying to—"

"Discover why. I know."

"If the Asians are not going to bomb us—which, of course, you can't assume. Maybe they would."

"They did before."

"Right," I said. "But before nuclear bombs. But if you assume they wouldn't start a nuclear war—"

"But, don't forget, we bombed them with nuclear weapons."

"I know, but that wasn't the same, because there was no threat that they would bomb us back with nuclear weapons. They didn't have any. Now we're assuming that both sides are nuclear, and that there's a standoff, just as there is with the Russians."

"Well, I don't know," Rostow said. "There you get the ABM element."

"The defensive thing. You have to have more missiles to knock their missiles down."

"Yes. But they could probably defend Japan against the United States with ABMs."

"But say it's a stalemate."

"And then we see Japan and China working together to govern the whole of Asia," Rostow said. "Do we care? Does it make any difference to us in any fundamental sense?"

"Right," I said. "If we're not protecting Japan, why are we worried about Burma and Malaysia and Korea and all that? And, of course, I agree that the nuclear business is not to be sneezed at, but I'm assuming nuclear stalemate and then trying to find out if, in conventional ways, it would make much difference to us."

"I should think the only answer would be that such a constellation of power could make a great deal of conventional trouble, of the kind that people have known in the past from expansionist powers," Rostow said. "That is, the expansionist disease gets going and it gets out of control. Bismarck was very restrained compared to the Kaiser. But when these fellows have got into the mood of expansion, from the time of Gustavus Adolphus, they've always gone off and expanded."

"So where might the Japanese expand if they were in that mood?"

"Presumably, the most rational place to expand without provoking an instant reaction from us would be south, as they did before. And there the risk would be the same kind that motivated F.D.R. when he began to get more and more alarmed about Indo-China

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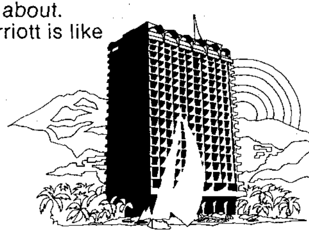

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and Indonesia. And, with the ultimate threat to Australia, would we sit by and take that from the Japanese? The best argument for that that I've been able to make, and a much better one than any of the anti-Vietnam people have made, is that, having swallowed a camel in China, why should we strain at a gnat in Vietnam? But Indonesia is a very important place strategically, from the point of view of air power and sea power."

"Why?"

"Just where it is. A system of airbases radiating out from there would control a very large part of the Pacific. Now, you can say, 'What the hell do we care about the Pacific?' But we always *have* cared."

"Yes, that's what I say. What the hell do we care? If it isn't a matter of trade and money, some Marxist explanation, then—"

"Then why should we care? The threat is just as great from Japan as it would be from Japan plus Indonesia?"

"Yes."

"If you're talking about nuclear threats."

"Right."

"But, you see," Rostow said, "the problem is that if you assume a nuclear stalemate, then you have to talk about conventional threats of air power and sea power and the control of access to areas, and the threat of political control over areas. If you do that—that is, escape from the nuclear problem—then you are back in the grooves of human history. And the only system of peace that has worked at all for any period of time, except for that of the Romans, of course, is the balance of power of the nineteenth century."

"I can see why we want access to Europe but I'm still confused about why we want access to anything in Asia, once you give up Japan. Your explanations have told me things I didn't know about ways of trying to hold on to Japan, but if we did let her go, and had a nuclear stalemate, I can't see what would follow from that."

"I suppose your scenario might be conceivable, if tense, until you got an issue like Australia or Israel, which would stir you up beyond control. If you said, 'Oh, hell, we'll wash our hands of Japan, we'll wash our hands of the major power base in Asia and let that go loose and find its own level,' then I suppose it would follow, just like my argument about Vietnam, that if you swallowed a camel, why strain at a gnat? But Indonesia strikes me as— Maybe this is just bad education, thinking in naval terms, but Indonesia strikes me as a very significant place, in terms of trying to maintain any sense of control over your whole political and strategic position in the Pacific."

"If you're *in* there," I said. "If you're in the Pacific, you have to protect your presence. But I'm trying to get us out, so that we don't have anything to protect, and to ask what the consequences of that would be."

"Well, we've got Hawaii, of course."

"Well, *sure*. The Asian powers might fool with you on a little nibble here and there, but I'm assuming they wouldn't try anything with Hawaii. They might as well attack the mainland. So if we don't have any real trade needs in the Pacific, I still don't get it."

"I suppose the most *nearly* rational answer would be—and I'm not sure you're dealing with rationality here—that the formation of foreign policy has always been addressed, for reasons that make a lot of sense, to potentialities," Rostow said. "Trying to prevent potential threats from developing. For centuries, the British tried to prevent any one power from dominating Europe in a way that could totally threaten the U.K. The world is much smaller than it was before 1914, especially with the air-power dimensions, to say nothing of the nuclear dimensions. I think that what we're talking about is two different concepts of safety. You're saying that as long as we're not subject to invasion—and presumably we can have enough air power in the continental United States to make the idea of a naval invasion of this country very expensive—and as long as we keep a nuclear stalemate, then the hell with everything. It wouldn't make any difference. Europe, Japan—"

"I'm not really saying that. I'm keeping Europe and saying the hell with Asia."

"But logically, can you do that? You wouldn't see a possible combination of Japan and China or Japan and Russia as a threat to any interest in Asia that we should regard as important?"

"No, I wouldn't, not knowing anything about it. I don't know what our interests there *are*. You say we have to protect our interests to preserve the balance, and we have to have the balance to protect our interests. It depends on what you mean by interests. I just don't see how we can be much more threatened than we already are. And it looks as if we get into trouble by exposing ourselves to it in the name of this balance theory, and as if the theory is just eating its tail. It's a circular kind of—"

"But you say you agree about Europe, you agree about Japan."

"No, I don't agree about Japan. If you told me our economy was going to collapse if we couldn't trade in the Pacific and in Asia, then that would be different. I'd go along with you. But you won't give me that to hang on to."

"I won't, no," Rostow said. "We could probably adjust to damn near anything economically, if we set our minds to it. We don't depend very much on external trade, and never have. Sure, we have an enormous agricultural-export industry, but it's much more other people needing our exports than anything else. Yes, you'd have to change—cut back farm acreage, all that sort of thing. But I wouldn't say that the American economic problem is insuperable without foreign trade, because I don't think it is. I think that political security requires this degree of prevention of control. And I say that by conceding the importance of Europe for the reasons you give, you simply confirm my whole argument. Now, you ask me to be particular about what could happen if these changes came about in Asia, and I can't be. You say the theory eats its tail. Well, in a sense you're right. All I can say is that, in terms of human history, it has always been very dangerous for people when a potentially hostile power establishes hegemony. I can't particularize how that potential hostility would be exercised, but I would prefer, even at considerable cost, to prevent the risk. Now, you can say that that's the theory eating its tail—you start from a premise and you prove that the application of the premise leads to certain very expensive and unpleasant things. That's right. The question is: Is the premise sensible?"

"Right. That's what the whole discussion is about."

"Either the premise is sensible as a way of minimizing the risk of general war or it isn't. Can I demonstrate that catastrophe would fall upon us if we walked out of Vietnam tomorrow? I can't. I believe that there would be a very grave risk of a change in Japanese policy. But I can't prove that to you. As for what might happen if some of these spectres actually came into existence, the only way I can particularize about them is to fall back on the past

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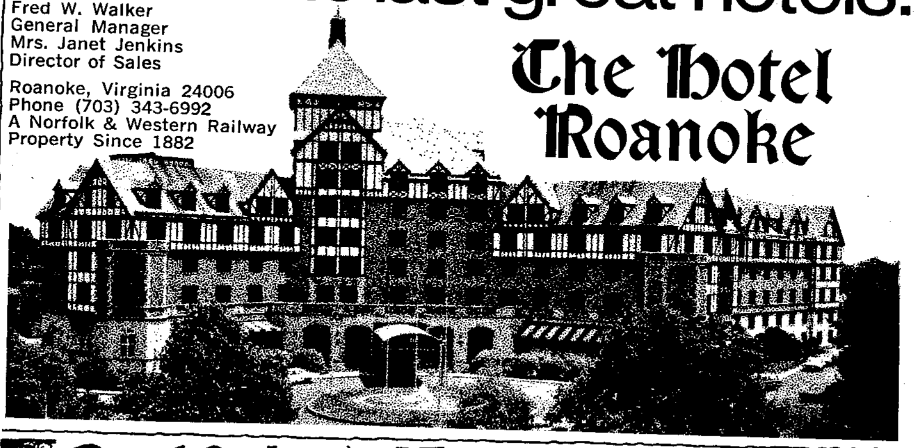
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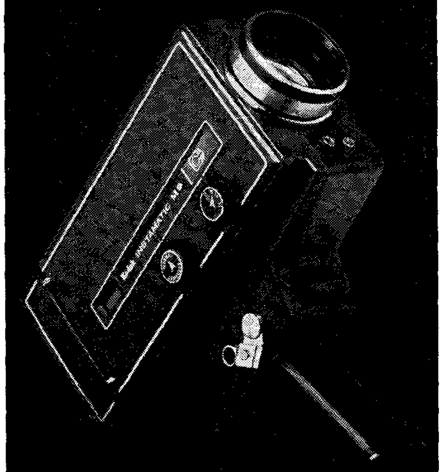

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and to say this is how troubles have always developed when you had a hegemonic power interested in expansion."

"I understand that. But I'm asking if the people who manage our foreign affairs ever examine these premises and argue about them instead of just falling back on them. Isn't that worthwhile now, with the stakes so high, and considering the likelihood that there will be a lot of change and turmoil in the world?"

"I completely agree with you."

"But is it being done? Do they examine these premises, or are they just too busy taking care of the daily problems, which they handle in the context that I'm trying to get outside of?"

"I'm entirely in favor of your effort," Rostow said. "I examine them all the time myself. Dean Rusk used to press our planners to do the same, and he sat with them for hours examining alternatives. I don't know what's happening now. But I'd say this about it: Nobody had a greater stake than Nixon in finding an alternative policy in Vietnam. Nothing would have done him more good at home politically, nothing could have helped the future of the Republican Party more. I think the fact that he and Kissinger and everybody else couldn't do it, that they came up with exactly the same balance-of-power analysis and the same conclusions, is very significant. Yes, I think there was a terrific reëxamination."

"But I'm just wondering if this reëxamination didn't stay within the bounds of this general theory, these premises."

"No, I don't think so. I've got enough reflections back from talks various friends have had with Henry Kissinger to indicate that the reëxamination went very far—involving all of Henry's friends at Harvard, and so on. And that alternative premises were deeply considered. Now, if, with that stake in an alternative, Nixon decided that he couldn't find one, you've got to conclude at least that these ideas have a fearful grip on people."

"I'll grant you that. The grip."

"And maybe an entirely unjustified grip," Rostow said. "The only defense I can make for them is that they're tragically verified by history."

—William Whitworth

•

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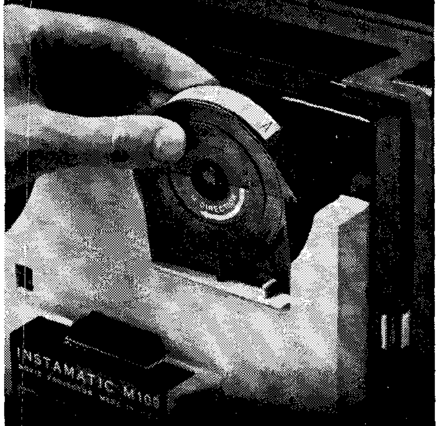

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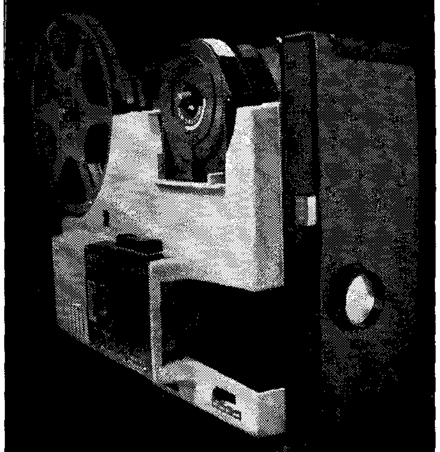

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"BOESMAN AND LENA," by the South African playwright Athol Fugard, which opened last week in a beautiful performance at the Circle in the Square, is about a couple of "Cape Coloureds" who were dispossessed when the white man's bulldozer mashed the shanty they were living in, and who are now just itinerant trash. Loaded down with their broken and filthy worldly goods, they have moved to the mud flats of a river, where they will dig up worms for fishermen. They walk in staggering under their burdens, he with a dented car door and a corrugated sheet of metal under his arms and, on his back, a pack of blankets, boards, and a mattress, she with a box of pots and pans and food on her head. Both are exhausted, and she is addled with fatigue. They are Lena and Boesman, and they have done this so often that she can no longer keep track of their past. She tries desperately, time after time, to name the places they have gone to, in their correct order, but it is beyond her. More—or surely just as—important, they are Ruby Dee, no beauty here but gray and dirty and bent and crippled, with a black eye from a brutal beating by her brutal man, and James Earl Jones, bearded and lame, with a black stocking cap over his head and an expression so angry and bewildered and hopeless that I didn't recognize him when he entered—didn't recognize either one of them, in fact. To call Miss Dee's acting a tour de force is misleading, for that worn expression implies a stunt of some kind, and gives no clue to the richness, depth, complexity, and clarity of her performance. She has thoroughly mined a wonderful role. Her half-crazy Lena is a sensitive woman who has been made into a piece of rubbish by her life, and knows it. She may not remember in correct rotation the places the "baas" has thrown her out of, but by the time Mr. Fugard has finished with her she understands, and has made the audience understand, who she is and what she means and what her man means (even when he beats her) and, ultimately, what freedom means. The play is more hers than Boesman's, but Mr. Jones is very, very good, too. I've always had reservations about him—his potential has always seemed to me much greater than his achievement—but no longer. Here he is not just magnetic—he has always been that—but subtle and varied and legitimate, and as strong as he was in "The Great White Hope." Boesman, even in crushing defeat, is not an animal but a man, whose feelings have somehow and in some part survived.

At the end of the play, the pair are again on the run, with nothing but hopeless wandering ahead, but something has changed forever between them. The catalyst is an old black derelict—a "kaffir," as both contemptuously refer to him—who may or may not be speaking genuine Xosa but who certainly cannot understand a single word that they speak to him or make himself understood by them. Against Boesman's threats and protests, Lena insists on calling him to their fire and warming him in her arms; she needs to give tenderness to someone and, even more, needs someone to listen to her. His death, presumably from hunger and exposure, and Boesman's beating up of the corpse while being taunted by Lena are what force them to flee again, this time from the police.

"Boesman and Lena" is the third of Mr. Fugard's plays to be done here. In all of them he investigates his fellow-countrymen two by two, and the bleak prospects that lie ahead for them. "The Blood Knot" is about a black man and his half-white brother; "Hello and Goodbye" is about an Afrikaner brother and sister who hate each other. All three are plays of character rather than action, and "Boesman and Lena" has, typically, almost no plot—on the surface, that is. It does seem to me that it runs a bit too long—there was a time in the middle when I felt my attention wandering, though perhaps that was because of the lulling rhythm of South African speech—but I doubt I'll ever forget it. Zakes Mokae, making his local début, is perfect as the unintelligible or silent old African. John Berry was the director, and the fine, craggy setting was designed by Karl Eigsti.

"THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN" probably is not. It is not as jaded as, say, "Oh! Calcutta!"—not as expense-account-laden or leer-ridden—so in that sense it is not dirty at all, but it is just as sexually explicit, just as naked, and, unfortunately, just as unfunny. The humor is what does it in; the jokes, almost exclusively homosexual or/and Jewish, are a matter less of words than of passwords, and on the evening that I was at the Astor Place they evoked a shrill, noisy response from the audience. Purporting to be about pollution (my foot), the show is visually quite resourceful, what with snappy formations and trick lighting, as is to be expected of any project that originated at La Mama, and although there are few signs of talent in the company (or few chances to display it), there is a lot of calisthenic proficiency. Tom Eyen is both author and director. The sporadic rock music was composed by Jeff Barry.

—EDITH OLIVER

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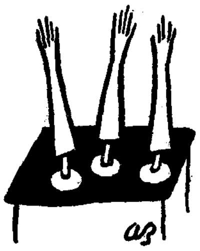
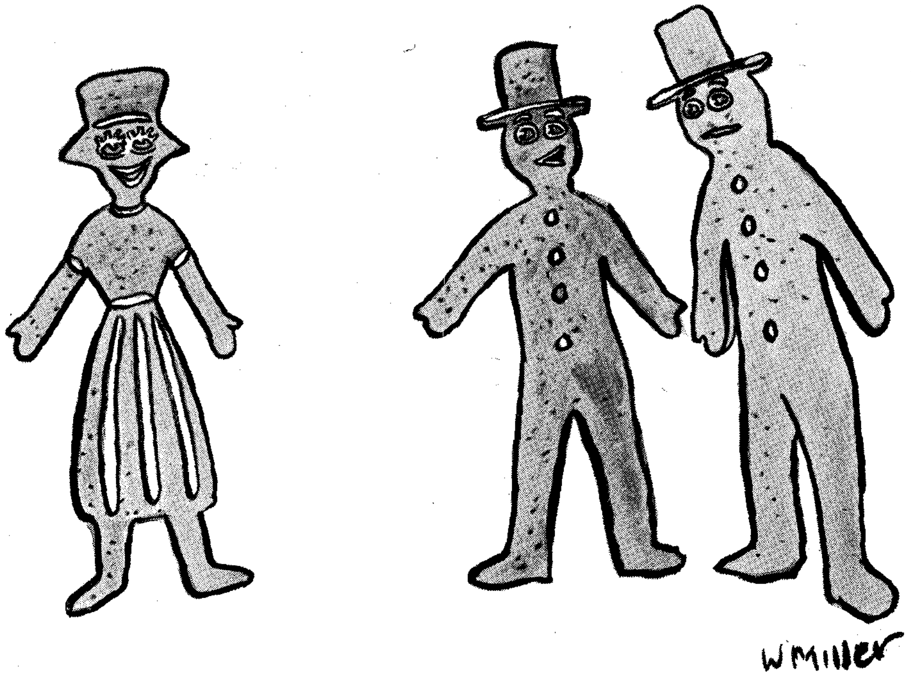
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT



THERE come moments when, my eyes in flame from trying to decipher the clashingly colored designs that constantly impinge upon them, I cry, "Give me Liberty or give me death," and Saint Laurent, who keeps in touch with history as well as with histrionics, gives me Liberty of London prints at his Rive Gauche. It is easy for my sunburned eyes to make out not only the gentle buttercups on his smock minidresses of black cotton but the flowers and ferns on his button-down-the-front minidresses of white batiste (Lord Byron collars, and pleats down to the hips), at, respectively, $70 and $65. A nice reminder of the past. And those whopping loop earrings you see around are just $7.50 in ersatz tortoiseshell, the double hoops of twisted silver metal just $15.

ONE more nice reminder of the past, in these days of conglomerates, is the still independent small shop. Such as Gavroche, at 827 Madison Avenue (69th), which owns dresses in the mood of the late, late Carmen Miranda—bare-midriff bodices and long, gathered skirts, with plenty of flounce at the hem and plenty of giant white daisies in the navy voile print. Sizes 6 to 8 is all. . . . A block south, at No. 816, is little Sportique, a Western Hemisphere repository of goods from France and Italy, mostly separates—fly-front trousers and tailored blouses (all these rather expensive), as well as polo shirts and tunics and midiskirts and bikinis and cuffed trousers and mannish midi raincoats. The expensive stuff is of cotton velours or batiste with a python décor; the colors are several, *not* including python-ivy green. The inexpensive stuff (from the polo shirts on in) involves denim, or something very much like it. . . . Now we go across the road to small Veneziano, at No. 819. The separates here are not necessarily Venetian, but they *are* Italian—painted (not printed) stuff, such as T-shirts of white cotton knit and box-pleated skirts of white poplin with Mediterranean-blue diamonds and chains painted on them. Unpainted goods, too—sleeveless cardigans of linen knit, and A-line miniskirts (the news hasn't reached Italy) of the same fabric, ribbed and fitted out with a variety of hues. Not to mention fragile evening pajamas of salmon and pale-pink georgette crêpe that are utterly beautiful; $130. . . . Next, to the tiny hinterland of Vidal Sassoon's salon, at 803 Madison, by 68th Street. Here David August, almost invisible in his niche, is making all-purpose shirtdresses with skinny tops and flowing skirts out of razzle-dazzle Ban-Lon jersey prints; $35 short and $50 long. . . . The East Sixties, you must have noticed, are monopolizing this treatise on Lilliput. Now here is Granny Takes a Trip, at 304 East 62nd Street, and the Trip concerned is merely the journey its supplies make from its King's Road shop in London—Juliet dresses of rayon crêpe or velvet, medieval ones in a rainbow crêpe, little-girl ones in plenty of hues, mannish skirts of crêpe, Victorian blouses of smooth cotton, broad leather belts whose décor is devoted to Little Red Riding Hood and other oddities. . . . Casa Cuero, at 202 East 61st Street, is living up to its name (leather) in a somewhat unexpected sense, since its humor at the moment is to deal in boa-constrictor skins—either natural (that is, the browns, tans, and yellows that another boa constrictor would find attractive) or dyed purple, yellow, burgundy, or red, all lined with rayon satin. This results in mini-, knee, and midiskirts, safari jackets, vests, shorts, and gaiters—for occasions on which Dr. Livingstone, I presume, will be guest of honor. Small double pouch bags, four inches square and looking like cigarette cases, depend from narrow belts. They're snake, too. Reptiles run into money—skirts and vests begin at $45, and the jackets mount to $250. . . . The Far North for this semester is Fancy That, at 1006 Lexington Avenue (72nd) and 404 East 79th Street, the small local representative of Morocco, now that Elmer has shut down. What one would expect is there—embroidered caftans of striped sheer hopsacking, and Berber hooded capes of white cotton gabardine, and Berber slippers of brown leather, vigorously ornamented. There are, as well, frivolous shirt tunics of gauze covered with gold glitter and white floral embroidery, and five-foot belts of yarn and sequins and tassels. Sheik, and at half the price; nothing here is expensive. . . . One side-street representative of the small shops in the Fifties: Allen & Cole, at 150 East 54th Street, which goes in for tie-dye clothes, mostly of chiffon, for long, lean, and maybe hungry girls, in sizes 4 to 12. Again, the guessing is easy: caftans, togas, dresses of varied length, shirts, blouses—*you* know. My own delight: above-the-knee shifts of Pakistani cotton print at $15—just great. . . . And one little shop in the Forties—Greek Island, at 215 East 49th, and anyone can guess where *its* provender comes from. Striped (blue-and-white) cotton broadcloth or red-edged dishtowelling made into shifts,



"Is she artificially sweetened or is she the real McCoy?"

similarly striped bedticking made into long-sleeved tailored dresses or midiskirts or vast shawls that are flounced at the hem—that sort of trickery.

THERE is still short stuff, even in the big stores, to be bought now, before the fall—the fall of the hemline. The Country & Casual Shop at Bergdorf (it hasn't yet set up a Country & Western Shop) believes, naturally, in white piqué for summer. This produces Seasiders, which could just as well be Mountainsiders—thigh-length tunics split down the sides from the waist to the hem, and worn over shorts. Embroidered daisies—well, it *is* summer—go along with these. An emphatic cotton piqué—blue water, green leaves, Shocking-pink zigzags—makes tunics, trousers, sheaths, and Empire dresses. The prices are middling. . . . Bloomingdale's Sutton Place is serving up mini-, midi-, and maxidresses as if it really meant all of them. Ken Scott is the author; smooth or crinkly synthetic silk jersey, full of garden-fresh vegetable life, is usually the goods, though there *is* a macaroni print, too; $70 to $165 is the range. . . . Lord & Taylor's Discovery Shop is a wildlife preserve—tiger stripes on dresses of nylon jersey with close-fitting bodices, wide-open shoulders, and flaring knee-length skirts; leopard spots on the chiffon of Victorian mididresses with shirred high collars, long cuffs, and fairly high waists; pony-skin blobs on the rayon satin of ankle-length (here we go!) dresses; zebra stripes on the nylon jersey of long, slinky tubes weighing in at seven and a half ounces and converting at will from midi to mini with a sash. Most of this stuff is all-year, and none of it is costly. . . . Bonwit's Espresso Shop (open until mid-July) dispenses Portuguese fisherwomen's fare that goes to any lengths—miniskirts (red cotton in an arrow print) over checked underskirts, and ankle-length deals in checks and tiers of eyelet embroidery, with petticoats and bare-midriff bodices; up to $85. The Junior Sports Department presents bikinis of floral polyester-and-batiste that is opaque but will permit a tan, so says Junior Sports; just in case, the $15 required includes a tube of Antoine's Bain de Soleil. And in the luggage shop, on the street floor, there's three-to-a-set Lark baggage for plane riding, all of it carry-on—an under-the-seat suitcase, a tote bag, and a garment bag (this to be hung on the coat rack). They're of canvas, and are $45, $35, and $25, in the order named. . . . Bendel's Shoe Biz (the one on the first

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floor), knowing that it's not always fair weather, has laid on lightweight rubber boots in not very usual shades of taupe, beige, and gray, and in sizes 5 to 10. (Anything as small as 5 is, you surely know, hard to find.). . . Altman's, in a dream of fair, and fair-skinned, women who burn to a frizzle simply walking from a swim to shelter, is parcelling out romper bathing suits (several of them from Israel) in long-sleeved, crew-neck fashion (floral nylon or ocean-waves synthetic satin) and in long-sleeved, tailored- or sweatshirt-top fashion (navy polyester or nylon jersey); $30 and $40, respectively.

THE sunken plaza of the General Motors Building, across from the Plaza Hotel, has sprouted two special enterprises. One is Mädler, a German luggage-maker of great age and fairly great prices—leather suitcases, and impressive ones, at from $80 to $300. Suitcases of a just about weightless make-believe smooth calf or crushed patent leather are a lot less expensive. . . . The other sprout is Mario of Florence, which offers hand-sewn shoes made in Italy on American lasts. Women whose feet are not quite mates (and there are such) can acquire, say, a 7A and an 8B by waiting four weeks. Matching and unmatching feet look equally good in two-eyelet oxfords with wing tips or in pumps on three-and-a-half-inch heels, and the choice of leathers is reasonably voluminous. The décor can include cabochon-cut lapis lazuli, bits of gold metal, chains in pyramids. Evening pumps of lizard dyed this way and that way are adorned with matching scrolls. Pumps of silver kid wear domes of iridescent beads that will reflect the color of the dress that goes with them. The shop is plainly a valuable addition to our city. —M. M.

•

Tribe officials reported today that the box offices would open at 8 a.m. and gates at 11 a.m.

Each child-adult ticket combination receives a regular Little League sized baseball bat. Or, each child, under 16, holding an adult ticket worth $2 or more, also receives a bath.—*Youngstown* (*Ohio*) *Vindicator*.

Just on general principles.

•

SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From Grit*]

Some amputees of the Vietnam War are able to return to active duty, Dr. Richard B. Welch, who served in the Army Medical Corps, told the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons in New York City.

LETTER FROM LONDON

June 25

THE election seemed to everybody to pass off like a long, wildly improbable dream from which one awoke to find that it had all come true—Mr. Heath was in Downing Street, Mr. Wilson was out, and the trusted mirror of the opinion polls had reflected the wrong face. The result appears to have been brought about by one of those extraordinary quiet, subterranean rumbles of national change that should (but never do) teach the politicians that it is unwise to take the British people for granted. Last week, it seemed clear to profoundly depressed Conservatives that Labour was about to receive its third mandate from the country, which would settle it in power as the dominant, preferred party of the seventies, perhaps not to be ejected for many years. On the morning of the election, the leading pundits of the press kindly indicated where the Conservatives' campaign and their leaders' handling of it had probably failed to measure up against such overwhelming odds. Nobody—except Mr. Heath's campaign team, who had all along insisted stoutly (and had been politely disbelieved) that the messages they were getting from the constituencies up and down the country differed sharply from the discouraging findings of the opinion polls—could have expected the tables to be turned and the sitting tenant to be thrown out with quite such a resounding crash. Everybody was fallible, as it turned out—the knowing interpreters of the election, and the public unemotionally receiving their predigested conclusions about its almost certain result. Yet last Thursday, after all the weeks of brainwashing by the communications media, large numbers of the electorate walked around to their polling stations and marked their papers firmly for the Conservative candidate. On Friday morning, when a Conservative victory had become a sure thing and Mr. Wilson's face on TV, though he spoke bravely, looked already like a bleak map of defeat, the television crews were hastily decamping with their paraphernalia from Transport House, the Labour Party headquarters, where they had rigged everything up the day before to record the cheers for the returning victor, and moving to the Conservative Central Office, just across the way, on the other side of Smith Square, Westminster. Overnight, the public had also made the necessary mental crossing of the street, away from the amiable arrangement of small, neat features, the colder and watchful eyes, the familiar pipe and raincoat, to the new Prime Minister, whom they beheld waving from the steps of Downing Street that evening.

The shock for all, whether of joy or pain, was enormous. Even the Conservative rapture was at first a sort of floating euphoria. For the Labour faithful, who had never thought for a single moment of defeat, it was an appalling experience, which is still producing deep trauma. Since Friday, the air has echoed with praise, blame, and the sound of journalists manfully eating their own words. During the convalescent weekend, discussions continued to center on the great question of what had gone wrong for Labour, so that all over the country—even in strongholds where loyalty to the Party seemed as rigid as the poses in a Victorian family photograph—the voters had twitched themselves over, with varying degrees of irritability, to the Conservatives. There are those who think that the set of bad trade figures that was inconveniently published just before the election helped concentrate people's minds on Mr. Heath's constantly hammered warnings of the economic consequences of a Labour victory, perhaps including a second devaluation of the pound. Mr. Wilson derided Mr. Heath's arithmetic and, with real fury, denounced the introduction of devaluation talk as the last-minute electioneering dodge of a panic-stricken opponent. The Fleet Street printers' strikes, which left the country angrily without newspapers for a few days at the height of the campaign, may have reminded citizens of the Tory promise to tackle the long-overdue reform of labor relations—the bosses' side as well as the unions'. Mr. Wilson's Government had also promised modernizing legislation but had fallen lamely silent before looking the other way from the surge of costly wage boosts this spring. The Minister now appointed to the job, Mr. Robert Carr, is a quiet but impressive man, not yet much known to the public, and the greatest contrast possible to his ebullient predecessor, Mrs. Barbara Castle. He has had experience both on the shop floor and at a desk in his family's engineering works, and will need it all in the trials ahead, including a threatened strike of dockers, a militant union to which Labour and Conservative Governments look roughly alike.

Probably many of the voters who decided for Mr. Heath, however, did so for simple reasons of disillusion and dissatisfaction right there in their own homes. On Election Night, when people sat listening to the excited television commentators reel out the seemingly unending Tory swings, speakers in the provinces occasionally came on to explain that the achievement of a balance-of-payments surplus, which Labour had proudly made the cornerstone of its election record, must have seemed less important to some of its defecting supporters than bad local housing. Discontent with the shocking old slum patches still, like some black fungus, disfiguring many industrial areas of Mr. Wilson's affluent Britain clearly gave a shove to the Tory pendulum. Conservatives up and down the country had vigorously campaigned on the broken Labour pledge of five hundred thousand new houses a year, and had promised that sweeping out slum areas and improving the multitudes of seedy little homes that are below modern standards would be high on their program if they were returned. Above all, it was Edward Heath's relentless theme of the ever-rising cost of living that, it is thought, must have sunk into the voters' heads—or, anyway, into the heads of the wives, to whom economics are probably mumbo-jumbo but the dwindling amount of food that a pound buys today is real and awful. The new eighteen-year-old voters, whose political influence was being so nervously canvassed before the event, seem not to have bothered to sway the result very much, but their mothers, even in Labour households, are thought to have registered their exasperation in large numbers.

All in all, it was a dull and utterly materialistic campaign. Even Mr. Heath, the dedicated pro-European, did not often introduce the great controversial subject of Britain's approach to membership in the European Economic Community, which might have frightened off those voters who are violently against it. This omission, disappointing to very many people, has been repaired by the Prime Minister's swift appointment of Mr. Anthony Barber, his extremely efficient right-hand man in the high-powered Conservative Party machine that car-

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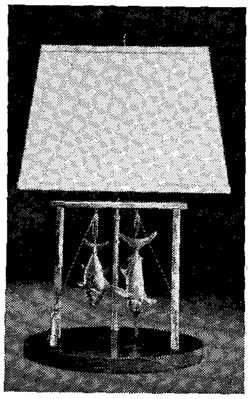

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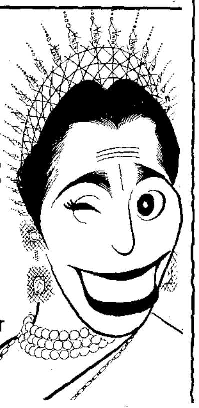

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ried him to victory, to be Britain's man in the Common Market negotiations, which begin a new round in Luxembourg next week. To many British, it is not the least cheering aspect of the change at the top that—as they hope has been noted among the E.E.C. partners—the European idea will now be put forward with real passionate conviction, which Mr. Wilson never quite succeeded in doing. When the Parliamentary battle on the subject is opened once more, it may be that his enthusiasm, now that he is in opposition and what back-benchers say is newly important, will be found to have cooled. The formidable leader of anti-European feeling in the Conservative Party and in the country will clearly be Mr. Enoch Powell. The discussion as to whether he would be a threat to Mr. Heath's leadership in defeat was abruptly silenced last Thursday, but he will obviously continue to be a presence of disturbing, carefully calculated power on the back benches of the new administration. His ideas on the dangers of a black population explosion and of going into the European Community are supported—sometimes covertly, sometimes with open enthusiasm—by a great many Conservatives outside Parliament.

There is no doubt in the minds of Conservatives that the upset result of the election was Ted Heath's extraordinary personal triumph, won in spite of the polls and in the teeth of the most unflattering press comment possible. He and the public were told encouragingly that he lacked charm and the easy common touch, which Harold Wilson was demonstrating so abundantly in his campaign journeys around the country. He was too serious, too stiff, and even friendly journalists who accompanied his campaign sighed that, in contrast to Mr. Wilson's folksy, wisecracking strolls among the people, his set speeches were frankly boring. Yet what happened, quite clearly, was that large numbers of the British people gazed thoughtfully at Mr. Heath on the telly and voted for honesty when they saw it. It was a win for character over skillful presentation. He has no tricks, and Mr. Wilson, who all along had set himself up in confident comparison, knows every trick in the political game. It seems that the brilliant performer misjudged the audience. In the bitter, stunned post mortem of Labour hopes now proceeding, it is most frequently said that he played the campaign too complacently even before it started, when he said on TV, answering the questions of an almost religiously respectful B.B.C. interviewer as he sat puffing away at his pipe like the most placid of squires settled among the flower beds of the No. 10 garden, that he did not believe the country was in the mood for a disturbing change of government. Because of this, he seemed to bring forward no new ideas and left Mr. Heath to make all the controversial running. The guess that England, perhaps helped along by the genial warmth of the beautiful summer, was sunk deep in an easygoing, permissive acceptance of the status quo and had no wish to be jolted awake turned out to be quite amazingly—and, in the thankful Conservative view, reassuringly—wrong. In the pause before the Government gets down to tackling the certainly stiff trials ahead, very many people seem greatly heartened by an election in which the voters so plainly ignored what their television sets and the newspapers and the pollsters told them, and decided to think for themselves. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

• •

THE RETURN

Turning from the holy example of saints
Crumbling into their contradictions
Our nakedness is new

Who discover rest
In this peace bones over bones
Like hands on a chest

•

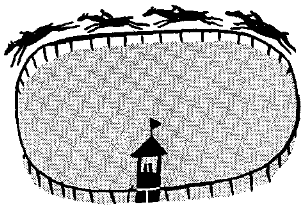
Without you I would not be who I am
Within you death smiles and cries
Like an old baby

While the song of all skeletons
Dressed or undressed has become
Love buries us in time

—JON SWAN

THE RACE TRACK

From Here to Sunday



BELMONT PARK's meeting closed last Saturday in far from ideal June weather, but it would take more than gray clouds and a sloppy track to dim the brilliance of Silent Screen's performance in the Saranac Handicap, for three-year-olds, at a mile. He was again the invincible colt who won five races on end last autumn, among them the Arlington-Washington Futurity, the Cowdin, and the Champagne Stakes. In the Saranac, he took the lead on the turn for home and sailed past the post three and a half lengths ahead of Aggressively. Naskra was third, half a length away. It was a big afternoon for Sonny Werblin, who owns the winner, and Bowes Bond, who trains him, for at just about the time Silent Screen was ending a long run of disappointments their Process Shot was beating a bunch of fillies and mares in the Whitemarsh Handicap at Liberty Bell Park in Philadelphia. In the paddock before the Saranac, Silent Screen looked as fit as could be, and it seemed to me that he had grown since I saw him last, in the Preakness in May. As Werblin watched the saddling, he complained of having a toothache, but I'll bet he forgot about it twenty minutes later, when the race started. After the break, Judgable, the long shot of the six runners, went off to a long lead for three-quarters of a mile while Rotz, on Silent Screen, appeared content to wait in third place, a head behind Tatoi. When Silent Screen made his run, though, it was all over except cashing your ticket on him, if you had one. He paid $4.80. The race plainly showed that his best distance is one mile.

THERE'S no shadow of a doubt about Nijinsky's being the best three-year-old in Europe. From all accounts, the Canadian-bred son of Northern Dancer swept irresistibly home in the Irish Derby at the Curragh of Kildare last Saturday. He was in close quarters on the rails with less than two furlongs to go when Ward, the Irish boy who rode him, found an opening and sent him through it to win going away by three lengths from Meadowville. He was the favorite, at 4–11, and it was his ninth victory in nine starts in two seasons. After the race, Charles Engelhard, who owns him, said that if all went well Nijinsky would run at Ascot next month, then in Paris for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in October, and once in America. That once, of course, would be in the International at Laurel on Veterans Day. Incidentally, Engelhard, who has horses all over, won a division of the Post-Deb Stakes at Monmouth Park the same afternoon with a little number named Capercaillie. E. P. Taylor, who bred Nijinsky, also had a winner. His unbeaten two-year-old filly Deceit galloped off with the Polly Drummond Stakes at Delaware Park. It was her sixth victory.

TO get back to Belmont Park, Reviewer, who has never been in better form, had a perfect prep the other afternoon for the Suburban at the Big A on the Fourth of July. The race was the Nassau County Stakes, and he took the lead quickly and went on to win by four lengths from Dewan, running the mile and a furlong over a sloppy track in 1:46⅕—a new course record. Gallant Bloom, who was third, twelve lengths behind Dewan, tired badly. She had reason to; not only was it her first start in months but she carried 121 pounds and gave big weight to everything except Dewan. Other items: Unity Hall, the Christiana Stable's nimble little runner, had no trouble adding the filly division of the National Stallion Stakes to her score, and Lake Delaware won the Grand National Steeplechase, the big jumping race of the meeting.

AFTER the excitement of the Queen's Plate in Canada, I cooled out the next day, a Sunday, at a table in the new terrace dining room overlooking the racecourse at Woodbine, and altogether it was as happy an afternoon as any I've spent in years. The racing was lively, and Sandy Hawley, Toronto's favorite jockey, rode five winners, four of them in a row. I'm all for racing on Sunday. New York should have it. The gentry in Albany would get more money out of it than they ever will out of off-course betting. And I respectfully suggest that the next Queen's Plate be run on a Sunday.

—AUDAX MINOR

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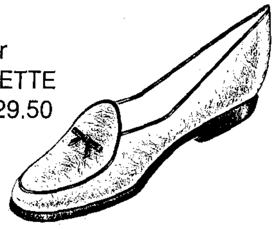

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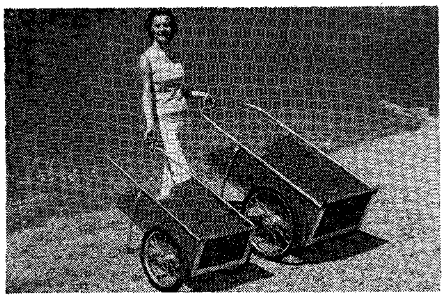

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK
JUNE 24, 1970

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN the pages of *The New Yorker* in February, in March, and earlier this month, I discussed evidence of the potential hazards to human beings, including those still to be born, from the use of the herbicides 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D. Thanks to the pressure of public opinion, the repeatedly expressed concern of a number of responsible biologists, and an investigation of the subject by the Senate Subcommittee on Energy, Resources, and the Environment, headed by Senator Philip A. Hart, of Michigan, the government, on April 15th, placed restrictions on the use of 2,4,5-T in this country. On the same date, David Packard, Deputy Secretary of Defense, announced that the use of 2,4,5-T for destroying crops and defoliating trails in Communist-controlled areas of South Vietnam would be discontinued "pending a more thorough evaluation" of the safety of the chemical. It has recently become known that all herbicidal-spraying operations in Vietnam have been suspended since Deputy Secretary Packard's announcement. However, it has also been made known that this suspension stems primarily from the exigencies of the Cambodian invasion and that the Department of Defense reserves the option of resuming such operations.

In the June 20th issue of this magazine, I discussed the ineffectual nature of the restrictions that the Administration had placed on the use of 2,4,5-T in this country and the consequent continuing dangers to public health. I would now like to discuss some further implications of our herbicidal warfare in Vietnam. Throughout the nine years in which the United States has waged this warfare, the Department of Defense has insisted that "the herbicides used are nontoxic and not dangerous to man or animal life." Unfortunately, this assurance was not based on scientifically established fact; the truth is that some twenty years after the development of 2,4,5-T, by the American chemical-warfare people during the Second World War, not a single study had ever been made of possible harmful effects of 2,4,5-T on the unborn. In 1966, the Bionetics Research Laboratories, of Bethesda, Maryland, operating under a contract with the National Cancer Institute to study the teratogenic, or fetus-deforming, effects of a number of industrial and pesticidal compounds, did adduce data showing that 2,4,5-T had marked teratogenic effects on experimental mice and rats, but this information did not become public until late last year, owing to dilatoriness on the part of government agencies and a general reluctance on the part of members of the Administration, including the President's own science advisers, to inform the public forthrightly of the potential dangers. And after this information was forced out of the Administration, spokesmen for the Department of Defense continued up to mid-April of this year to insist that the use of 2,4,5-T in Vietnam presented no potential hazards to human health. At that time, the Surgeon General of the United States conceded before the Hart subcommittee that 2,4,5-T did indeed present enough of a hazard to women of childbearing age to warrant suspension of its use around homes and gardens.

At the time the Department of Defense announced its suspension of the use of 2,4,5-T, the American military had sprayed from the air onto the countryside and the inhabitants of Vietnam a total of at least twenty thousand tons of the compound. There, 2,4,5-T has been used principally in a formulation, bearing the designation Agent Orange, that is an equal mixture of 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D. The latter has also never been shown to be nonhazardous to the unborn. Last year, a report summarizing the results of the same Bionetics Laboratories study that showed 2,4,5-T to be teratogenic characterized 2,4-D as "potentially dangerous" and "needing further study" as to teratogenicity. Since that time, another study, conducted by the Food and Drug Administration and using a formulation of 2,4-D on pregnant golden hamsters, is reported to have revealed teratogenic effects. The Surgeon General has said that he is not convinced that this study is conclusive evidence. However, another study within the F.D.A. has shown 2,4-D to have strong teratogenic effects on chick embryos.

If it is confirmed that 2,4-D poses dangers similar to those of 2,4,5-T, the American military will have unloaded not just twenty thousand but forty thousand tons of teratogenic chemicals upon the Vietnamese countryside. The suspension of the use of 2,4,5-T in

Vietnam has led to the suspension of the use of Agent Orange, and the Defense Department has consequently curtailed its defoliation operations—for the time being. According to a Department of Defense spokesman I talked with last week, the Department is now compiling a report on the incidence of birth defects in South Vietnam to determine whether any of these can be connected with defoliation operations. I do not know what the findings of this survey will be, but it seems to me most improbable that, in the midst of all the chaos, disease, malnutrition, and various dislocations of war, any really accurate statistics concerning the causes of birth defects can be obtained. Certainly even in the United States, the compilation of reliable statistics on birth defects and their causes is very inadequate; that the American military can make an accurate survey in Vietnam, where reliable statistics on birth defects are virtually nonexistent, seems more than dubious.

The history of herbicidal warfare in Vietnam is the history of a program that quickly overwhelmed its original, limited objectives, took on a life of its own, and grew into a thing of devouring and destructive proportions. Putting an end to such a program obviously runs counter to many special military and economic interests. The sales representatives of the great chemical companies have been extremely active during the expanding herbicidal-warfare program in Vietnam; when the demand for 2,4,5-T and Agent Orange there reached its peak, it exceeded the available supply, and the companies were ready to propose alternatives. The military requirements in respect to 2,4,5-T in Vietnam grew from two hundred thousand gallons in 1965 to one million three hundred thousand gallons in 1966, and to three million gallons in 1967—requirements that far exceeded the output. While that was happening, the management of the Dow Chemical Company, one of the largest manufacturers of 2,4,5-T, sent representatives to Vietnam to confer with the military on ways of supplementing the 2,4,5-T, and apparently they agreed on an alternative to Agent Orange consisting of 2,4-D and a herbicide called picloram—a mixture that Dow was selling under the trade name of Tordon. Without any significant field tests in Vietnam, very large quantities of the 2,4-D-picloram mixture were sent out from the Dow factories in 1966 and 1967 and were put into use as a defoliant under the code name Agent White. (Dow was,

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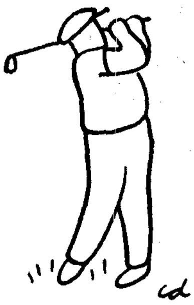
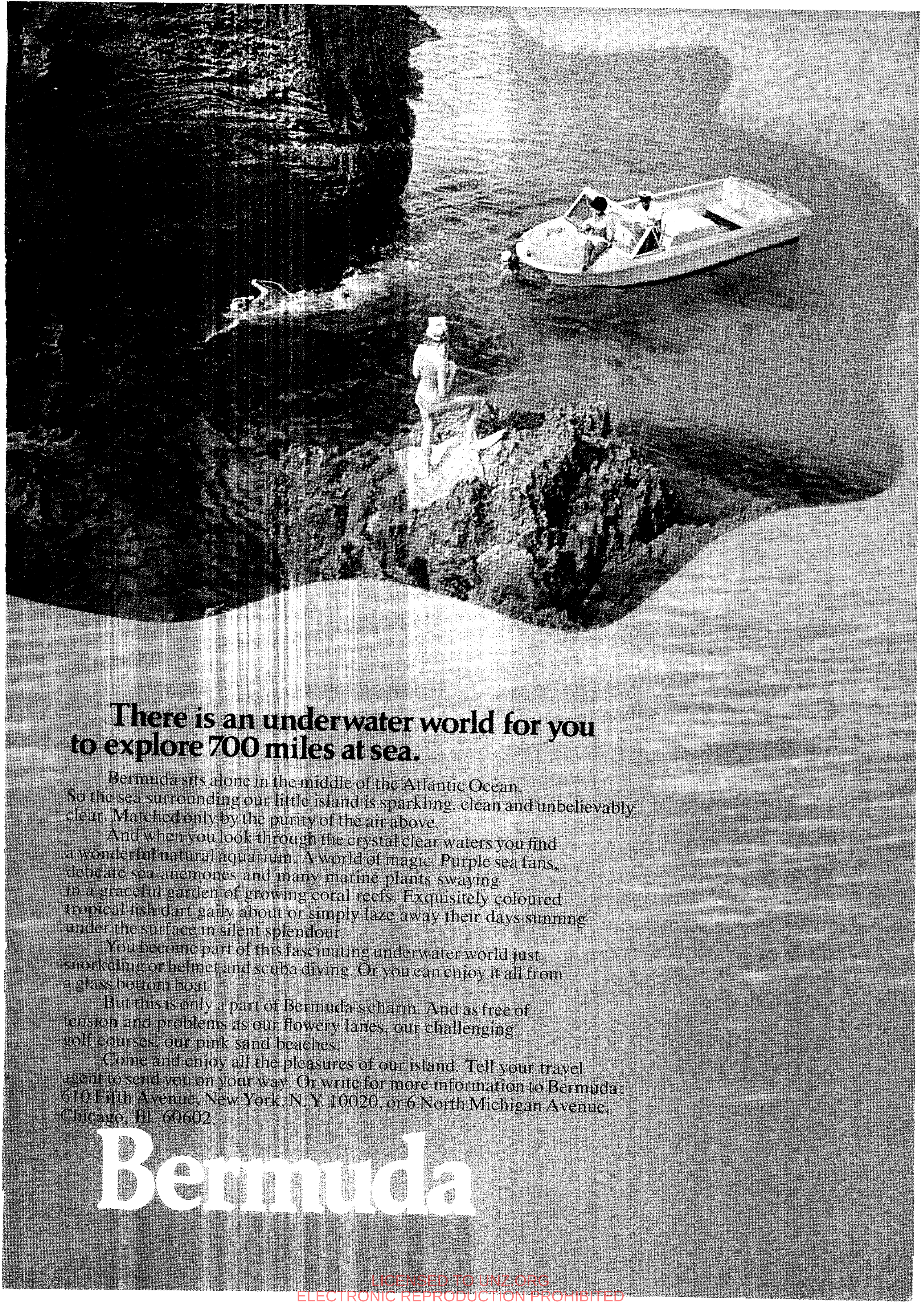
and still is, its sole producer.) Now, picloram is one of the most persistent and long-lived of all herbicides. An article in a Dow publication on tests of the material in California reported that only three and a half per cent of it disappeared from certain clay soils after a period of four hundred and sixty-seven days. In this country, the use of picloram on food crops is not permitted; four Department of Agriculture scientists warned in a recent scientific paper, "Minute amounts of this potent herbicide irrigated on sensitive crops could have disastrous results." A spray operation using picloram to defoliate sections of the border between Canada and the United States, which our government started in 1966, was recently discontinued. It appears that even scientists working for the Army at Fort Detrick, Maryland, its research center for chemical and biological warfare, were not happy about the use of picloram in Vietnam, and in 1968, after production of Agent Orange picked up, the use of Agent White dropped off sharply.



Considering this situation, in which the military, abetted by solicitous chemical salesmen, willingly supplemented the wholesale use of one incompletely tested chemical with the wholesale use of another incompletely tested chemical, it seems proper to wonder whether the military might be considering the reintroduction of picloram into defoliation operations in Vietnam. In this connection, it is hardly reassuring to learn of a communication this month from a Dow vice-president to Senator Hart's subcommittee revealing that there has been recent discussion between Dow and the Defense Department about further procurement of Agent White for Vietnam.

Agent Orange and Agent White have been used primarily, though not exclusively, for forest defoliation in Vietnam. Meanwhile, for crop destruction there, the military have primarily used Agent Blue, an aqueous solution of cacodylic acid. Since 1962, approximately half a million acres of crops, mostly rice, have been deliberately destroyed from the air in a "food-denial program," designed to deprive the Vietcong of rations. According to pronouncements by American military spokesmen, these operations have been carried out only in "thinly populated" and "remote" areas "known to be used to produce food for Vietcong military units." In terms of depriving Vietcong units in the affected areas of food, and thus reducing their military efficiency, the operations have been publicly characterized by the military as successful. However, I believe that the notion that the prinicipal losers as a result of the program are the Vietcong is a fallacious one. The principal losers are members of the civilian population within and around the sprayed areas. If one takes the total figure of five hundred thousand acres of crops destroyed in Vietnam to represent rice crops, as it mainly does, it is possible, on the basis of the average yield of rice per acre, to calculate that about two hundred thousand tons of growing rice have been destroyed so far. Three-quarters of what the Vietnamese people eat is rice, and, on the average, a Vietnamese consumes about five hundred grams of rice a day, for a total of about one-fifth of a ton per year. Assuming that people in the affected areas have been practicing subsistence agriculture, one can calculate that the spraying of half a million acres would destroy enough rice to feed a million people for a year. Of those people, how many were Vietcong? If one accepts the Defense Department's claim that the affected areas are "thinly populated," one has to assume that the Department is calculating this population density in terms of a broad area. In terms of broad areas, the average Vietcong population is about two per cent of the total Vietnamese civilian population. Thus, it can be estimated that the American military destroyed the rice supply of a million people with the aim of denying food to twenty thousand Vietcong. Or, to put it another way, in order to deprive the Vietcong of one ton of rice the American military has to destroy fifty tons of rice that would ordinarily support members of the civilian population. Yet if you deprive a million Vietnamese civilians of food in order to deprive twenty thousand Vietcong of food, does it follow that the Vietcong *are* in fact deprived of food? It seems that occasionally local Vietcong units have indeed suffered food shortages, but prisoner-of-war reports indicate that on the whole the Vietcong have continued to be adequately fed, crop destruction or no crop destruction. In the history of warfare, as many competent biologists and nutritionists—including Professor Jean Mayer, formerly of Harvard, who is President Nixon's special adviser on nutrition—have pointed out, it



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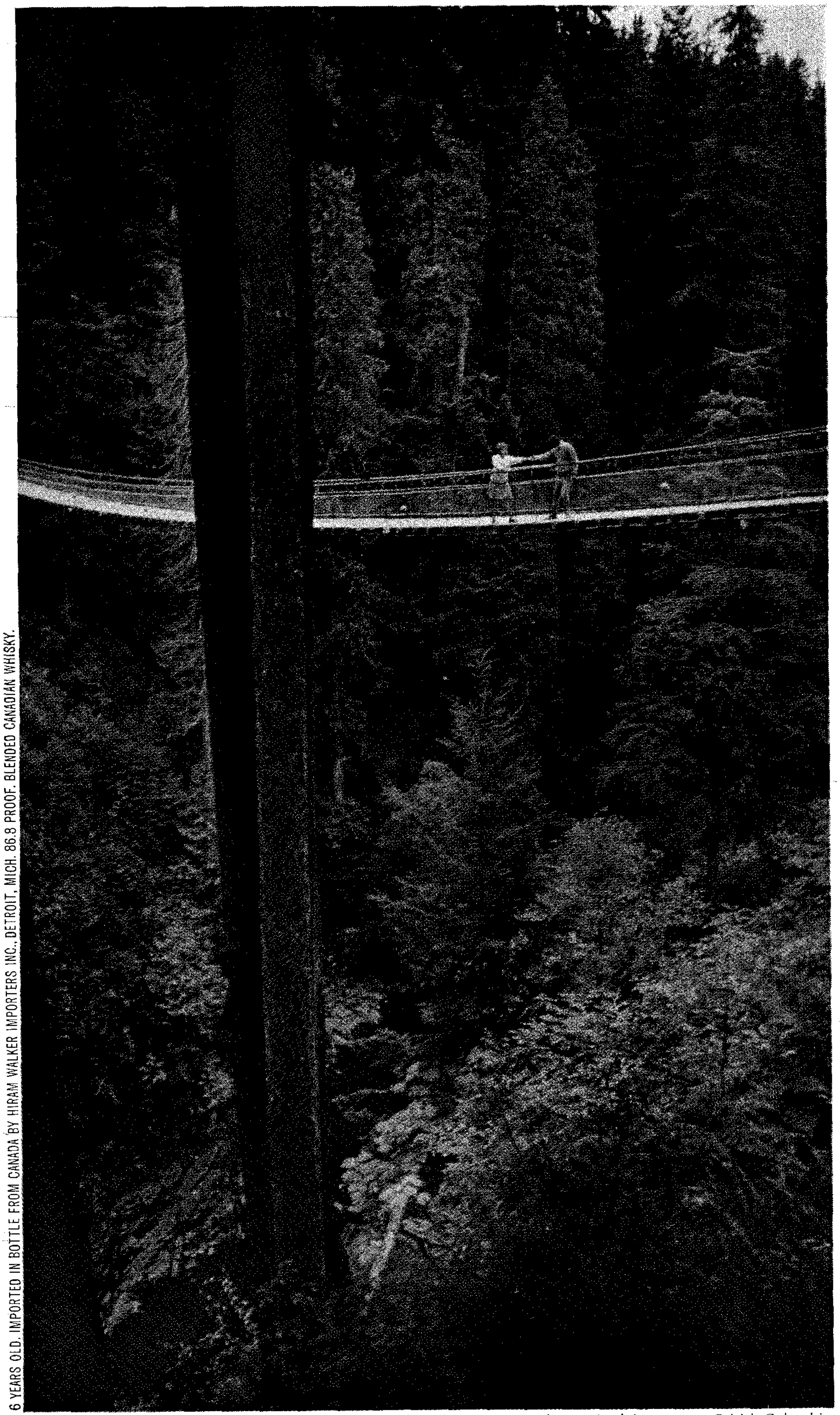

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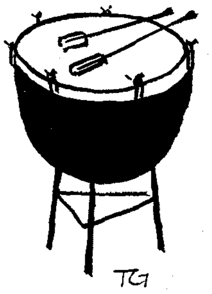
has always been the fighting men who had first claim to whatever food was available, and it has been the civilians who suffered the shortages. Guerrilla war in Vietnam is no exception to this rule, and the fact seems to be that, as a whole, the crop-destruction program has not achieved its purpose. At least a million people have been denied the equivalent of a year's supply of food, and at least a million gallons of a solution of cacodylic acid, which is fifty-four per cent arsenic, and is described in the authoritative "Merck Index" as "poisonous," has been sprayed on a country we are supposedly defending. The Department of Defense has always insisted that the formulation of cacodylic acid that is used in Vietnam is harmless to men and animals alike. However, the Defense Department for years gave us the same kind of assurance about 2,4,5-T without ever having initiated the necessary tests for teratogenic, mutagenic, or carcinogenic effects to determine if in fact it was harmless. A military document known as Combined Campaign Plan, Joint U.S. Psychological Warfare Directive, instructs personnel:

> In defoliation operations, explain the necessity for the operation, explain the effect of the chemicals with emphasis on the fact that they are not toxic to human beings or animals, explain the indemnification program, and encourage the people to become refugees and leave the area that is to become permanently defoliated.

An official in the Pentagon who is connected with the herbicidal program recently told a visitor that pilots carrying out American herbicidal-spraying missions "hate" Agent Blue, because "it takes the paint off their planes" and has a generally corrosive effect. As the Pentagon sees it, apparently, Agent Blue is not toxic to men or to animals; it is toxic only to airplanes.



While the military may have officially expressed the opinion that the defoliation and crop-destruction operations in Vietnam have been successful, the private views of many people connected with the programs there are not nearly so positive. I have heard it reported by people close to the operations that as far back as 1967, at the peak of the crop-destruction program, internal reviews made by the military indicated that the primary effect was upon civilians, and that the operations did not affect the military power of the Vietcong to any substantial degree. At least certain civilian employees of the Pentagon seem to have been made aware, by prisoner-of-war and other reports, of the extreme bitterness that the defoliation and crop-destruction operations have engendered among the Vietnamese peasants, whose rice crops, growing on their ancestral ground, represent their lifework, their security, and their hopes. This bitterness has undoubtedly contributed to the successful recruitment of civilians to the Vietcong cause, and therefore one sees that quite a few of the Vietcong whom the American military have tried unsuccessfully to starve out are likely to be replaced thanks to the "food-denial program." Very recently, a responsible civilian in the Pentagon with whom I talked about herbicidal warfare began to wonder out loud whether, in view of all the difficulties involved, the game, as he put it, was really worth the candle. Yet the urge to go on with the game, if that is the word, remains. The Defense Department contemplates further crop-destruction sorties after the pullout of American forces from Cambodia. "We're just now getting into some harvesting times," a military source in Saigon was quoted as saying in the *Times* of June 23rd.

The last thing the people responsible for herbicidal warfare are willing to say is that the program should be stopped altogether. They do understand the value of appearing to give ground to critics. But one of the military men in charge of the entire herbicidal-warfare program in Vietnam is reliably reported to have told a visitor some time ago that he didn't really know how effective the program was but that he thought the fact of its existence would help the cause of the chemical-warfare people in the Army. As a man who is very familiar with the program in Vietnam told me recently, "What's going on now is that as the pullout from Vietnam continues, the people in charge of different weapons systems are struggling among themselves for a piece of the postwar pie. There's intense competition over the question of what programs are going to survive. This includes the herbicidal-program people. They are ready enough to curtail their operations now just so long as they can keep the program somehow ticking over and keep the principle alive."

It seems to me that not only the program but the principle should be killed off. It seems to me that the nine-year disaster of herbicidal warfare in Vietnam can and should be ended now

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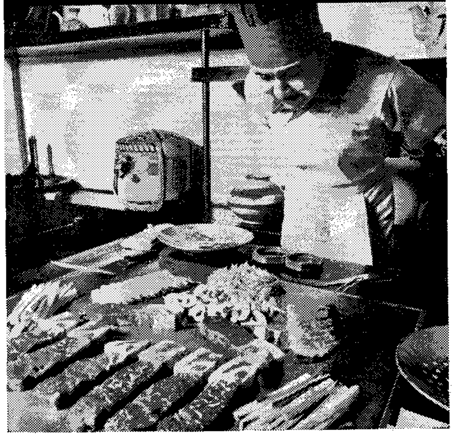

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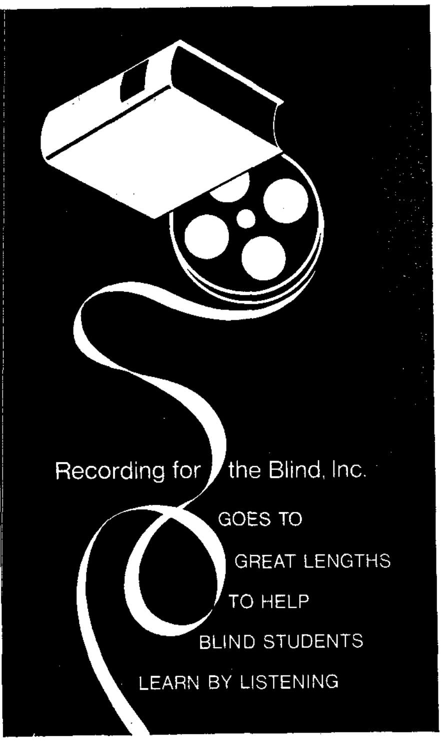
by the force of public opinion. The manner in which the employment of hazardous and untested chemical herbicides in Vietnam has grown, feeding on itself, and inflicting suffering, hardship, and the risk of damage to the unborn upon the Vietnamese population, brings it altogether too close to the monstrous vision of full-scale chemical and biological warfare.

Last November, President Nixon proclaimed that the United States was renouncing the first use of lethal or incapacitating chemical weapons, and that under no circumstances, even in retaliation, would it use biological weapons. He also announced that he was submitting to the Senate for ratification the Geneva Protocol of 1925, which prohibits the use of chemical and biological weapons in warfare. The President did not include chemical defoliants and crop-destroying agents among weapons we renounce. I believe that the time has come for the President to put a formal end to herbicidal warfare, in Vietnam now and anywhere else in the future, and for our government to make it clear that the United States regards herbicidal-warfare agents as banned weapons under the Geneva Protocol.

Although the Protocol, which was drawn up before the invention of chemical defoliants and crop-destroying agents, does not specifically mention herbicides, it is known to have been deliberately written in broad language in order to include in its prohibitions a wide spectrum of noxious warfare agents. Last winter, a resolution holding that the Geneva Protocol prohibits the use in war of all chemical agents directed at men, animals, or plants was introduced at the United Nations General Assembly by Sweden and twenty other nations, and although the United States voted against it and brought pressure on many other delegations to do likewise, the resolution was passed by a vote of eighty to three.

In a letter to the *Times* last December, Philip Noel-Baker recalled a conversation he had had with Henri Bonnet, who, like Mr. Noel-Baker, served in the League of Nations Secretariat. According to Mr. Noel-Baker, M. Bonnet assured him, "The form of words [in the Protocol] is good. It prohibits every kind of chemical or bacterial weapon that anyone could possibly devise. And it has to. Perhaps someday a criminal lunatic might invent some devilish thing that would destroy animals and crops."

Sincerely,
THOMAS WHITESIDE



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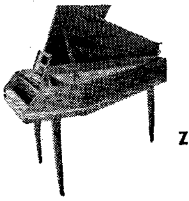

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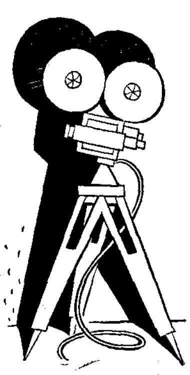
THE CURRENT CINEMA

This England, This Past



SUNDAY matins, the Sunday joint. Oh, England. How D. H. Lawrence loved the place and hated its suffocating rituals. Christopher Miles' film of Lawrence's "The Virgin and the Gypsy" begins in the grip of the English middle-class Sabbath at full strength. In the dour light of Derbyshire, twenty miles away from industrialism, a rector played by Maurice Denham avidly introduces one of the Church of England's most metrically depressing hymns. His two grown daughters are coming back from school for good; we see them at the station, and then they go straight into the hell of the family Sunday lunch. The meal is nearly as allegorical about bourgeois England between the wars as the one in "Buddenbrooks" is about rising Germany. It nails a certain characteristic gluttony for the dismal, a certain kind of roughness without much fun or ease, and a certain contradictory sense of a pitiful privation that has no tongue. The vicar, full of skulking self-love, carves the joint and makes brittle small jokes. Aunt Cissie, gray-faced, so buttoned up that food strikes her as some sort of licentious outrage, grimly eats a single boiled potato. Granny—played by Fay Compton, and therefore a less gross figure than the prognathous monster in the book—plants her old bulk firmly on her chair and begins before the others. The girls get the giggles, through terror, and famine of any other impulse. In this stone vicarage, in this industrial Midland county where no one is ever entirely well, in this house of proscription and sarcasm, where the air has the stagnancy of a crypt and where Granny rules the pious table with a pagan and lewd form of majesty that turns the girls' stomachs, Lawrence's two virgins are waiting to be wakened into sensual life. The story of Yvette (Joanna Shimkus) is one of his Sleeping Beauty parables; it directly foreshadows "Lady Chatterley's Lover," which he began in the same year (1926). The girl is wonderfully well played. Hidden somewhere in the ethereal romantic is the hint of a peculiar insulation and self-will, like her grandmother's. She belongs to the bourgeois freemasonry, however charming and wayward she is for the moment, with her straying detachment from heavy Midland things, and her insistence on wearing a red dress that the family calls fast, and her growing passion for a gypsy whom you know she will drop as soon as he has wakened her from this stone sleep. Franco Nero plays the gypsy. The character is one of Lawrence's risky ones: melodramatic, not without romantic bathos, yet somehow also commanding and natural. There are fine scenes for him in the film (which has been well adapted by Alan Plater). He emits a mysterious force of endurance that is very Lawrentian. It is the endurance of the primitive man who survives by opposition but without an idea of victory. The unlocking of the virgin's soul is no particular triumph for him. There is no feeling that he has magicked her. In fact, in the last scene—freighted with symbolism—when he at last makes love to her in her own house, while it is being flooded with racing brown mill water, there is an interlude shot when he comes out onto the stairs to look at the water in a mood of terror about what he is going to do. Stir up middle-class England and you unleash a good deal. The character of the girl comes out in the film as having terrific dewy stubbornness. She hates her family. She hates this house, where her hypocrite father snipes at the bad blood that his children inherited from their mother, who ran away with another man. She loathes her greedy grandmother and the terrorized maids and the bedrooms where women sleep two by two in rather repulsive, testy surrogate communion. She develops a crush on a racy divorcée (Honor Blackman) who has eloped with a Major Eastwood to live with him in a very twentyish kind of brazenness that is actually too hysterical to be at all free. But, all the same, the girl belongs obstinately to her class. She would like to pull the temple down, but she would prefer to keep the prestige of picking away at the columns from within.

If you care for Lawrence—and though the draft of the novel was never revised, some of it is magnificently written—the film is likely to strike you as truthfully done and satisfying. Some of the lines sound prosy, some of the camerawork is busy and rubs your nose in its points, but the picture is an intelligent piece of work, with Lawrence's strength and a passing silent humor of its own. There are scenes one doesn't forget: the tyranny of the old lady about a crossword puzzle, choosing to be deaf so as to extract the maximum attention, although she can hear like a weasel when no one wants her to; a naked bathing sequence, with the characters full of a perfectly in-period jolliness about free love; the vicar telling a fearful joke about the pearly gates; the more timid sister sobbing over coming from "half-depraved stock" after one of her father's outbursts about his ex-wife, whom he would surely like to rub out from sight altogether, except that his daughters keep reprinting her image in his head. Lawrence, tarred and feathered in his time for his longing to free instinct and language, fills even his lesser books with the nobility of a man out on his own.

THE film of "Myra Breckinridge" has opened, with Mae West. The structure is a mess and the calculation muddled, unlike the novel's. Hellbent on going too far, the film applies great violence to no visible object for violence. Something is being ridiculed, but not Momism, not the times, not Hollywood fans, not convention—the people who swallow the picture, perhaps. The film is obsessed with gender, which the filmmakers seem to think is the same thing as sex.

AS nothing any good has been done in pornography since, roughly, "The Story of O," it's not surprising that people are generally uncomplaining about the poor achievements of the present outbreak of pornographic pictures in New York. Everyone talks about how far out they are, but no one apart from the wags and the prigs seems to say that they are wretchedly bad, although the obvious truth is that they have no style and that the eroticism is pinchbeck. Perhaps a consumer report would be useful, if some good soul at the front would undertake it. "Events," for instance, a new picture from Grove Press, could fairly be given one out of ten for sexiness, five for intent (vitiatingly arty), zero for wit, eight for the tirelessness of its camera wobble, one for dialogue. If the film were to be buried in a vault, the improvised lines would confirm to historians centuries later that the nineteen-seventies in the West put artistic worth upon a matchless gaucherie. The fumbled slang is all here: "You know, it's, like, people digging each other, you know;" "She really digs her body;"

"No big hassle." There is a great deal of plot. Like half the art/porn movies now on the market, this is a film-within-a-film about a young director who is making a pornographic movie. Camera in hand, he rehearses his leading actress by rather dismally starting to make love to her, but they are interrupted by the doorbell—which makes you wonder why the director of "Events" couldn't have gone to answer it instead of the supposedly busy director in the story. There is then a grotesquely funny scene, with a group of the groovy bursting in, all of them made practically arthritic as actors by the peculiar constraint of improvising hip relaxedness for a hand-held camera. They introduce themselves with due formality to the naked leading lady. "How do you do?" she says graciously.

I think it is partly the iron lack of humor that makes many of the pornographic films at the moment so glum, so oddly puritanical, so signally bad at what they are trying to do. Now that we are persuaded to buy "calorie-free" food, as though calories were the most fundamentally desirable thing for food to be free of, I suppose a market for sensuality-free pornography can't be far behind. In the meantime, what are we getting? It is rather like the case of the margarine that is being advertised on TV over a shot of cows and identified as the margarine that is most eaten in dairyland. That's as may be, but it still isn't butter.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

POPE CORRECTION

VATICAN CITY—POPE A059-70 GRAF FROM END A070 READ IT XXX SACRED DUTIES XXX STED CUTIES.—*A.P. wire dispatch.*

Sounds more like Vatican City, anyway.

•

10:00 P.M. (WJAS AM—1320; FM—99.7) Alan Douglas. Discussion of upcoming crises for modern man; big worries we thought we'd never need to face with Dr. Robert Plonsey and Professor David Fleming, Western Reserve University.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

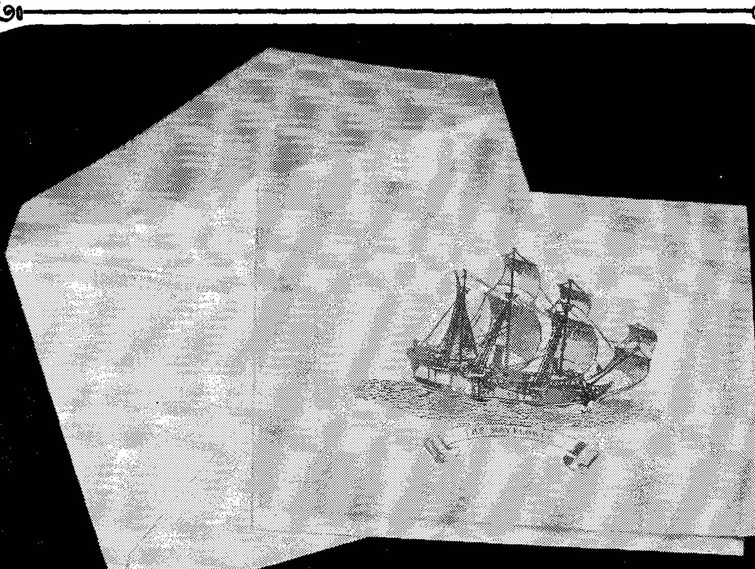
Better than facing them alone.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE ECONOMIC SCENE

[*From the San Luis Obispo County (Calif.) Telegram-Tribune*]

San Francisco (UPI)—The president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Co. said Friday his firm's request for a $67 million rate hike wasn't inflationary because "it gives people less income for discretionary spending."



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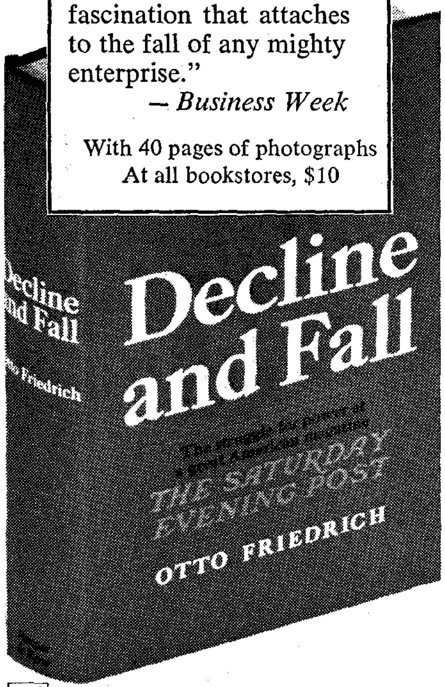
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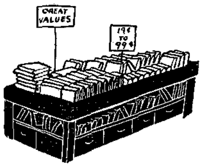
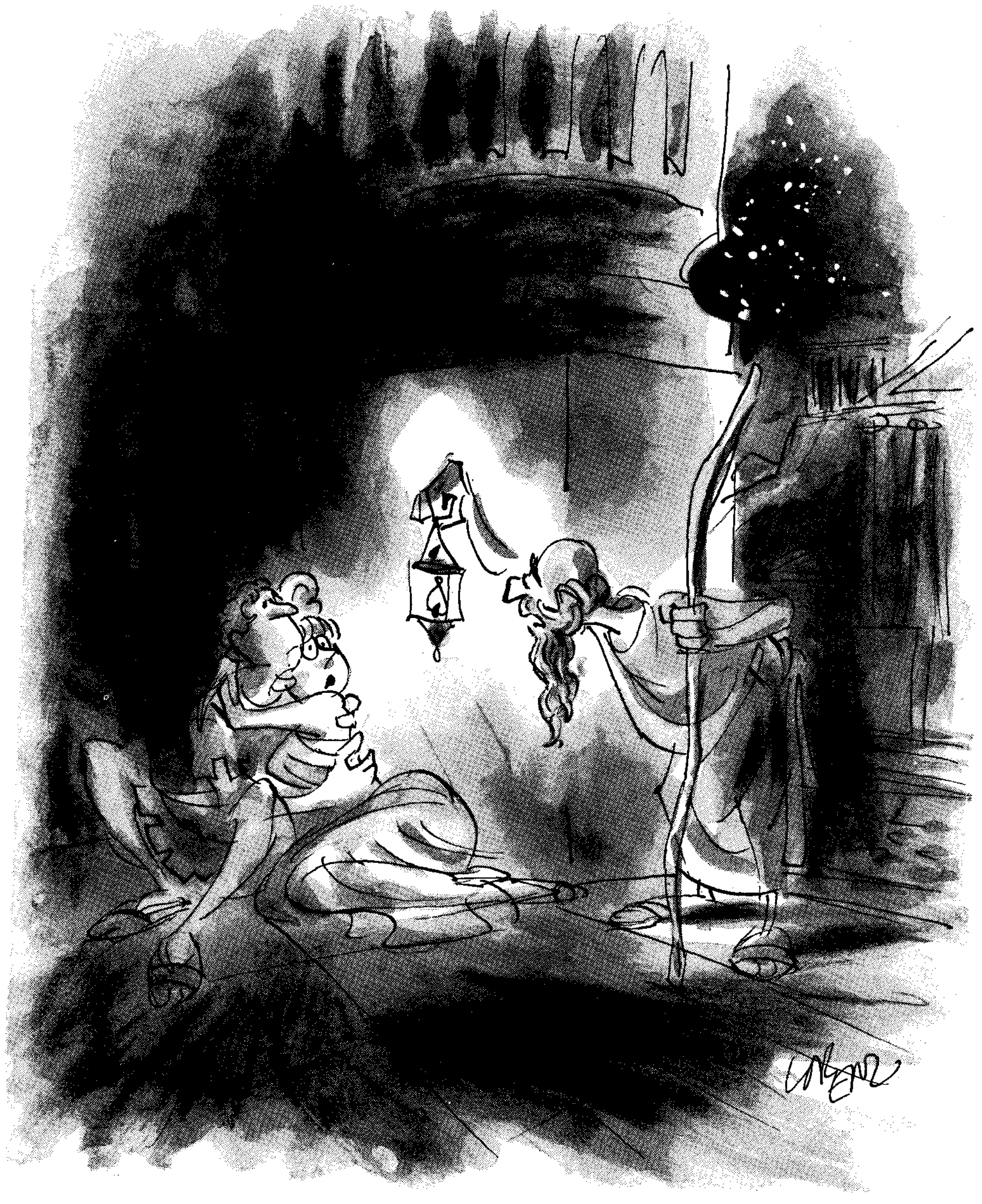


"LOSING BATTLES" (Random House), Eudora Welty's new novel, begins with a rooster crowing and the moon going down "one day short of the full." Although the day is specific—an August Sunday in the nineteen-thirties, in the northeastern hill country of Mississippi, near the small town of Banner—the dawn we witness seems more like the first morning of the world. By the time the novel is over, the rich local speech of its characters has managed another note: the sound of a chorus telling its version of the story of the human race. One tale made up of many, layer on layer, the novel advances in a series of rural comedy scenes that recall the head-on collisions and mock calamities of slapstick farce. But its real action winds downward and backward into the past through remembered incidents, each voice supplying another thread of the tangled story of the Vaughn, Renfro, and Beecham families as they gather to celebrate the ninetieth birthday of Elvira Jordan Vaughn—Granny. Granny is eventually the center of a throng of people—her grandchildren, her great-grandchildren, babies, friends, neighbors, strangers—and dogs. Surrounding her, the crowd is itself surrounded by a natural world described in deliberately metaphorical terms; the long comedy is suffused by nature, not played against it, and it departs from the natural only through the machine and the homemade (the wreck of a truck, a banged-up school bus, a tin roof, a makeshift wedding dress)—the broken-down engines of poverty and the ingenious charms that ward it off.

Because "Losing Battles" is social rather than psychological, it is focussed on the group. None of its characters occupies the stage for long; stage center belongs to the chorus. Its hero, therefore, is a *real* hero, in the theatrical sense, and his arrival is prepared for as carefully as the entrance of the lead in a romantic comedy. Nineteen-year-old Jack Renfro, who has served two years in the pen for trying to rescue Granny's gold ring while protecting his sister's honor, escapes from jail the day before he would have been paroled, in order to attend Granny's reunion. And when he appears, he is everything we expected: charming, undauntable, true-blue—the spunky teen-ager of the comic strip, the golden boy of legend. Yet in his seemingly competent hands the world continually flies apart. Waiting for him are his orphan-wife and former teacher, Gloria, and the baby he has never seen. As Jack, Gloria, and the baby—the tiny family inside the big one—wander away once or twice to undergo their adventures, a rival center of the story comes to light: an offstage character, Julia Mortimer, the teacher at the Banner school, whose career has spanned the generations. A disruptive force in the impoverished but exuberant lives of the Banner farmers, she is resisted, but her strength matches theirs, not so much in a losing battle as in a battle of equal powers—that is, until hers fail. The day of Granny's reunion turns out to be the day Julia Mortimer dies.

The coincidence is appropriate; Granny and Miss Mortimer, though never in conflict in the narrative, are opposed powers in the novel. Granny, the "source" of the more than fifty people present, hands on the torch of biological renewal. Miss Mortimer dreams of handing on a torch of a different kind; she has a vision of a stream of teachers and students following in her path, the bearers of a tradition of learning and knowledge. Gloria Renfro is the pivotal character between the two older women, the unwitting carrier of a double heritage, for she is both Miss Mortimer's chosen protégée and Jack Renfro's wife, both the mate and the educator of her husband. Lacking



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Miss Mortimer's sense of commitment and Jack's capacity for love in general, Gloria is endearing and life-size, a game fighter caught between larger forces—and, just possibly, a winner.

Granny's reunion is a day of revelations, each erasing a mystery, only to leave another in its place. When Judge Moody, the man who sentenced Jack, arrives, battle-scarred, after a scene that Harold Lloyd would have appreciated (the Judge abandons his Buick, its motor running, as it dangles precariously on top of a hill, the object of punishing attempts at rescue, including a charge of dynamite), he, too, it turns out, has secret information: a letter scrawled by Miss Mortimer before her death. He reads it as night falls over the reunion. In it Miss Mortimer sums up her life:

> I've had it driven in on me—the reason I never could win for good is that both sides were using the same tactics.... A teacher teaches and a pupil learns or fights against learning with the same force behind him. It's the survival instinct. It's a mighty power, it's an iron weapon while it lasts. It's the desperation of staying alive against all odds that keeps both sides encouraged. But the side that gets licked gets to the truth first. When the battle's over, something may dawn there—with no help from the teacher, no help from the pupil, no help from the book.... Now that... I can survey the years, I can see it all needs doing over, starting from the beginning.... I'm alive as ever, on the brink of oblivion, and I caught myself once on the verge of disgrace. Things like this are put in your path to teach you. You can make use of them, they'll bring you one stage, one milestone, further along your road. You can go crawling next along the edge of madness, if that's where you've come to. There's a lesson in it. You can profit from knowing that you needn't be ashamed to crawl—to keep on crawling, to be proud to crawl to where you can't crawl any further. Then you can find yourself lying flat on your back—look what's carried you another mile.... And there's something I want to impart to you.... It's a warning. There's been one thing I never did take into account. Watch out for innocence.

Julia Mortimer's last and biggest lesson is that lessons come from life, not from books, and she is buried not under the doorstep of the Banner school, as she requested, but in an ordinary grave. Banner takes her in, at last, all too literally.

The small-town values, the Baptist and Methodist sureties that permeate "Losing Battles," could easily seem remote—a world under glass. Miss Welty transcends the narrow range of its action without shifting focus or underlining a point. From under the comic surface of the novel the vapors of the dungeon rise. Brutality, senility, death, and murder make their appearances, as ominous as the coffin in the back of the gravedigger's truck when he rolls up, unbidden, to the reunion. And certain scenes have a startling, primitive intensity. When the mystery of Gloria's parents seems about to be solved, when it seems likely that she has always been a part of the family and is therefore a first cousin of Jack's, she cries out, "I don't want to be a Beecham!... I won't be a Beecham!" The gathered aunts, crying "Say Beecham!," throw her to the ground and force her to swallow chunks of watermelon, the juice covering her face and body like blood. The domestic, female world of food, child-rearing, and gossip suddenly takes on the shock of an initiation or a sacrifice. Granny gets up on a table to dance—a macabre bit of theatre.

When violence crops up in "Losing Battles," it is always in scale. The humor, on the other hand, is not; it is outsize, a humor of accordionlike expansion—the slow take, the double take, the take repeated. The longwindedness of Judge Moody's Buick scene is an integral part of what makes it funny: attempts to rise from the dust only fix the strivers more deeply in it. Losing battlers are dogged; they go on and on. The novel is not symbolic, an allegory or a parable, but as its characters stumble into a series of follies, which in turn lead to more, this effect of mistake piled upon mistake, this sense of endless wasted effort, reverberates largely in a book whose basic ingredients are the big ones: birth, love, and death—each leading to the others in endless repetition. In "Losing Battles," it is effort and resistance that count. The title is ironic; there are no victories other than survival.

As comical and feeling as it is, "Losing Battles" is neither ingratiating nor sentimental. In its large design, human meanness and failure are given their just due. There are no false notes. Because nothing is shirked and nothing is whimsical, poverty never makes a sociological point. It isn't picturesque; it doesn't call for pity. No one in "Losing Battles" is a freak or a statistic. The ties that bind its people together are as necessary as water. Everyone (except Jack's young brother) is a prodigal talker, for the sound of the human voice is a major entertainment and a source of security; it has staying power. The people sing hymns, they listen to a sermon, they talk on through the day and into the night; the way a tale is told has as much value as the truth it tells. The idea that these characters are simpleminded or buffoons or hillbillies or crackers never comes up; Miss Welty is too good and too just a writer. And in the character of Granny she earns our complete confidence. Granny could, in other hands, have been maudlin or idiosyncratic. Here, perfectly poised and funny as hell, she eludes the obvious as well as the eccentric.

"Losing Battles" is the attempt of people in a history book they can't quite read to tell and reshape their story, to explain how it never was and never could be what it first appears to be. In one splendid passage Miss Welty makes her theme clear:

> "And we're sitting here in the dark, ain't we?" said somebody.
>
> "Turn on them lights, then, Vaughn!" Uncle Dolphus called. "Why did you let 'em snake in here and hook you up to current for? For mercy's sakes let's shine!"
>
> Suddenly the moonlit world was doused; lights hard as pickaxe blows drove down from every ceiling and the roof of the passage, cutting the house and all in it away, leaving them an island now on black earth, afloat in night, and nowhere, with only each other. In that first moment, every face, white-lit but with its caves of mouth and eyes opened wide, black with the lonesomeness and hilarity of survival, showed its kinship to Uncle Nathan's, the face that floated over theirs. For the first time, all talk was cut off, and no baby offered to cry. Silence came travelling in on solid, man-made light.

Mostly talk (and what talk!), "Losing Battles" brings to life voices that are individually characteristic and yet archetypal. The folk tale, the metaphor, and the realistic novel have been welded into a single sound. For its author, a pastoral clearly needs farmers. The result is an epic of kin rather than a family chronicle, specifically American in its speech but universal in its poetry, as if Mark Twain and the Shakespeare of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" had collaborated in celebrating three basic human rituals: a birthday, a wedding, and a funeral.

—HOWARD MOSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SPECTOR, by Marc Davis (Scribners). Mr. Davis delineates the life and career and illuminates the mind of a young "sick" night-club comedian-mimic-monologuist, Steve Spector, who never suspects himself more sincerely than when solid success, with nationwide acclaim and oceans of money, turns to smile at him. "When the satirized applauds

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the satirist, one of them is probably lying," he says. Steve's disgust with society keeps him alive—or, at least, going—and working. The question is, what will that society's approval do to him? He despises the mediocrity of the world he attacks, and he despises himself for being such a competent mirror of it. A few grains of humor might have saved him, but although he is likable and good and quick and courageous—a magnificent character study—Steve has no humor. He is a clever, embittered innocent who has learned how to jeer with style—his street-corner wit is his great shock tactic—and Mr. Davis leaves him as he finds him, in crisis. The story begins and ends in Manhattan, with a tortured interlude in whirling Greenwich Village, where Steve goes in search of companionship, and a desperate interlude in Chicago, his native city, where he shuttles between his current night club and the tiny apartment where his mother lies dying. No doubt about it, your heart goes out to Steve Spector, whether he is being awful to everybody or merely trying to keep himself from being nice to anybody. He is by way of being our common denominator, the clown of our times. This is a gorgeous first novel.

GENERAL

FAMILY PORTRAIT, by Catharine Drinker Bowen (Atlantic-Little, Brown). An affecting autobiographical work by a well-known biographer. Mrs. Bowen started life as the youngest of six children. Everybody in her family was somebody: her four competitive brothers were talented and brilliant (one grew up to invent the iron lung; another, a lawyer, published new editions of Bach as a hobby); her sister was magnificently good-looking; her father was president of Lehigh University; and though her mother was just a mother, her mother's spinster sister was an internationally famous portrait painter. But Mrs. Bowen's book is no simpleminded recollection of the happy youth of high achievers; there was happiness, to be sure, but also bitter temperamental conflict in the Drinker family, and age brought some of the successful children such sadness as divorce, alcoholism, and alienation from their own children. Mrs. Bowen writes with affectionate candor, at times almost puzzled that the serene certitudes of her parents—their trust in a Protestant God, their faith in the Republican Party—could not be transmitted to her generation. Or, anyway, if not those particular certitudes, some of that serenity.

RECOLLECTIONS, by Alexis de Tocqueville, in a new translation by George Lawrence; edited by J. P. Mayer and A. P. Kerr, and with an introduction by J. P. Mayer (Doubleday). Americans think of de Tocqueville primarily as the author of a book about this country. "Recollections" is a book about his own country, recalling what he saw of the revolution of 1848. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies when the revolution began, and after the abdication of Louis Philippe he was elected to the Constituent Assembly and served for a time as Foreign Minister of the Second Republic. Because de Tocqueville opposed the coup d'état by which the French President made himself Emperor Napoleon III in 1851, he was driven from politics. Mr. Mayer points out that although some of de Tocqueville's contemporaries (Marx, for one) attempted to draw wide meanings from these events, de Tocqueville himself was concerned with what had actually happened in his country and why—in French perspectives, rather than in universal ones. Yet precisely because de Tocqueville was, as Mr. Mayer says, realistic, he saw problems and facts—overcentralization, class conflict—keenly, and his observations on what makes or does not make a revolutionary situation are stunningly up-to-date. The work is thoughtful; since it was not intended for publication, it is frank. De Tocqueville's writing is precise and vivid, and here and there—sketching a character, say, or recalling incongruities that accompany upheavals—absolutely hilarious.

•

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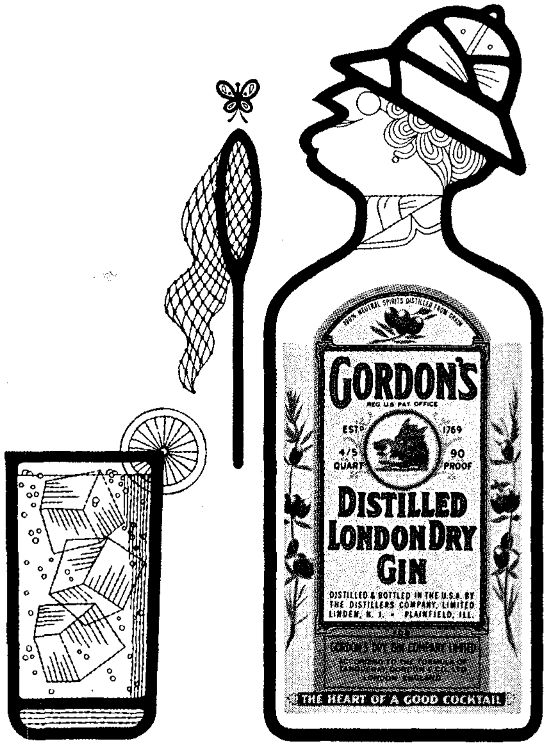
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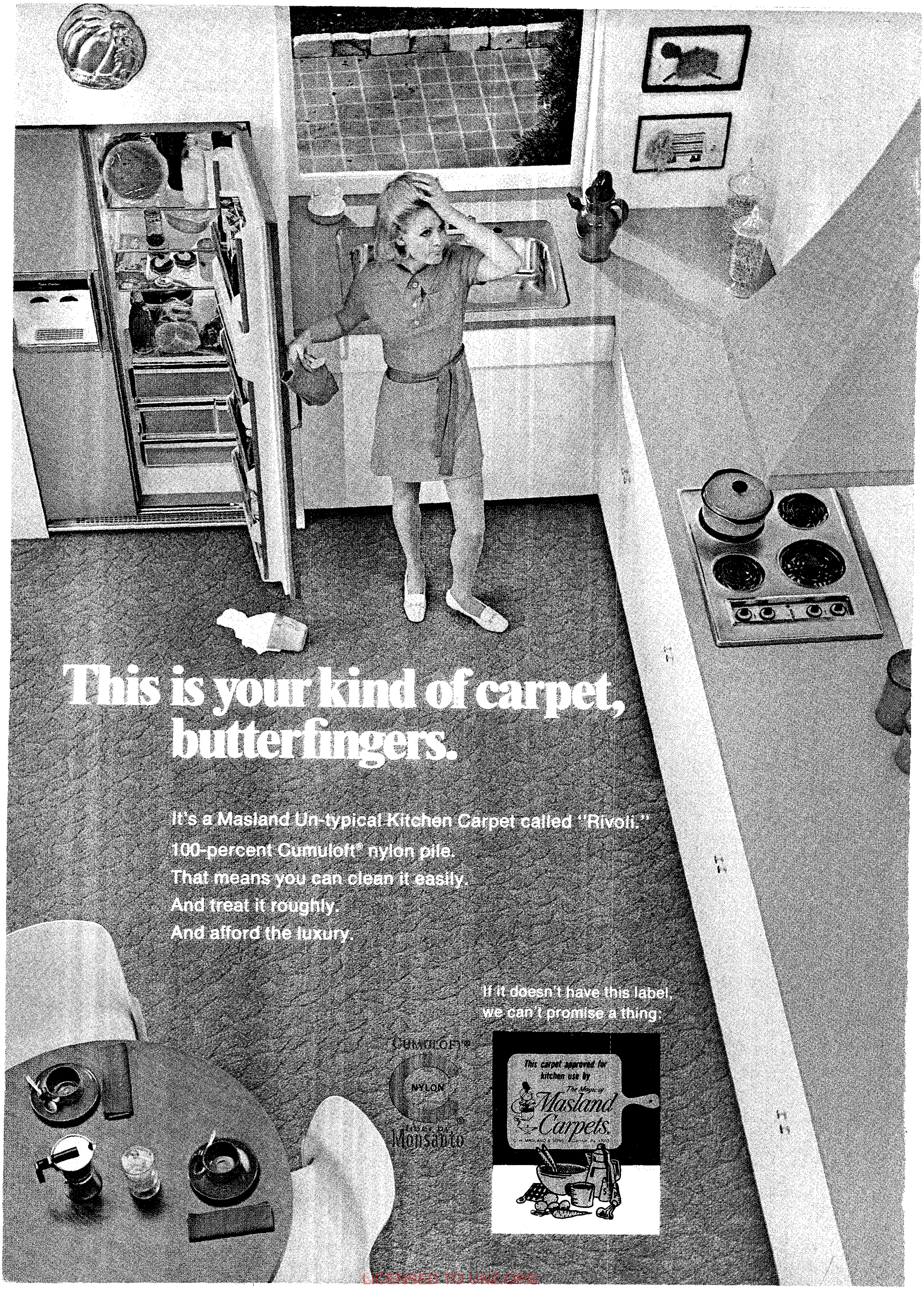
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